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Cicero.
Greek
Academy
of
Eloquence
By
Tho: Blount
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THE ACADEMY OF ELOQUENCE:

Containing a Compleat

ENGLISH RHETORIQVE,

Exemplified;

Common-Places, and *Formula*'s digested into an easie and Methodical way to speak and write fluently, according to the *Mode* of the present Times:

WITH

LETTERS both { *AMOROVS* and *MORALL*, }

Upon emergent Occasions.

By *THO. BLOUNT* Gent'

The second Edition with Additions.

CICERO,

Vt Hominis decus est ingenium:
Sic ingenii lumen est Eloquentia.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. N.* for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's-Arms in S. *Pauls* Churchyard, 1656.

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TO ALL NOBLE

GENTLEMEN

AND

LADIES

OF

ENGLAND.

WEre it *abſolutely neceſſary for him that ſhould write of* Eloquence *to be perfectly* Eloquent, *I would eaſily confeſs my ſelf too raſh in this enterpriſe: But having ſeen often thoſe treat knowingly of* Painting, *that never held* Pencill; *and* Cicero *remarking, that Aratus, by the common conſent of learned men, wrote excellently of the Heavens and Stars, though he was no celebrated Aſtronomer; I'm encouraged to ſay, Why then may not I too diſcourſe of* Eloquence, *without being an Orator?*

Galen *that great Maſter of Phyſick, who wrote ſo learnedly of every part of that Science, was little ſeen in the Practick; Nor*

are those, that discourse best of the embattailing Armies, and differencing military functions, alwaies the best Warriors, or the most daring. The like may happen in this subject, that he, who is able to set down the Rules and Laws which ought to be observ'd in Speech or style, may notwithstanding find himself defective in the application, and so may be said to give that to others, which he has not himself.

Eloquence *is equally fortunate in taming Passions and in charming senses: she imitates Musick, and makes use of the voice of Orators to enchant the Eares, with the cadence of Periods, and the harmony of Accents; whilst the gestures, apt motions, Natural Aire, and all those graces which accompany exact Recitation steal away the Heart by the eyes, and work wonders upon the will. But* Eloquence *is chiefly grounded upon Wisdom, & Wisdom arises principally from a due pre-consideration of all our actions; Hence that excellent saying of a modern* French *Author,* Il est impossible de bien dire, sans avoir bien pensé, *'tis impossible to speak well without having first well considered what to speak. And* Plotinus *says, 'tis wisdom to think upon any thing, before we execute it.*

Now, as 'tis certain, that no harmony can appear in his thoughts, nor soundness in his reason, whose speech is faltering and prepostero-

rous;

rous: So likewise no clearness nor perfection in that Fancy, which delivers it self by a confus'd abortion. Great is the disparagement which flows from the defailance of the Tongue: it not only dishonours the person of the Speaker, but even sullys the opinion of his reason and judgement with a disrepute, and oft-times renders the very truth suspected.

If then it so befall our verball expressions, which are transient and less lyable to censure, and where one handsome expression may excuse a number of solœcisms: how shall that person be esteem'd prudent, whose pen layes him wide open in a fungous and sordid stile; how shall we expect ingenuity from him, whose leisure and Genius, *assisted with the examen of his eyes, yeild us no spirit in his writing?* He that has worth in him and cannot express it, is a Cabinet keeping a rich Jewell, and the key lost, *sayes a modern Author; whereas a good stile, with choise matter and embroidery of well chosen words, is like a beautifull Woman with a virtuous Soul, who attracts the eyes and charmes the hearts of all beholders.*

This excellent faculty of speech ha's bin in high esteem even from the very infancy, & will be to the end of the World; For in sacred Story Prov. 16. 21, 24. *we read,* the wise in Heart shall be called prudent, and the sweetness of

the

the lips increaseth understanding: Pleasant words are as an honycomb; sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. *Hence 'twas, an ancient Author maintained, that* Pericles (*the Orator*) *was no less Tyrant in* Athens *then* Pysistratus, *without acknowledging other difference, then that this exercis'd his Empire armed, the other without armes, by the sole terror of his speech, which* Aristophanes *compar'd to a thunder-bolt, as* Homer *did that of* Vlysses *to a Torrent that beares down all with its violence. And 'twas said of old, that the* tongue *of* Cyneas (*the fam'd Scholler of* Demosthenes) *conquer'd more Cities, then the* sword *of* Pyrrhus, *the valiant King of* Epire.

To have said thus much, of the much more might be added in behalf of this charming Faculty, and of the disadvantage commonly attending those who are unskill'd in it, may serve as an inducement to the youth of both Sexes (for whose benefit this little Work is chiefly intended, and to their acceptance consecrated) to make the perusall of it their subservient Recreation for vacant houres; this with little study, will not only facilitate your discours into the moding language of these times but adapt your pens too with a quaint & fluent stile then which no qualities (with confidence I speak it) can render you more accomplish'd.

Here

Here ſhall you be furniſht with all neceſſary materialls and helps in order to the acquiring ſo great a treaſure; ſuch helps as have bin adviſed and often wiſht for, but never before publiſhed.

I. *The firſt part containes a more exact* Engliſh Rhetorique, *then has been hitherto extant, comprehending all the moſt uſefull Figures, exemplifi'd out of the* Arcadia *and other our choiſeſt Authors.*

II. *In the ſecond part, you have* formulæ majores *or* Common-places, *upon the moſt uſual ſubjects for ſtile and ſpeech; The uſe and advantage whereof is aſſerted by my Lord* Bacon, *who (in his* Advancement of learning) *ſayes thus;* I hold the diligence and pain in collecting Common-places to be of great uſe and certainty in ſtudying: as, that which aids the memory, ſubminiſters copy to invention, and contracts the ſight of judgement to a ſtrength.

III. *In the third place you ſhall find* Formulæ minores *(as my Lord calls them) leſſer formes, which he then reckon'd among the defects in our Language, and ſayes* they are as it were, the Portals and poſtern dores of ſtile and ſpeech, and of no ſmal uſe.

IV. *Laſtly you have a Collection of Letters and addreſſes written to, for, and by ſeverall perſons,*

persons, upon emergent occasions; with some particular Instructions *and Rules premised for the better attaining to a Pen-perfection.*

The Formula's *are but* Analects, *which like the Humble-bee I gather'd in Spring time out of the choisest Flowers of our English Garden; nor have I in the Rhetorick or Letters transplanted much from my own barren Seminary; I may say to some noble Correspondents, what the Poet did of old in a like Case,* sic vos non vobis — *But, you will easily distinguish Tinsill from better mettal: What is mine will appear to be so, by the* Bluntisms *that frequently occur; the rest are of better allay. So that if the defects of my own Essays be but pardoned, the rest, I am confident, will abide the touch, and, pass for* Sterling.

T. B.

AN
Engliſh Rhetorique
exemplifyed.

Figures and *Tropes* (ſays *Alexander* the Sophiſter) are the vertues of Speech and Stile, as *Barbariſms* and *Soleciſmes* are the vices; we ſhall then begin with

A METAPHOR or *Tranſlation* which is the friendly and neighbourly borrowing a word, to expreſs a thing with more light and better note, though not ſo directly and properly as the natural name of the thing meant, would ſignifie. As to ſay, *Drops* of Dew are *Pearls*; *Flowers* in Meadows are *Starres*, and the *murmuring* of waters, *Muſick*; that *little Birds* are *Angels* of the Foreſts; *Whales* are *living Rocks*, or *Ships* with ſouls; that the *Sea* is a *moving Earth*, and *fountain water*, *liquid Cryſtal*. And in expreſſing *Deſirous*; a kind of *Deſire*, is *thirſt*, and not much different from *thirſt* is *hunger*; Therefore for *ſwords deſirous of blood*, Sir *Philip Sidney* ſays, *hungry of blood*. Where you may note three degrees of a *Metaphor* in the underſtanding; Firſt, the fitneſs to bloodſhed in a weapon uſurps the name of,

Deſirous, which is proper to a living Creature, and then that it proceeds to *thirſt*, and ſo to *hunger*.

The Rule of a *Metaphor* is, that it be not too bold nor too farfetch'd; And though all *Metaphors* go beyond the true ſignification of things, yet are they requiſite to expreſs the roving fancies of mens minds, which are not content to fix themſelves upon one thing intended, but muſt wander to the confines; Like the eye that cannot chuſe but view the whole knot, when it purpoſely beholds but one flower in the Garden; Or like an *Archer*, that knowing his *Bow* will overcaſt or carry ſhort, takes aim on this ſide or beyond the mark. Beſides, a *Metaphor* is pleaſant, becauſe it enriches our knowledge with two things at once, the *Truth* and a *Similitude*; As this, *Heads diſinherited of their naturall Seigniories*, whereby we underſtand both *beheading*, and the *government* of the head over the body, as the heir has over the Lordſhip, which he inherits; Of which in another place, *To divorce the fair marriage of the Head and Body*; where, beſides the cutting off the head, we underſtand the conjunction of the head and body to reſemble a *marriage*. The like in concealing love, uttered in theſe words, *To keep love cloſe Priſoner—There came along the ſtreet a whole fleet of Coaches*, for *a great number*. *Longinus* ſayes *Metaphors* and exchanges of words, are of excellent uſe and much conducing to height in Eloquence.

An *Allegory* is the continuall proſecuting a *Metaphor*, (which before I defin'd to be, a tranſlation of a word,) and that proportionably through the whole ſentence, or through many ſentences; As *Philoclea was ſo invironed with ſweet Rivers of vertue, that ſhe could neither be battered nor undermined*: Where *Philoclea* is expreſſed by the ſimi-

litude

litude of a *Caſtle*; her naturall defence, by the naturall fortification of Rivers about a Caſtle; and the *Metaphor* continues in the attempting her by force or craft, expreſſed by *battering* or *undermining*. Another, *But when ſhe had once his Enſign in her mind, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be with a main battel of miſlikings and repinings againſt their Creation*; where you have *Enſigns*, *Squadrons*, *main Battles*; Metaphors ſtill derived from the ſame thing. i. *War*.

As I ſaid before, a *Metaphor* might be too bold, or too far fetch'd, ſo I now remember it may be too baſe, and too bald a tranſlation; As *the Tempeſt of judgment had broken the main maſt of his will. A goodly Audience of ſheep, Souldiers of friendſhip*, or ſuch like. *Too baſe*, as in that ſpeech, *Fritter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquity*. And they that ſay, *A Red herring is a ſhoeing horn to a pot of Ale*. But if you ſpeak of a diſdainful matter, you may uſe the groſſer terms.

Therefore for general delight, take your expreſſions from ingenious Arts and Profeſſions, to pleaſe the learned in ſeveral kinds; As from the *Meteors*, *Plants*, *Beaſts* in natural *Philoſophy*; And from the *Starres*, *Spheres* and their motions in *Aſtronomy*; from the better part of Husbandry; from politick government of Cities; from *Navigation*, from the military profeſſion, from *Phyſick*; but not out of the depth of thoſe myſteries; And (unleſs your purpoſe be to diſparage) let the word be always taken from a thing of equal or greater dignity, As ſpeaking of *Vertue*, *The skie of your vertue overcaſt with ſorrow*, where 'twas thought unfit to ſtoop to any *Metaphor*, lower then the *Heaven*.

An *Embleme*, an *Allegory*, a *Simile*, a *Fable*, a

Poetical Fiction differs thus. An *Embleme* is but one part of the *Similitude* in the body, and the other part under application in the words; An *Allegory* is the ſimilitude of the application expreſt indifferently, and joyned in one ſentence with words, ſome proper to one part, ſome to another; A *Simile* hath two ſentences of ſeveral proper terms compared. A *Fable* is a *Simile* acted by Fictions in Beaſts; A *Poets Tale*, for the moſt part by Gods and Men. In the former example, Paint a Caſtle, compaſt with Rivers, and let the *Motto* be NEC OBSIDIONE NEC CUNICULIS, *Neither by ſiege nor undermining*, that is an *Embleme*. Lay it as it is in Sir *Philips Philoclea*; *Vertue, environed, Rivers, battering, undermining*, the terms of the other part; Put all theſe terms in one ſentence, and it is an *Allegory*; But let it be thus, *There was a Lamb in a Caſtle, and an Elephant and a Fox beſieged her; The Elephant would have aſſaulted her, but he could not ſwim over the River; the Fox would make an earth to get under her, but he feared the River would ſink in upon him and drown him*; then it is a *Fable*. Let *Spencer* tell you ſuch a Tale of a *Fairy Queen*, or *Ovid* of *Danae*, and 'tis a *Poetical Fiction*: But utter it thus in one ſentence, *As a Caſtle compaſſed about with rivers, cannot be battered or undermined.* And thus in another, *So Philoclea defended round about with vertuous reſolution, could neither be forced nor ſurprized by deceit*; Then it is a *Similitude* in its own nature, which is the ground of all Emblemes, Allegories, Fables and Fictions.

METONYMIA is the exchange of a name, when one word comes in lieu of another, not for a ſimilitude, but for other natural affinity and coherence; As, when the matter is uſed for that which conſiſts thereof; *I want ſilver*, for *money*.

When

When the efficient or author is uſed for the thing made; As, *my Blade is right Sebaſtian*; for, *of Sebaſtians making.* The thing containing, for the thing or perſon contained; As, *the City met the General*, for *the Citizens.* The adjunct, property, or quality, for the ſubject of it; As, *deſarts are preferred*, for *men deſerving. Take heed young idleneſs*; for, *idle youth. Give room to the quaiſ*, for *the Servant*; with the like.

SYNECDOCHE is an exchange of the name of the part for the whole, or of the name of the whole for the part. There are two kindes of total comprehenſions; An entire body, or a general name; As, *my name is toſſed and cenſured by many tongues*, for, *many men*; where the part of an intire body goes for the whole. Contrariwiſe *he carries a Goldſmiths ſhop on his fingers*, for *Rings. He fell into the water and ſwallowed the Thames*, for *the water.* So the general name for the ſpecial; *Put up your weapon*, for *your Dagger.* And the ſpecial, for the particular; As, *the Admiral is gone to ſea*, for *Admiral Blague.* The particular for the ſpecial. As, *I would willingly make you a Sir Philip Sidney*, for, *an eloquent, learned, valiant Gentleman*; or for many; as, *the Hollander they ſay comes againſt us*, for *the Hollanders*, and ſuch like; which (becauſe they are eaſie) I have exemplified familiarly. Both theſe figures ſerve well, when you have mentioned ſomething before, that may require Variety in repetition.

CATACHRESIS, in Engliſh, *Abuſe*, is now grown in faſhion, as moſt abuſes are; It is ſomewhat more deſperate then a *Metaphor*; And is the expreſſing of one matter by the name of another, which is incompatible with, and ſometimes clean contrary to it; As, *I gave order to ſome ſervants of mine, (whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelf) to lead him out into a Forreſt, and there*

kill him; where *Charity* is uſed for *Cruelty*. But this may alſo be by the Figure IRONIA. The abuſe of a word drawn from things far differing; As, *a voyce beautiful to his eares. Accuſing in himſelf no great trouble in mind by his behaviour or action. Do you grudge me part of your ſorrow, being ſiſter in nature? I would I were not ſo far off a Kin in fortune.* This is a uſuall figure with the fine converſants of our time, when they ſtrain for extraordinary expreſſions; As, *I am in danger of preferment. I am not guilty of thoſe praiſes. I have hardly eſcaped good fortune. He threatens me a good turn.* All by the contrary. And as he ſaid that miſliked a picture with a crooked Noſe. *The elbow of his Noſe is diſproportionable.*

The ear is not onely pleaſed with ſtore and variety of words, but takes great delight in the repetition of the ſame words; which, becauſe they may be at the beginning, middle, end, and in ſundry correſpondencies of each of theſe places one to another; it happens, that it has purchaſed ſeverall names of Figures; As *Repetition* of the ſame word or ſound immediatly without interpoſition of any other, is called EPIZEUXIS. *O let not, let not from you be powred upon me deſtruction. Tormented, tormented? torment of my ſoul,* Philoclea *tormented.* This figure is not to be uſed but in paſſion.

ANADIPLOSIS is a repetition in the end of a former ſentence, and beginning of the next; As, *you fear leſt you ſhould offend; offend, & how know you that you ſhould offend? Becauſe ſhe doth deny, deny? now in earneſt I could laugh, &c. Why loved I? alas, alas, why loved I? to die wretched, and to be the example of the heavens hate; and hate, ſpare not; for your worſt blow is given. From whom they have commonly ſuch reſpect, and reſpect ſoon opens the door to*

perſwaſion

perſwaſion. &c. This figure is often and handſomly uſed by Sir *William Davenant* in his Preface to *Gondibert*. And as no man ſtrikes in thought upon any thing, but for ſome *vehemency* or diſtruſt, ſo in ſpeech there is no repetition without importance.

CLIMAX is a kinde of ANADIPLOSIS, by degrees making the laſt word a ſtep to a farther meaning. If it be turned to an argument, it is a SORITES; *A young man of great beauty, beautified with great honor, honored with great valor. You could not enjoy your goods, without government, no Government without a Magiſtrate, no Magiſtrate without obedience, and no obedience, where every one upon his private paſſion interprets the Rulers actions.*

Now to make it a SORITES or climing argument, joyn the firſt and laſt with an ERGO. As ERGO *you cannot enjoy your own goods, where every man upon his own private paſſions doth, &c.* This, in a penned ſpeech, is too Academical, but in diſcourſe more paſſable and plauſible. *Seeing to like, liking to love, loving to, &c. Deceived me, after deceit abuſed me, after abuſe forſaken me. What doth better become wiſdom then to diſcern what is worthy loving? What more agreeable to goodneſs then to love it, ſo diſcerned? and what to greatneſs of heart, then to be conſtant in it once loved?* Where the laſt word or ſome one word in the laſt ſentence begets the next clauſe. This Figure hath his time, when you are well entred into diſcourſe, have procured attention, mean to riſe and amplifie.

ANAPHORA, is, when many clauſes have the like beginning; *You whom vertue hath made the Princeſs of Felicity, be not the miniſter of ruine. You whom my choyce hath made the Goddeſs of my ſafety. You whom Nature hath made the Load-ſtar of com-*

fort, be not the rock of ſhipwrack. This figure beats upon one thing, to cauſe the quicker apprehenſion of it in the audience, and to awake a ſleepy or dull paſſion.

EPISTROPHE is contrary to the former, when many clauſes end with the ſame words; *Where the richneſs invited the eyes, the faſhion entertained the eyes, and the device taught the eyes* —— *And all the night did nothing but weep.* Philoclea, *ſigh* Philoclea, *and cry out* Philoclea, &c. *Either arm their lives, or take away their lives.* This is rather a Figure of Narration or Inſtruction, then of motion.

SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO, is when ſeveral ſentences have the ſame beginning and the ſame ending. *The moſt covetous man longs not to get riches out of that ground which can bear nothing; Why? Becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious perſon vexes not his wits to climb to heaven. Why? becauſe it is impoſſible.* This is the wantonneſt of *Repetitions*, and is not to be uſed in ſerious matters.

EPANALEPSIS is the ſame in one ſentence which SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO is in ſeveral; As, *Severe to his ſervants, to his children ſevere.* Or the ſame ſound reiterated firſt or laſt in a ſentence. As, *His ſuperior in means, in place his ſuperior. In ſorrow was I born, and muſt die in ſorrow. Unkindneſs moved me; and what can ſo trouble my courſes, or wrack my thoughts, as unkindneſs?* This is a mild and ſweet Figure, and of much uſe, though ſingle and by it ſelf, not uſual in the *Arcadia*, unleſs thus, *Overthrow of my deſires, recompence of my overthrow.*

EPANODOS is, when the midſt and end, or midſt and beginning are the ſame; As, *If there were no true pleaſure in ſleep and idleneſs, then*

no

no doubt the Heathen Philoſophers would have placed ſome part of the felicity of their heathen Gods in ſleep and idleneſs.--Your diligence to ſpeak well muſt be great, but you ſhall be abundantly recompenced for the greatneſs of your diligence in the ſucceſs of perſwaſion.--If I ſhould ever wiſh the perfection of your eloquence, it is for your inſtruction, and for your benefit, that I would wiſh you eloquent. This kind of *Repetition* and the former EPANALEPSIS are moſt eaſily admitted into diſcourſe, and are freeſt from the opinion of affectation; becauſe words recited at the beginning of many ſentences, or at both ends of the ſame, are more remarkable.

ANTIMETABOLE, or COMMUTATIO, it a ſentence inverſt, or turn'd back; as, *If any for love of honour, or honour of love, &c. That as you are the child of a mother: ſo you may be mother of a child, &c. They miſliked what themſelves did; and yet ſtill did what themſelves miſliked. &c. If before he languiſhed, becauſe he could not obtain his deſiring; he now lamented, becauſe he could not deſire the obtaining --Either not ſtriving, becauſe he was Contented; or contented, becauſe he would not ſtrive.--- Juſt to exerciſe his might, mighty to exerciſe his Juſtice.* Learned Sir *Philip* ſlipt often into this Figure, yet he ſometimes conceald the particularity of his affection to it, by not turning the words wholly back, as they lay; *To account it not a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelf worthy to be purs'd up, &c. Men venture lives to conquer; ſhe conquers lives without venturing, &c. Shewed ſuch fury in his force, ſuch ſtay in his fury*; which is rather EPANODOS; Sometimes the ſame ſence inverſt in contrary words. As, *Parthenia deſir'd above all things to have Argalus; Argalus feared nothing but to miſſe Parthenia.* Where he returns *fear* to *miſſe* inſtead of *deſire*.

Neither could you have thought ſo well of me, if extremity of love had not made your judgement partiall; nor could you have loved me ſo intirely, if you had not been apt to make ſo great undeſerved judgment of me. Where he returns, for, *extremity of love, loving intirely*; and for *partiall judgement, great undeſerved judgement.*

Though this be a ſharp and witty Figure, and ſhewes out of the ſame words, a pretty diſtinction of meaning very convenient for Schoolmen, yet to uſe this or any other unreaſonably or unſeaſonably, is ridiculous. Let diſcretion therefore be the greateſt, and moſt generall Figure of Figures.

PARANOMASIA is a preſent touch of the ſame letter, ſyllable or word, with a different meaning. And as for the running upon the letter more then very little, is more then too much, Sir *Philip Sidney* in *Aſtropell* and *Stella*, calls it the Dictionary-method, and verſes, ſo made, *Rimes running in ratling rowes*, which is an example of it. There is an old Saviniſh Poem made of it in Latine, call'd PUGNA PORCORUM.

Hector, Hanno, Hanibal dead,
Pompey, Pyrrhus ſpild,
Cyrus, Scipio, Cæſar ſlain,
And Alexander killd.

Agnomination of ſome ſyllables is ſometimes found in the *Arcadia*; as, *Alas what can ſaying make them believe whom ſeeing cannot perſwade.* And, *while he was ſo followed by the valianteſt, he made a way for the vileſt. She went away repining, but not repenting. Our Alms-deeds are turned into all Miſ-deeds; our praying into playing; our faſting into feaſting.* That kinde of breaking words into another meaning, is much

uſed

ſed in *Drolerie*, and youthful Diſcourſe; as, *you will have but a bare gain out of this bargain, A man not only fit for the gown, but for the gun; for the pen, but for the pike; for the book, but for the blade.* The garniſh of this figure has been in much requeſt in leſs ſetious matters, but the more learned have avoided this kinde of flourifh, leſt their writings ſhould ſavour more of the general humor, then of private judgement.

PROLEPTOTON or TRADUCTIO, is a repetition of words of the ſame linage, that differ onely in termination; as, *exceedingly, exceeding. His faultly uſing of our faults.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral caſes; as, *for fear, conceal'd his fear.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral voyces; as, *forſaken by all friends, and forſaken by all comfort.* Sometimes the ſame adjective in ſeveral comparſons; as, *much may be ſaid in my defence, much more for love, and moſt of all for that divine creature, who has joyned me and love together.* This is a good figure, and may be uſed with or without paſſion, yet ſo as the uſe of it come from choice, not barrenneſs.

To *Amplifie* and *Illuſtrate*, are two of the principal Ornaments of Eloquence, and gain mens mindes to the chiefeſt advantages, *Admiration* and *Belief*; For how can you commend any *thing* more acceptable to our Attention, then by telling us it is extraordinary, and by demonſtrating it to be evident? We love to look upon a Commet above all Stars, for theſe two excellencies, its *Greatneſs* and its *Clearneſs*; ſuch in ſpeech is *Amplification* and *Illuſtration.* We amplifie five ways, by *Compariſon, Diviſion, Accumulation, Intimation*, and *Progreſſion.*

Compariſon is either of things contrary or equal

or

or things different: Equall, as', *Themiſtocles and Coriolanus (both great States-men, both of great deſarts to their Country, both baniſhed, both dead at one time:* Themiſtocles *his Counſel could not prevail againſt the Ingratitude of the Athenians;* nor Coriolanus *his Diſcretion vvercome the unkindneſs of the Romans; the one was too excellent, the other too noble; for the envious eyes of their Countrymen to endure, ſuch is the force of vertue, above all quarrels of Nations, or diviſions of Allegiances; that their exiles were honorably entertained,* Coriolanus *by the* Volſci, Themiſtocles *by the* Perſians, *both by their enemies, and both leading great Armies againſt thoſe Countreys, which ſo ingratefully expelled them) were ſo inwardly reſtrained with a conſcience of ſacking their native ſoil, that they rather choſe violence to their own lives, then to thoſe of their fellow Citizens, and took it for a ſufficient revenge to make it evident they might be revenged.*

But this is not ſo forcible an *Amplification* of things equal indeed (wherein, as you ſee, all the ſeveral points of a conſorted equality are to be ſearched out) as when things ſeeming unequal are compared, and that in *Similitudes* as well as in *Examples*; for inſtance, where a woman is compared to a ſhip, out of *Plautus, both ask much tackling, and ſometimes rigging*. And you ſhal profit moſt of all, by inventing matter of agreement in things moſt unlike: *London and the Tennis Court are like. for in both all the gains go to the hazard. Policy is like the Sea, it ſerves for intercourſe of profit, for defence againſt invaſions; there are both ebbings and flowings, calms and tempeſts; the obſervation whereof may make a man firſt wiſe, then rich. But as the water ſerves for many outward uſes, ſo can it not pleaſe, if it be inwardly ſwallowed: If you ſail upon it, it will carry you whereſoere you will deſire; but if you drink it, it doth*

not

not ſatisfie, but increaſe deſires. Again for Example; Eriphyle *and* Tarpeia (*both women in whom nature ſhould govern love, and love warrant fidelity*) *were both eaſily induced to be falſe, with trifling temptations; they both betrayed, not one friend to another, nor the dearneſs of love for the height of preferment, but their moſt aſſured lovers to their moſt deadly enemies, for toys, jewels and bracelets.* Eriphyle, *her husband* Amphiaraus (*the ſtay of her life*) *to* Adraſtus, *his profeſſed enemy:* Tarpeia, *the* Capitol (*the defence of her Country*) *to the* Sabines, *that beſieged it, yet neither can remain as invitation, much leſs as encouragement to Treaſon; For* Eryphile *was ſlain by her ſon, whom nature ſhould have bound to her defence*; Tarpeia *by the* Sabines, *whom her deſerts ſhould have obliged to her ſafe-guard.* In comparing of two, when you would raiſe the perſon or thing you intend to make excellent, you muſt take the meaneſt parts of a greater example, and match them with the beſt of your purpoſe, and by ſuch partiality you ſhall amplifie and extol the ſubject you treat of; as *Iſocrates* did in his compariſon of *Cyrus* and *Thaagarus.* Otherwiſe for impartial compariſons, which notwithſtanding do amplifie, read the matches, or encounters of the moſt famous Grecian and Roman Examples in *Plutark.*

Compariſons of things different. In the former Compariſon, is a Compoſition of the points at firſt, becauſe I preſuppoſe the hiſtories on both ſides to be familiar to you by reading; but if you were to marſhal hiſtories, whereof both or either were not ſufficiently known, then had you need begin with ſingle relations; As if a man would compare *Vaſcus Gama* with Sir *Francis Drake*, he might ſay, *Sir* Francis Drake *indeed travelled round about the world in two years, ſaw divers Nations, endured*

dured many perils at ſea, and returned laden with great Treaſure; And Vaſcus Gama *firſt ſearched the Coaſt of* Quiloa, Mozambique, *and* Calicute, *and opened the paſſage to the Eaſt-Indies. But as it was eaſie for* Drake *to proceed further in diſcoveries, when he had entrance made by* Columbus: *So was it moſt dangerous and difficult for* Gama *to adventure a courſe, without example and direction:* Drake *ſcoured the Coaſts with a ſufficient company of ſhips, made pillage of others, and thereof furniſhed himſelf for his enterprize;* Gama *went but weak at firſt, loſt moſt of his ſmall Fleet, and met nothing at ſeas, but tempeſts and famine.* Drake *invaded upon opportunities, hazarded but his own fortune, and retired to ſea upon all advantages:* Gama *had in charge an expedition of his Soveraigns Command, was conſtrained to victual himſelf among barbarous Nations, and not only buy proviſion in their continent with the price of his blood, but durſt not depart without leaving his King proclaimed and poſſeſſed in their Territories, divers places of ſtrength fortified, and eſtabliſhed to his uſe: So that if* Gama *had been to purſue the example of* Drake, *as* Drake *had the light of* Columbus *& Magellus Travels,* Vaſcus Gama's *ſpirit was as like to have conquered the whole world, as* Drakes *fortune was to compaſs it.*

And where the parts of Collation are moſt obſcure, there your narration muſt be the longer; As, *Cicero* in comparing *Marcellus & Verres,* makes a long recital of the acts of *Marcellus* to acquaint the hearers with them before compariſon. In ſome caſes, after good confidence of proof, your examples may come in more thick and plentiful; As, *If to protract a battel upon advice, be cowardize, then* Phocion, *then* Metellus, *then* Fabius, *and all the valianteſt Captains of all ages were cowards. If to diſplant the rebellious natives of* Scotland, *and to root them out of that kingdom, be cru-*

elty,

elty, then the Colonies tranſlated by the Romans into Sicily, *into* France, *into the ſeverall coaſts of* Italy, *& divers other places, teſtifie great cruelty.*

But compariſon of things different is moſt cõmendable, where there ſeems to be great affinity in the matters confer'd; as in the King of *Spains* aſſiſting the *Iriſh*, and the Queen of *Englands* aiding the *Netherlands*. *The Spaniard gave aſſiſtance to a people untrue in their Treaties, uncivill in their maners, to thoſe who have traiterouſly rebelled without provocation, and fled out contrary to their own ſubmiſſion, brake their own peace, and waſted their own Countrey. The Queen did but lend ſome few voluntaries to the protection of a Nation, peaceable in their lives, free by their priviledges, a people denying no claim of any true Prince, except perpetuall ſervitude of their bodies, and importable exactions of their goods.*

Another exampl of things different compared. *Is not the marriage of heads of Houſes & Colledges as lawful as the marriage of the Doctors of the Arches, or the Clerks of the Chancery? both were interdicted by the ſame law, & yet I take it not indifferent, that both ſhould by the abrogation of the ſame law be equally repealed. The one hath his living caſual by his temporal pains, the other his maintenance certain by Eccleſiaſtical proviſion; The one may purchaſe by the improving his revenues, & ſo may lawfully raiſe a patrimony to maintain his poſterity: The other can by no thrift upon the common goods gather a living for a wife and children, without imbezeling from the poor, deducting from Hoſpitality, defeating the intent of the giver, or defrauding his ſucceſſion. Laſtly, the one hath all to the uſe of his office, the other is owner of nothing, but to his owne behoof & diſpoſition.* In theſe two ſorts of *Amplifications* you may inſert all Figures, as the paſſion of the matter ſhall ſerve.

Compariſon of contraries is the third and moſt flouriſhing way of *Compariſon*. *Contraries* are ſom-

times

times arranged together by pairs one to one, thus. *Compare the ones impatiency with the others mildneſs, the ones inſolency with the others ſubmiſſion, the ones humility with the others indignation, and tell me whether he that conquer'd ſeem'd not rather confounded, then he that yeelded any thing diſcourag'd.* Compare not mind, with mind, leſt it ſeem fantaſtical, and beyond the tryal of our ſenſes; But *ſet the ones triumph againſt the others captivity, loſs againſt victory, feaſts againſt wounds, a Crown againſt fetters, misfortune againſt felicity; & the majeſty of courage will be found in the overthrown.* More examples of this you have in the figure *Contentio*, which is one of the inſtruments to aggravare, by way of *Compariſon*. Yet one example more. *He that prefers wealthy ignorance before chargeable ſtudy, prefers contempt before honour, darkneſs before light, death before life, and earth before heaven.*

This is one way of arranging contrarieties.

There is another way of ordering them with interchangeable correſpondence in ſentences, that, though each touch not other, yet it affronts the other. As, *Shal a Souldier (for a blow with his hand given in war to a Captain) be diſgraced? And ſhall a Lawyer (for the Baſtinado given in a Court of Juſtice to his Companion) be advanced? ſhall we that profeſs Laws, maintain outrage? And ſhall they that break all Laws, yet in this obſerve civility?* Where you may ſee every word in the latter ſentence aggravated by oppoſition to every word in the former. Another, *Did the moſt innocent vouchſafe a part of his glory to pray for his enemies? and ſhall we the moſt ſinfull eſteem it a blot to our reputation to be unrevenged on our brethren?* Of this you ſhall have more examples hereafter. But unleſs it be for the Declamatory exerciſe, you are to avoid too great ſwelling without ſubſtance,

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The ſecond way of *Amplification* is by Diviſion, which (as a modern Author ſays) is to anatomize it into ſeveral parts, and to examine it according to ſeveral circumſtances; Not unlike the ſhew that Pedlers make of their Packs when they diſplay them, contrary to the German magnificence, that ſerves in all the good meat in one diſh. But whereas the ſame Author ſays, that this Art of Amplifying will betray it ſelf in method and order; I think it rather adorns it ſelf. For, inſtead of ſaying, *He put the whole Law to the Sword*; let me reckon all ages and conditions, and ſay; *He neither ſaved the young men, as pittying the unripe flower of their youth; nor aged men, as reſpecting their gravity; nor children, as pardoning their weakneſs; nor women, as having compaſſion on their Sex; Soldier, Clergyman, Citizen; armed or unarmed, reſiſting or ſubmitting, all within the Town were deſtroyed by the fury of that bloody Executioner.* Note that the diviſions here, are taken from age, profeſſion, ſex, habit, or behavior. It may likewiſe be from all circumſtances; *All dance, the Heavens, Elements, mens minds, Commonwealths, and ſo by part all dance.*

Another example varyed, *He apparels himſelf with great diſcretion*; Thus amplifie in circumſtances. *For ſtuffs, His cloaths were more rich then glittering: As to the faſhion, rather uſual for his quality, then fantaſtical for his invention; for colour, more grave and uniform, then wild and light. For fitneſs, made as well for eaſe of exerciſe, as to ſet forth to the eye thoſe parts which had in him any excellency.* So, to ſay, he would take an occaſion of diſcourſe with a young witty Lady, and would raiſe it firſt from her *behaviour.* If ſhe ſaid nothing, he would partly quarrel with her *ſilence*; if ſhe *ſmiled*, he would gather out of it ſome interpretation of praiſe of her favour,

favour, and of his own joy and good fortune; if ſhe *frowned*, he would both move her to mirth, and deny ſhe could be angry in earneſt; if ſhe were ſad, he would conform his ſpeech and action in that ſoberneſs to her humor, as might beguile her paſſion, by way of falſe confederacy; if ſhe walked or played, the ſecret praiſe of her face, her eyes, her hair, her voyce, her hands, her body, her gate, was the application of moſt conceipts, whatever gave the ground of them; yet with ſuch diſſembling art, as if forgetfulneſs or love alluded in them, not cunning or want of variety.

So you may divide by the forms of ſpeech in general; as, *he was never to ſeek how to propoſe or invent, raiſe or maintain, reconcile and diſtinguiſh any Arguments, Hiſtories, Similitudes, Proverbs; Jeſts attended him in great plenty, when he needed to imploy them: he would deliver ſtrong Reaſons carelеſly, and choyce words ſmoothly and unaffectedly; he uſed a ſporting wiſdom, an eloquent prating. But with Gallants and Ladies of better reſpect, and leſs curioſity, his duty, their kindneſs, their common acquaintance, the occaſion of his coming, the remembrance of his laſt conference, the place, the time, the laſt news of forraign parts, the Court, the Country, the City, fed his invention, and ſatisfied their ears.* All this is but diviſion of the perſons, with whom you converſed, their Manners, Carriage, the Faſhions and Ornaments, the Matter and Subject of diſcourſe. This in ſome ſort uſed, is more properly called *Dilatation*, then *Amplification*; and being often practiſed, will inable you to diſcourſe almoſt of any thing, wherein you are not preciſely tyed to the exact manner of diviſion, which *Logicians* uſe. But you have liberty of ſeeking all things comprized within the ſence of your general Theam, differ they eſſentially, or in any notable

Property. You may alſo if you pleaſe, run over the intire part of *Amplification*; as, *the ſhip was blown up*; for the *ſhip*, you may ſay the *maſt*, *ſails*, *tackling*, *keel*, *prow*, *ſtern*; for *blowing up*, you may ſay *rent*, *torn*, *ſmoothered*, *ſcattered* in the ayr, *ſunk* under the water, all the circumſtances of *blowing up*. So in ſaying a *fair tree*, you may divide the tree into the *root*, *body*, *branches and fruit*; and *fairneſs*, into *talneſs*, *ſtraightneſs*, *verdure*, *ſweetneſs*, and ſuch things as are fair in a tree. In deſcribing a *gallant man*, you may talk of his minde, perſon, his attempting, proſecuting and finiſhing an enterprize. And note, that this *Amplification* has in it both credibility and inſtruction; for it makes inſtances of that, which being generally ſpoken, would ſeem but a flouriſh, and gives more ſpecial note of that kinde, which univerſally could not be conceived, without confuſion and dulneſs. This kinde of *Amplification* is more taken up by *Cicero* then *Demoſthenes*; for *Demoſthenes* never uſes it, but as it falls in his way.

The third way of *Amplification*, is *Accumulation*, which is a heaping up many terms of praiſe or accuſation, importing but the ſame matter, without deſcending into any part, and has his due ſeaſon after ſome argument of proof. Otherwiſe it is like a Schoolman, coming out *Synonyma's*, or words of one meaning, and will ſooner beget a cenſure of ſuperfluity of words, then ſufficiency of matter. But, let us give ſome example to amplifie a *Sedition*; *tumults*, *mutinies*, *uproars*, *deſperate conſpiracies*, *wicked confederacies*, *furious commotions*, *trayterous rebellions*, *aſſociations in villany*, *diſtractions from allegiance*, *bloody garboyls*, *inteſtine Maſſacres of Citizens*. But this example is ſomewhat too ſwelling. Now to deſcribe a beautiful woman; you may ſay, *She hath a*

moſt

moſt winning countenance, a moſt pleaſant eye, a moſt amiable preſence, a cheerful aſpect, ſhe is a moſt delicate object, &c. The taſte of former times has term'd it ſweet, to bring in three clauſes together of the ſame ſenſe; as, *Your beauty* (ſweet Lady) *hath conquered my reaſon, ſubdued my will, maſter'd my judgment.* How this will hold among our curious Refiners, I know not; he that looks on the wearing of it, will finde it bare, how full of ſtuffe ſoever it appears. Firſt, it paſſeth for parts of diviſion, when indeed it is but a variation of an Engliſh. Yet notwithſtanding the practice will furniſh you ſtore of phraſes, without which you ſhall never have choice, the Mother of perfection. *Cicero* in his Orations uſes it much; ſome others follow it to four clauſes, but he ſeldom exceeds three. It has this certain effect; it will ſufficiently ſecure your vein not to be dry and exhauſted. But to return to our firſt ſort of *Accumulation*, and reduce it with this, under one precept. I take the uſe of this to be in anger, deteſtation, commiſeration, and ſuch paſſions, as you, ſeeming throughly poſſeſt with, would willingly ſtir up in others.

The fourth way of *Amplification* is by *Intimation*, and leaves the collection of greatneſs to our underſtanding, by expreſſing ſome mark of it. It exceeds ſpeech in ſilence, and makes our meaning more intelligible by a touch, then by direct treating; as he that ſhould ſay, *you muſt live very many years in his company, whom you ſhould account for your friend*, ſays well; but he that ſays, *you had need eat a buſhel of ſalt with him*, ſaith more, and gives you to reckon more then many years in his company, whom you ſhould account for your friend. It favors ſometimes of *Hyperbole*; as, *that man that is grown groſs, is grown from a body to a Corporation*; again, for a little man on horſe-

horſe-back, *He was taken for a hat riding on the pommel of a ſaddle.* Of this ſort, examples are familiar; *So honeſt a wrangler, that his noſe being betwixt, was the onely cauſe why his two eyes went not to Law.* So the hugeneſs of a Gyant is expreſt, by ſaying, *his skul held half a buſhel of wheat.* This may be done with *Ironia*, or denyal; *He was no notorious malefactor, but he had been twice on the pillory, and once burnt in the hand for trifling overſights.* So by ambiguity of the word, *he draws his ſword oftner then his purſe.* This faſhion of *Amplification*, I term *Intimation*, becauſe it do's not directly aggravate; but by conſequence or proportion, intimate more to your minde, then ears.

PROGRESSIO is the laſt kind of *Amplification*, which by ſteps of compariſon ſcorns every degree, til it come to the ſupreme; and ſometimes to advance the matter higher, it deſcends lower. It is an ornament in ſpeech to begin at the loweſt, that you may aſpire to the higheſt *Amplification*, For example, in reprehending the prodigality of Monuments; *I begin with the exceſſes of* Alphonſus *on his fathers funeral; thence to* Alexanders *profuſion upon one of his friends Tombs; then to* Urbanus, *towards his ſervant; thence to* Cæſar, *on his horſes burial; after that, to the* Moloſſians *on their dogs; and thence to the* Egyptians, *that charged themſelves with the ſumptuous burial of a Crocodile.* So, ſeeming in ſome ſort, to admit the firſt leſs then the ſecond, and by growing weaker and weaker in the exceſs of every one, as I proceed, the laſt will ſeem moſt ridiculous, if not odious. So *Cicero* againſt *Verres*, meaning to amplifie his Bribery and Extortions. *It is rigorous exaction* (ſaith he) *not to abſolve the innocent without mony; great cruelty to commit him, till he ranſom himſelf; but not to ſuffer the parties to have*

acceſs

acceſs unto him without reward, is wretched covetouſneſs. To ſell the egreſs and regreſs of them that bring him victuals; nay, to take money that he ſhall have an eaſie death: To put a price upon the ſtrokes that ſhall execute him; So much, that he ſhall be beheaded at one blow; ſo much, at two. This is beyond all degrees of moſt barbarous and intolerable extortion. So in another example; *He was careleſs of doing well, a looſneſs of youth; he was inclined to do ill, a weakneſs of fleſh; his minde conſented to offend, a ſhrewd temptation; he committed the act, an unhappy fault; he accuſtomed himſelf to abuſe, a ſad employment: yet he did not this alone, but infected others with his perſwaſion, and ſeduced them by his example. And not that only, but detained thoſe he had drawn in, with freſh inventions, and diſgraced the modeſty of them who reſiſted his corruptions, with ſcorns and deriſions, which could argue no leſs in him, then a moſt reprobate damnable reſolution.*

The rule of this is, when you would praiſe or diſcommend any thing, to conſider how many leſs things there are of that kinde, to which notwithſtanding you would give ſome ſhew of importance. As he that would render *ſleep* obnoxious, may ſay, *Idleneſs* (which is leſs) by *Draco's* Laws was *Felony*. Or, to give that Biſhop his right, that built two whole Colleges at his own charges, and indowed them with Lands. *Look downwards how rare it is for a Prelate in theſe days, not to grant long Leaſes, diminiſh the revenues of his ſee, How laudable it is to repair the ruines of his own decayed Palaces and Granges? How magnificent an Act it is thought for a noble perſon to build an Hoſpital. How royal for two or three Princes to erect one Colledg. And can there be ſuch an unthankfulneſs, as to bear but an ordinary remembrance of him, that inricht his Biſhoprick, built*

built two the moſt famous Nurſeries of Learning in the Land, was liberal to all wants in his life, and left worthy bequeſts to all degrees at his death. In like ſort, by an example of abuſing the name of God. *To make table talk of a meaw mans name were injurious; to run upon a Noble mans title, were great ſcandal; to play with a Princes name, were Treaſon: and what ſhall it be to make a vanity of that name, which is moſt terrible even to Tyrants and Devils, and moſt reverend even to Monarchs and Angels?* There be two contrary aſcents to the top of this form, either by extenuating the means, as in a former example: or by aggravating them, as in this laſt of ſwearing. And may not a matter be well amplified in this manner, by exchanging the compariſon of every particular circumſtance, that the whole may ſeem the greater? As in this example, *It is lamentable that a young man ſhould be offended with the advice of his experienc'd friend, tending to his profit. Firſt, it is a hard caſe that counſel ſhould be neglected, but harder that it ſhould offend. It is a ſad thing to ſee any diſpleaſed with good admonitions; but more ſad, to ſee a youth ſo effected. Who would not grieve to have his advice ill taken? but who would not grieve more, to ſee his experience controlled? Unhappy is that youth who hſtens not to the good exhortations of the Skilful. But more, that diſdains the inſtructions of his diſcreet friend. He is miſerable and unfortunate, that quarrels with the ſound precepts of his deer friends, but more miſerable and unfortunate, that miſlikes directions given for his own good and advantage.*

This is a moſt eaſie, clear and uſual kinde of *Amplification*; For it gives more light and force to every circumſtance. The circumſtances are theſe. The *perſons*, who and to whom, the *matter*, the *intent*, the *time*, the *place*, the *manner*, the *conſequence*, and

and many more: Out of every one of which, any thing may be made more notable, and egregious by way of compariſon. And that it may the better be remembred by you, let inquiry be made in every controverſie for the circumſtances, and compare them with other leſs matters, and you ſhall hardly fail of diſcourſe, or be left on ground for want of good invention. There is a richer ſhew in this kinde of amplifying by every circumſtance, then in any other. Firſt, you muſt begin every circumſtance with a new figure. Sometimes with *Affirmation*, ſometimes with *Interrogation*, ſometimes with *Admiſſion*, ſometimes with *Ironia*. Secondly, when you, upon every circumſtance, urge the whole ſenſe, you are for every circumſtance almoſt to vary the words: As before, for *Lamentable*; *unhappy, unfortunate, heavy, ſad, grievous*: ſo for *Counſel*; *Admonitions, Advice, Exhortations, Inſtructions, Precepts Directions*. Again, I ſay, remember this kinde of *Progreſſion* by circumſtances, and urging and aggravating all the points of a Sentence: For you ſhall finde it uſed as much as any figure in Rhetorique, by all good Speakers and Writers.

There are Figures that help *Amplification*, and make ſhew of ſetting forth a matter fairer then it is. The firſt is HYPERBOLE, whereof I will give you ſome ſuch examples, as my own reading long ſince obſerved in the *Arcadia*. Sometimes it expreſſes a thing in the higheſt degree of poſſibility beyond the truth, that in deſcending thence, you may finde the truth. Sometimes in flat impoſſibilities, that you may rather conceive the unſpeakableneſs, then the untruth of the relation. Poſſibly, as for *Hypocritical Hoſte, he gave as pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt heart could give him, whom he means worſt unto. It at ever eye ſaw, or heart could imagine.* For

diligent

diligent inquiry; making their eyes, their ears, and their tongue ſerve for nothing elſe, but that *inquiry*. This is the utmoſt poſſible. But in the very frontiers of impoſſibility, thus *though a thouſand deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a hundred diſhonors. The world ſooner wanted occaſions, then he valour to go through them. Words and blows came ſo thick together, as the one ſeemd a lightning to the others thunder.* Sometimes there is no certain quantity of a thing ſet, but plainly and ingeniouſly told unvariably. As, *Beyond the bounds of conceipt, much more of utterance.* And, *this Figure is more for the credit of your wit, then of your ſpeech.*

CORRECTIO, having uſed a word of ſufficient force, yet pretending a greater ſtrength of meaning, refuſes it, and ſupplyes the place with one of more extenſion; As, *I perſwade you not to let ſlip occaſion, whilſt it may not onely be taken but offers, nay ſues to be taken.* Where the firſt riſing of the matter is, upon, *Not only*, *but* then upon the correcting, *Nay*: Again, *you muſt be content, nay you muſt be deſirous to take pains, if you will write well; It is the onely quality, which in all actions will gain you praiſe, praiſe* (ſaid I) *nay honor.* This Figure is to be uſed, when you would make the matter more credible in it ſelf, then by the manner of delivery; 'tis ſometimes uſed upon paſſion, without intent to amplifie: As, *you ſtars, if you do not ſuccor me: no, no, you will not help me.* O Parthenia, *no more* Parthenia, *what art thou?* There are two contrary ways to this form, and both lead to *Amplification*, but in a diſſembling ſort. The firſt is by *Ironia*, which expreſſes a thing by the contrary, by ſhew of exhortation, where indeed it dehorts. As, *yet a while, ſleep a while, fold thine arms a while: ſo ſhall neceſſity overtake thee, like a traveller, and po-*

verty ſet on thee like an armed man.... It was but ſmall charges of idle money that the Egyptians beſtowed in erecting a Pyramis of brick, when the expences in Onyons and garlike for Workmens dyet, came to about 2380 l. of our money.... Milo had but ſlender ſtrength, that caryed an Ox a furlong on his back, then killed him with his fiſt, and eat him to his Breakfaſt.... Titornus had a reaſonable good arm; that could hold two bulls by the tails, the one in the one hand, the other in the other, and never be ſtirred out of his place by their violence. Here *ſmall, ſlender* and *reaſonable*, amplifie as much as if you had taid *great, exceeding*, or *incredible*.

PARALEPSIS (the ſecond counterfeit *of Amplification*) is when you ſay you let paſs that which notwithſtanding you touch at full: as, *I make no account of any hinderance in other the direct ſtudies of my courſe; I value not my pains in collecting theſe Obſervations; I will forget that I denyed the earneſt intreaty of many kind and learned Gentlemen, that ſued to me for helps; I am loath to tell you they are notes of his, whom your Maſters of the Univerſity have thought as great a Reader, and a greater obſerver, then themſelves; I deſire not, that you ſhould make any greater eſtimation of them, then of a teſtimony of my love to you, and a pledge of my reſolution to encourage thoſe lovely ſparks of good invention, which if you ſmother and quench in your ſelf, you commit a kind of intellectual murther.* The like is uſed often in *Progreſſion*. But another, *I urge not to you the hope of your friends, though that ſhould animate you to anſwer their expectation; I lay not before you the neceſſity of the place, which you are to furniſh, wherein to be defective and inſufficient were ſome ſhame; I omit the envious concurrencies, and ſome prepared compariſons in your Countrey, which have ſome feeling with yong men of fore-ſight; I onely ſay, how ſhall our promiſes give judgement againſt us? how*

ſhall

ſhall we diſcharge our own Engagements to your Father, if this time hath not taken his full effect of profit in our labours and endeavors. Two figures properly belong to this kinde of *Amplification*, which are called *ACCVMVLATION* and *DIVISION.*

The firſt is a round diſpatching of much matter, not plainly and ſimply the ſame in ſence, yet tending to the ſame end, as, *Loves companions are unquietneſs, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, jealouſies, rages, careleſneſs, yieldings, &c. Spite, rage, diſdain, ſhame, revenge came upon hatred.* Theſe examples are out of *Arcadia.* You may frame one thus. *All men exclaim upon theſe exactions, Nobles, Gentry, Commonalty; Poor, Rich, Scholers, Merchants, Peaſants, Yong, Old, High, Low, and all cry out upon the hard impoſitions of theſe burthens.*

The ſecond Figure differs not much from the firſt, but that the firſt is a ſudden entrance into a confuſed heap of matter. This is a wilde and diſſolute repetition of all that went before. As, *you haue heard of his pride, ambition, cozenage, robberies, mutinies, in the City, in the Camp, in the Country. What kinſman of his unabuſed, what friend undeceived, what companion uncorrupted, can ſpeak for him? where can he live without ſhame? where can he dye with honor?* Theſe two Figures not only make your cauſe ſeem better, but skilfully and properly uſed, do amaze an adverſary of mean ability.

There are other Figures that come in firly after *Amplification*, or any great heat juſtly inflamed, *Interrogation* and *Exclamation.*

INTERROGATION is but a warm propoſition, yet it oftentimes doth better then a bare *Affirmation*, which were but too eaſie and life-leſs a ſpeech: as, *The credit of behaviour, is to cover imperfection, and ſet forth your good parts better.* Thus expreſſed, *Is it*

not the chiefeſt credit of behaviour, to ſet forth your good parts fairly and clearly, and to cover imperfection? Men are ignorant, and therefore by good expreſſions without ranting or affectation, you ſhall gain a more general opinion, then by ſufficiency ſmothered in too modeſt a ſilence. By Interrogation thus, *Are not moſt men ignorant? ſhall you not then by quaint expreſſions, without ranting or affectation, pleaſe more, and get a more general good opinion, then by great ſufficiency concealed by your own ſhamefaſtneſs?*

To diſſemble excellencies is good policy in him, whom his courſe muſt at length neceſſarily draw into light and proof, and then all that he delivers will be admirable, becauſe expectation foreſtall'd nothing of his worth; which may likewiſe be turned into an *Interrogation*, and is very fit for a ſpeech, addreſſed to many illiterate hearers; is much uſed in *Pirocles* Oration to the ſeditious multitude, and then it may be well frequented and iterated. *Did the Sun ever bring fruitful Harveſt, but was more hot then pleaſant? Have you any of your children, that be not ſometimes burdenſom? Have you any Fathers that be not ſometimes froward? ſhall we therefore curſe the Sun? hate our children? and diſobey our Fathers?* An example of many *Interrogations*. *Have you not ſeen a ſtately kinde of courteſie, and a proud kinde of humility? have you not ſeen a wiſe man withdraw himſelf from mean company, with better grace, and more kindeneſs, then ſome ſilly Gentleman that has beſtowed himſelf on fools, thrown himſelf down into the midſt of his miſeries? doth not a commendations, a hat, a good word, a good morrow, purchaſe more hearts, then a moneths familiar pratling, with a flock of rude people? Do you converſe with your ſuperiors, to learn of them to be able to judge them, and benefit your ſelf; And ſhall not your inferiours do the like with you? Is it not a ſafer gain of popularity, with*

ceremonies

ceremonies, then with diſcovering your Nature? Many ſuch like *Interrogations* might be added; but let it ſuffice, that 'tis eaſie and gentile to ſharpen the ſides of affirmations and down-right telling of tales.

EXCLAMATION is not lawful, but in the extremity of motion; as *Pyrocles*, ſeeing the mild *Philoclea* innocently beheaded, cryed out, *O Tyrant Heaven, and Traytor Earth, blind Providence, how is this done? How is this ſuffered? Hath this world a Government?* The like in the beginning of the ſecond Book of the *Arcadia* in the perſon of *Gynetia* tormented in mind. *O Sun! O Heavens! O Deſerts! O Vertue! O imperfect proportion!* And in another Author thus, *O endleſs endeavour! O vainglorious Ignorance! Doſt thou deſire to be known? Where? In Europe; how canſt thou be famous, when Aſia and Africa, that have thrice as many people, hear not of thy actions? Art not thou then thrice as obſcure as thou art renowned? Doſt thou look that all the world ſhould take notice of thee, when for five thouſand years three parts of the world took no notice of the fourth?* But Europe *is the houſe of Fame, becauſe it is the Nurſery of Arts, and Books, wherein reports are preſerved. O weak imagination! O ſelf-pleaſing fancy! Canſt thou expect in theſe parts from* 40 *degrees to* 90 *North-ward, ſuch praiſes and honours for thy name, when every Map on every wall ſhews thee as much Space from* 40 *to* 90 *Southward, inhabited with nothing but ſilence and forgetfulneſs!*

ACCLAMATION is a ſententious clauſe of a diſcourſe, or a report, ſuch as *Daniel* in his Poems concludes with often. It is a general inſtruction for every man commonly for his pains in reading a Hiſtory, or other mens Books for ſome private uſe of it to himſelf. Like a Caſh-keeper, who

drawing great ſums of other mens money, challenges ſomwhat in the pound for his own Fee. It ſerves for *Amplification*, when after a great crime or Deſart exclaim'd upon, or extoll'd, it gives a moral Note worth credit and obſervation. As, after the true relation of *Scipio Africanus's* courſe, who having been chief governor of the greateſt Armies in the world; having all his life time Kings ſuiters for his favour, and Nations kept in awe of his Name; yet in 56 years neither bought nor ſold goods or lands, built any Houſe or Caſtle of his own, left not above 46.*l.* in Gold, and 6.*l.* in ſilver behind him at his death. It may be folded up in this *Acclamation*: *So little need has he to ſtoop to private cares, that thrives upon publick victories; and ſo ſmall leaſure has he to be deſirous of riches, that hath been ſo long poſſeſt and ſatisfied with honor, which is the immortal end of mortal actions.* Such Notes are thoſe ſcraps of policy which ſome now-a-days gather out of *Polybius* and *Tacitus*. and not unlike are the Morals that hang upon *Eſops Fables*.

This *Acclamation* ſometimes is the cauſe and reaſon of a former *Narration*, as a ſtory of one, who being a ſervant to a family, and of mean quality, won the doting love of a witty Lady in the Houſe, whereas ſhe never looked upon the humble ſuits, the cunning inſinuations, the noble deſerts of many lovers of higher degree, but with free judgement and careleſs cenſure; This cloſe may follow, *So hard entrance hath affection into a heart prepared to ſuſpition, eſpecially in the weakeſt natures, whoſe ſafeguard is miſtruſt: So eaſie is the increaſe of love by inſenſible ſteps, when the ſervice you offer ſeems to proceed out of the goodneſs of your own diſpoſition, which women expect to be permanent, and not out of the neceſſity of your ſuit which may force you for the time to a wained difference from*

from the proper humor. Yet if this be too much uſed, it is like a Note-book gathered out of Hiſtories.

Contrary to *Amplification* is DIMINUTION, and this deſcends by the ſame ſteps that *Amplification* aſcends, and differs no more then up Hill and down Dale, which is the ſame way begun out of ſeveral ſentences; Yet ſome examples in *Arcadia* will make you obſerve two wayes of Diminiſhing ſingle terms, one by denying the contrary; As if you ſhould ſay, *But reaſonably pleaſant*; *Arcadia's* ſpeech is, *Not unpleaſant, hardly liked, nor miſliked.* But why ſhould I give examples of the moſt uſual phraſes in the Engliſh tongue? as we ſay, *Not the wiſeſt that ever we ſaw, for a man of ſmall wiſdome.* The ſecond way is, by denying the right of the words, but by error of ſome; As, *Thoſe fantaſticall mind-infected people, which Children and Muſicians call Lovers. That miſfortune of letting fall his Dagger, which the rude Hectors of our time, call being diſarmed. That opinion of honeſty, which has lately been ſo proudly tranſlated by the Souldier into the word (Honor.)* And ſuch like. But the former faſhion of *Diminution* ſometimes in ironious ſort goes for *Amplification*, As ſpeaking of a great perſonage, *No mean man*; This is an ordinary Figure for all kinds of ſpeeches.

The Figures following ſerve for *Amplification*. Συνοικείωσις is a compoſition of contraries, and by both words intimates the meaning of neither preciſely, but a moderation and mediocrity, As, *bravery* and *raggery* are contrary, yet ſomwhat better then both is meant by *brave raggedneſs.* So *wanton modeſty, inticing ſoberneſs.* And *with that ſhe prettily ſmiled, which mingled with tears, a man could not tell, whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or de-*

lightfull ſorrow. With what a witty ignorance ſhe would underſtand? &c. Abſented preſence; well-willing ſpight. The one contrary is affirmed to be in the other directly, by making the one the Subſtantive, the other the Adjective, as above in thoſe examples; or indirectly, as in theſe words following. *Seeking Honor by diſhonor; And building ſafety upon ruine; O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerable fooliſh woman, becauſe wit makes thee fooliſh. Captivity might ſeem to have authority over tyranny.* This is a gentile way to move admiration in the hearers, and make them think it a ſtrange harmony, which muſt be expreſt in ſuch diſcord. Therefore this example ſhall conclude. *There was a perfect agreement in ſo perfect a diſagreement: like muſick made of cunning diſcords.* This is an eaſie Figure, and uſeful.

CONTENTIO is contrary to the former; That was a compoſition of *Sturmius* diſagreements; This is an oppoſition of them. As, *there was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſs, rage againſt reſolution, pride againſt nobleneſs. He is a ſwaggerer, amongſt quiet men; but is quiet among ſwaggerers; Earneſt in idle things, idle in matters of earneſtneſs.* Where there is both *Antimetabole* for the turning of the ſentence back, and *Contentio* reſpecting the contrariety of things meant thereby. *Could not look on, nor would not look off. Neither the one hurt her, nor the other help her. Juſt without partiality, humble without contradiction, Liberall without profuſion, Wiſe without curioſity.* This Figure is fit to embeliſh a copious ſtile, and ſerves much for *Amplification* by *Compariſon.*

COMPAR is an even gait of ſentences anſwering each other in meaſures interchangeably. Such as are in St. *Auguſtine* often, but oftner in *Gregory* the Divine; And in Biſhop *Andrews* works in Engliſh

Engliſh. But many do intermingle this Figure with *Agnominatio*, and *Similiter cadens*; It is very uſeful in elocution; But in penning it muſt be uſed with modeſty and mediocrity. A touch of *Agnomination* of the Letter is tollerable with a *Compar*; As, *If ever I could wiſh my Faith untry'd and my Counſel untruſted.* And (where there is a *ſimiliter cadens*, but a more evident falling alike) in this. *My years are not ſo many, but that one death may conclude them; nor my faults ſo many, but that one death may ſatisfie them.* Without conſonancy of fall or harping upon a letter or ſyllable, yet a *Compar*; becauſe the words match each other in rank. *Save his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from deſpair;* where *gray hairs, aged mind, rebuke and deſpair* anſwer each other. Again, *Rather ſeek to obtain that conſtantly by courteſie, which you cannot aſſuredly enioy by violence.* Verb to Verb, Adverb to Adverb, and Subſtantive to Subſtantive. *Lovelineſs can neither warrant you from ſuſpitions in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelf.*

In ſome places there is a ſhorter *Compar*: where word to word, or ſubſtantive to ſubſtantive, are joyned, and yet without conjunction, which is ASYNDETON. *Her face with beauty, her head with wiſdom, her eyes with Majeſty, her countenance with gracefulneſs, her lips with loveliness*; Where many (*Ands*) are ſpared: In ſome plaſces only the Conjunction is put in the laſt in a *Compar* of three; As, *her wit endeared by youth, her affection by birth, and her ſadneſs by her beauty. A faire woman ſhal not onely command without intreaty, but perſwade without ſpeaking.* This is an excellent Figure, in no place untimely, if not too often uſed. It fits well the even pauſes and interruptions of an eloquent tongue, ſeems to be rich and copious

and to contain many parts (whereof each with a tedious man would be a ſentence) and make an impreſſion upon the hearers ſenſes; It has long bin in requeſt, ever ſince the days of *Iſocrates*, whoſe Orations are full of it. This Figure belongs more properly to that part of *Amplification*, called *Diviſion*, then to *Accumulation*.

SENTENTIA, if it be wel uſed, is a Figure, if ill and too much, a Style, of which none that write humorouſly and factiouſly, can be clear in theſe days, when there are ſo many Schiſms of Eloquence: We ſtudy now-a-days according to the predominancy of Criticall fancies. Whilſt *Moral Philoſophy*, was in requeſt, it was rudeneſs, not to be ſententious; whilſt *Mathematicks* were of late in vogue, all ſimilitudes came from *Lines*, *Circles* and *Angles*; But now that *Mars* is predominant, we muſt *recruit* our wits, and give our words a new *Quarter*. 'Tis very true, a *Sentence* is a pearl in a Diſcourſe; but it is a good Diſcourſe that conſiſts wholly of pearls. It is like an Eye in the body, nor is it monſtrous to be all Eys. I take *Cyclops* to be as handſom a man, as *Argos*. And if a *Sentence* were as like a hand in the Text, as it is commonly noted with one in the Margent, yet I ſhould rather like that Work that had no more hands then *Hercules*, then that which had as many as *Briareus*.

Theſe are Sentences, *The rich mans bounty is the poor mans Exchequer. The ſickneſs of age is avarice; The errors of youth prophaneſs.* There is ſmall difference between a Propoſition and a Queſtion, if I forget not *Ariſtotle* (1. *Top.*) *Since length of acquaintance, mutual ſecreſies, nor height of benefits could oblige a ſavage mind.* There is a Sentence, and in it ZEUGMA, ASYNDETON, and METAPHORA

PHORA. *Guiltineſs is not always with eaſe oppreſſed*; Where there is *MERIOSIS*, *not always with eaſe*, for, *ever and hardly*. *Who ſtands onely upon defence, ſtands upon no defence*; A ſentence with EPANADOS. *Unlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enjoying*; *But impoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelf*. A Sentence with DISTINCTIO and CONTENTIO. *Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting, a Tyrant*. COMPAR & CONTENTIO; *It is a fooliſh wittineſs to ſpeak of more then one thinks*. Neither is this ſentence without a *Compar*: it is a double ſentence, as they call it, *To a heart fully reſolved, counſel is tedious, and reprehenſion loathſom*. And, *There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, then the eye of a reſpected friend*. There may be alſo *Sentences* particular to ſome men, as well as generall; As, ——*Amphialus, in whom abuſed kindneſs became ſpitefull rage*.—*Fearfulneſs, contrary to all other vices, making* Clinias *think the better of another, the worſe he found himſelf*. Euarchus, *making his life the example of his laws*. All which may be taken for Rules and Common-places, by putting the general name for the ſpecial, as they ſay, drawing it *à* THESI *ad* HYPOTHESIN. Theſe Examples may make you believe, a *Sentence* may be cours'd through the whole Figure-book, and that many Figures may eaſily aſſemble in one Clauſe, and any one Figure conſort with another. Yet it were abſurd to ground the form and faſhion of your whole ſtyle upon any one Figure.

ILLUSTRATION conſiſts either in things or words; in the deſcription of things living or dead. And of living things, either reaſonable, as men and their perſonages, and qualities; or unreaſonable, as of Horſes, Ships, Iſlands, Caſtles, and

and ſuch like. Men are deſcribed moſt excellently in the *Arcadia*, As *Baſilius*, *Plexertus*, *Pirocles*, *Muſidorus*, *Anaxius*, &c. But he that will truly characterize a man, in a feigned Story, muſt firſt learn handſomly to deſcribe a humour, a paſſion, a vertue, a vice, and therein, keeping decent proportion, add but names, and knit together the accidents and encounters. This perfect expreſſing of all qualities, is learn'd out of *Ariſtotles* tenth Book of Moral Philoſophy. But becauſe (as *Machiavel* obſerves) perfect vertue, or perfect vice is not ſeen in our time, which altogether is humorous and ſpirting: Therefore the underſtanding of *Ariſtotles* Rhetorique is held to be the beſt means to attain to true Eloquence; Excellent on this ſubject alſo are *Theophraſti imagines*; *Heliodorus* and *Longinus* in Greek (the laſt lately well tranſlated into Engliſh) *Zanaxarus* his *Arcadia* in Italian, *Diana de monte majori* in *Spaniſh*, &c.

But to our purpoſe, of perſonages and affections deſcribed in *Arcadia*. For men; pleaſant, idle retiredneſs in a King *Baſilius*, and a dangerous end of it. Unfortunate valor in *Plangus*; Courteous valor in *Amphialus*; Proud valor in *Anaxius*; Hoſpitality in *Kalandar*; The mirror of true courage and friendſhip in *Pirocles*, and *Muſidorus*; Miſerableneſs and ingratitude in *Chremes*; Fear and falſe ſubtilty in *Clynias*; Fear and rudeneſs, with ill affected civility in *Dametas*; And through this Story, Mutuall love in marriage in *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; Out of marriage in *Pirocles* and *Philoclea*, *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*; True conſtant love unreſpected in *Plangus*, in *Helena*, in the true *Zelmane*; Inconſtancy, envy, ſuſpition and tyranny in a King and his Counſellors; Generall falſe love in *Phamphilus*; and ſlight carriage and credulity in *Chremes* daughter;

daughter; baſe doting on a wife in *Plangus* father. But in women a miſchievous and ſeditious ſtomack in *Cecropia*; Prudent courage in *Pamela*; Mild diſcretion in *Philoclea*; *Pamela*'s prayer, her diſcourſe, ſqueamiſh cunning; Unworthineſs in *Arteſia*; Reſpective and reſtleſs dotage in *Gynetia*'s love. Proud, ill favoured, ſluttiſh ſimplicity in *Mopſa*. Now in theſe perſons is there ever a ſtedfaſt decency, and uniform difference of manners obſerved wherever you find them. However each interrupt the others ſtory and actions.

And as for actions of perſons, there are many rarely and perfectly deſcribed. As the Mutiny and fire in a ſhip; cauſes of an Uproar; The Garboyl; an armed Skirmiſh; Policy and preparation. Sometimes managing a Horſe is deſcribed; tilting and Shews. Many other lively and notable portraicts there are, which I will not ſet down, to ſave you ſo ſweet a labour, as the reading of that which alone will make you eloquent and wiſe. Sir *Philip Sidneys* courſe (beſides reading *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus*) was to imagine the thing preſent, that his pen might the better deſcribe it.

Under this notion of *Illuſtration* may come lively deſcriptions, and the apt fitting a perſon repreſented with ſpeech and action, both which grow into very pleaſing acquaintance with the underſtanding and memory of the Reader.

For ſpecial light in every Sentence, there are other ſparks of Figures. Firſt, if there be any doubt or ambiguity in the words, it is better left out then diſtinguiſhed. But if you are to anſwer former ſpeeches, that imply any doubtfulneſs, you may diſperſe all clouds, and remove all ſcruples with *Diſtinction*. As being charged you have brought very light reaſons, you may anſwer; *If by light*

light you mean clear, I am glad you ſee them; If by light you mean of no weight, I am ſorry you do not feel them. So you may expreſs a man of hidden learning, *Hidden as well for the obſcure and mean eſtate of his perſon, as hidden for the unuſual and not vulgar conceit of the matter.* But, as ambiguity is not onely in words but in matter; ſo both ways it is taken away by *Diſtinction.* Sometimes it is in ſingle words, as in theſe former, *light* and *hidden.* Sometimes in coherence of Sentences, by reaſon of the relation of each word to other, by reaſon of the change of the pointing, which is cleared by delivery.

You have many examples of this in the ſecond Book of *Tully de Oratore*, and *Quintilian*, where there is mention of *Jocus ab ambiguo*; As alſo in *Eraſmus* his Apophthegmes.

DISTINCTION of ambiguity in matters of determination of the truth of generall propoſitions is to tel wherein they are certain, wherein not. As, *Travel in foreign Countreys ſettles a young mans humor. If it be taken in this ſort, that it will inforce him to warineſs and ſecreſie, and reſtrain him from pouring forth his counſails, it is very profitable:* For *he ſhall have few friends in whom to put confidence, and few companions with whom he might beſtow his idle time, or communicate his youthfull thoughts. But if you intend, that by travell all vanities ſhould be caſt off, it ſeems not ſo likely and admirable; becauſe he ſhall walk through many ill examples, and great liberty.* Another propoſition diſtinguiſhed. *They are but frail merits that you ſhall beſtow upon young mens friendſhip. 'Tis true, if you ſatisfie thoſe deſires which are like to depart with their youth; As, gaming, feaſting, idle ſporting; you are like to be caſt off with theſe toys, and forgotten. But if your deſerts be in noble Exerciſes, learned Conferences, and civill friendly Offices, the remembrance*

membrance thereof will increaſe as faſt as their diſcretion.

So much for *Diſtinction*; Next follows *DEFINITION*, which is the ſhorteſt and trueſt expoſition of the nature of any thing; hereof you have examples of all vertues in *Ariſtotles Morals*, of paſſions in his *Rhetorique*, of many affections and perturbations in *Tuſculan's* Queſtions, and *Cicero de Finibus*, as the generall *definition* of vertue is this, VIRTUS EST HABITUS RATIONI CONSENTANEUS. *Vertue is a quality ſeated in Reaſon. Fear is an apprehenſion of future harm. Thrift is a moderate and lawfull increaſe of wealth by careful government of your own eſtate. Complement is a performance of affected Ceremonies in words, looks, and geſtures.* Where *Definition* runs into diviſion of ſeven or eight ways. Of *Definition* you may read *Valerius* his *Logick*. But (to be moſt perfectly inſtructed) read the ſixth book of *Ariſtotles Top.* Your Definitions need be no more tied to the Rules of Logicians, then your Diviſions. The matter is ſometimes illuſtrated by *Periphraſis*; As, *ſpur'd his horſe apace*; *Made his ſpur claim haſt of his horſe. A man not to be contemned*; *Nor a man over whom contempt might make any juſt chalenge. Snorting lowd*; *Snorting ſo lowd, that no man might lay the ſtealing of a nap to his charge.* But of *Paraphraſis and Periphraſis* more ſeverally.

Sometimes a *Parentheſis* makes your diſcourſe more graceful and intelligible: As, *Tell me ingenuouſly (if there be any ingenuity in you) whether, &c. That what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forth of his friend... Till the next morning (better known to be ſo by the Hour-glaſs, then the*

the days clearneſs) having run fortune, &c. And indeed all *Parentheſes* are in extreams, either graces or foyles to a Speech. If they be long, they ſeem interruptions, and therefore at the end of them muſt be a retreat to the matter, called ANTANACLASIS. As, *Aſſure thy ſelfe moſt wicked woman (that haſt ſo plaguily a corrupted mind, as that thou canſt not keep thy ſickneſs to thy ſelf, but muſt moſt maliciouſly infect others) Aſſure thy ſelf, I ſay, &c. Shall that heart (which does not only feel them, but hath all motion of his life placed in them,) Shall that heart, I ſay, &c.*

DIVISION is a ſevering the whole into parts, as of time into that paſt, preſent, and to come, (which is rather a breathing then a *Diviſion*) into ſupream or ſubordinate. From their order; beaſts or unreaſonable creatures, into thoſe of the *Air, Water, Earth*; *Love is either of Beauty, or of Vertue.* From the object. *Study is of Liberal, or Mathematick Science.* And ſo you may divide as many ways as things may differ; as by their beginnings, endings, properties, marks, effects, times, tunes, places, forms, perſons, in whom they are, and howſoever, which properly belongs to Logick; yet ſomething is ſpoken thereof, in our ſecond way of *Amplification.* Out of *Diviſions* ariſe three ſeveral inforcements and manifeſtations of your purpoſe, which (though by Rhetoricians diverſly handled and tearmed,) yet are they in effect grounded upon the Art of Diſtribution.

The firſt is *Expedition*, which (touching upon divers parts) deſtroys all, but that, on which you mean to reſt; As, *One of theſe courſes muſt be taken, either you muſt diſtinctly obſerve and practiſe theſe Rules, or deny you ever received inſtructions, or alledge want of capacity in your ſelf, or want of uſe of them*

them in your life. That they are not neceſſary, you cannot ſay, for what more neceſſary in your life, then to write well? That you are uncapable; is a ſlander, and a contradiction to your own conſcience and my experience, that hath ſeen ſuch fair Eſſayes of your endeavours. And to ſay you had never any directions, were to give your two eyes the lie, and to make me believe, I did never but dream your good. Therefore muſt your labour conſpire with my inventions, and ſo muſt you unavoidably become skilful. This is *Enumeration* and *Inference*, whereupon is that which the Logicians call *Induction*, as in reckoning up. *It is neither that, nor this: therefore this.* And as one merrily ſaith. It is the Dogs *Syllogiſme* in a croſs way, *or that, or that,* But *I ſmell him not this way, nor this way*; therefore he runs on his concluſion the third way without ſmelling.

The ſecond of this ſort is PROSAPODOSIS that overthrows no part of the *Diviſion*, but returns ſome part to each member. In *Arcadia* thus, *Heretofore accuſed the Sea. condemned the Pyrats, and hated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee: But now thy ſelf art the Sea, thy ſelfe the Pyrat, and thy will the evil fortune.--Time at one inſtant ſeeming ſhort and long to them, ſhort in the pleaſingneſs of ſuch preſence, and long in ſtay of their deſires--Your ſilence muſt carry with it a conſtruction of contempt, unkindeneſs or diſpleaſure: If you take me not for your friend, you offer unkindneſs; if you deem me unworthy of an anſwer, it proceeds of contempt; if your Paſſion defers a reply, it argues diſpleaſure.* The firſt of theſe denyed all parts, ſave one: This affirms and keeps all ſides, up. The laſt is *Dilemma*, which propoſes two ſides, *and overthrows both ability and will to write well: for to ſay I cannot, is Childiſh; and I will not, is Womaniſh.*

PERI.

PERIPHRASIS & PARAPHRASIS.

There is in the beſt Writers oftentimes a vain of ſtile, wherein vulgar fancies are exceedingly pleaſed, and know not wherewith. For they admire this moſt, that there is ſome excellency in it, and yet they themſelves ſuſpect it exceeds their admiration. In ſome examples I would gladly diſcover the reaſon hereof: It cannot be, if either the meaning of the words be obſcure, and unfamiliar to a mans underſtanding, the ſpeech ſo compoſed, ſhould be ſo accepted: And yet 'tis poſſible there may be ſome extraordinary fancy in ordinary words: and plain meaning, how then ſhall we determine? It is as in many uſuall diſhes at a Table, both eyes and taſte give them commendation, not for the ſubſtance, but for the dreſſing and ſervice. What plainer meaning then, *ſleep among thieves?* And verily *ſleep*, *life*, *truſt* and *thieves*, are common Engliſh words; yet is it no common way of ſpeaking, to ſay, *To truſt a ſleeping life among thieves.* In the ſame ſenſe; *when they had ſlept a while*, is ordinary; But *when they had a while hearkened to the perſwaſion of ſleep*, is extraordinary. Though all the words of it by themſelves are moſt known and familiar; yet the ordering and fetch of it is ſtrange and admirable to the ignorant; We therefore call it *Periphraſis* or Circumlocution, and it is much helped by *Metaphors*, as before: *inclined to ſleep* is expreſt by a *Metaphor* taken from one who *moves and inclines by perſwaſions.* But let us have one combate more with our adverſary *ſleep*; for, *having riſen early*, *having ſtriven with the ſuns earlineſs* Inſtead of Mopſa *wept ill-favouredly*, Mopſa *diſgraced weeping* with

with her countenance; Inſtead of ſaying, *they that guarded* Amphialus, *were killed themſelves*; its ſaid, *ſeeking to ſave him, they loſt the fortreſſes, which nature had planted them in.* Inſtead of *Plangus ſpeech began to be ſuſpected*; it is ſaid *Plangus ſpeech began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpicion.* Thus purpoſely did Sir *Philip* write, to keep his ſtile from flatneſs. As being to name a *Threſher*, he calls him *one of Ceres ſervants*, Inſtead of *his name was known to high and low*; he ſaith, *no Prince could pretend highneſs, nor beggar lowneſs, to bar him from the ſound thereof.* And this is by going A CONCRETO AD ABSTRACTUM, and divers other ways.

If a ſhort ordinary ſenſe be odly expreſt by more words, it is *Periphraſis*; but, if by as many other, it is *Paraphraſis*: as, *manifeſt Oathes, plentiful perjury. To make a great ſhew of himſelf. To make a muſter of himſelf in the Iſland:* for *kill any married man*; *make his ſword curſed by any widow*; *which is by conſequence, ſeeking by curteſie to undo him.* Making curteſie the out-ſide of miſchief, by *Similitude* or *Metaphor*: ſo then the courſe is, inſtead of any ordinary words importing a trivial matter, to take the abſtracts, or ſome conſequence, ſimilitude, note, property or effect, and thereby expreſs it. Theſe two figures ſerve for *Illuſtration.*

It is ſometimes requiſite for gaining life and luſtre in your diſcourſe, to repreſent ſome unexpected ſtrangeneſs, beſides the tenor of your Theme or Story: and, as it were, to act your meaning; which is done either by faigning the preſence or the diſcourſe of ſome ſuch perſons, as either are not at all; or if they be, yet ſpeak not but by your imagination. The firſt is by *Apoſtrophe* or *Proſopopeia.*

APO-

APOSTROPHE, is a turning of your ſpeech to ſome new perſon, as to the people or witneſſes, when it was before to the Judges or Defendant: as, *Herein you witneſſes are to conſult with your own conſciences, and to enter into a true examination of your own memory. Did you mark his looks? Did you note his ſpeeches? Did you truly conceive the particular proceedings of the Action?* To the people thus, *Now let me intreat any man here preſent, that thinks himſelf not exempted from misfortunes, and priviledged from all miſchiefs, to imagine himſelf in my caſe, and to undertake for my ſake ſome few thoughts of my Diſtreſs.* Sometimes the occaſion is taken from ſome quality or other thing, whereto your ſelf gives ſhew of life; as, *Hope tell me, what haſt thou to hope for? Love be aſhamed to be called Love.* But to animate, and make dead men ſpeak is PROSOPOPOEIA; as, *If your Anceſtors were now alive, and ſaw you defacing ſo goodly a Monument by them erected, would they not ſay thus--&c.* And as Sir *Philip Sidney* gives ſenſe and ſpeech to the *Needle* and *Silk* in *Pamela*'s hands, *as learning*, as a *Lily*, as *death* it ſelf is faigned to live, and make a ſpeech.

Another way of clearing and reviving your diſcourſe, is by *deliberating*, by *entring into communication*, by *preventing and anſwering* Objections. In *deliberating* ſometimes you are amazed; as, *Whom ſhall I blame? what ſhall I pretend? ſhall I make learning hateful to you by my reprehenſions? ſhall I make my ſilence acceſſary to your idleneſs? It is not in my power, It is not in my diſcretion, to reform it.* Under this figure are *Philoclea*'s wiſhes of *Zelmane*.

There is another kinde of *Deliberation*, which propoſes many things with intricating or intangling a mans ſelf: as, *Nothing can aſſure me of the continuance of your love towards me, if you diſcontinue the ſtudy*

ſtudy of ſpeaking well. For ſuppoſe you marry into ſome worthy Family; ſuppoſe they enrich you with ſome new friends; may not a vein of thriving rob me of your acquaintance? may not I loſe you? nay, may not you loſe your ſelf in a labyrinth of worldly cares? Sometimes we enter into *Commmunication*; as, *Were it your caſe, what would you anſwer? Tell me, I appeal to your ſecret thoughts. Your friend hath eſteemed better of his own ſtomack then of the eternal love vowed betwixt you, and prefers the tryal of his valour, before the regard of both your credits, which muſt dye, however either or both of you ſurvive the combat. Would you not judge him unworthy to be your friend, that began his fidelity with an inviolable Covenant never to be an Enemy?*

Prevention of an Objection hath two figures; the one is *Occupatio*, the other *Subjectio*.

Occupatio is thus, *You will ſay to me, that in a factious Country it is the only policy to ſtand neutral. I ſay, not, unleſs many circumſtances help you*; viz. *Theſe, if none of your friends be entred into the quarrel. If you be aſſured that your wealth and diſcretion is equall to the beſt. If there be a likelihood to ſcatter the reliance on both ſides, and make a new party, then it is wiſdom to ſtand aloof a while, that if you pleaſe you may adde the victory to which ſide you will. But having declared your ſelf, you intend to be upright; you will grow contemptible, you offer Reconciliation; your ſtrength will forſake you, you diſpraiſe your adverſaries; you will be deemed envious, You commend his wiſdom; you betrey your own weakneſs: praiſe then his wealth, his Anceſtors, his Beauty, his pleaſures; but praiſe not his foreſight, nor his valour. Are you Judge among your neighbors and inferiors? be preciſely juſt and rightful. Are you Aſſiſtant to your friend? be adviſedly and throughly partial. You would be counted liberal? teſtifie*

ſie it ſeldom; but if publiquely, worthily. You would thrive in bargaining; let your tranſactions be private: for many ſmall breaches of conſcience are more infamous then one great one. But offend not your conſcience willingly to be Treaſurer of all the Indian Mynes. Thus, you ſee how Counſels, Precepts and Sentences may be tranſlated into the form of *Occupatio* and *Subjectio*. Sometimes *Occupatio* is left out, and an Argument brought to the contrary; as *Cecropia* perſwading her ſon *Amphialus* to offer violence to *Philoclea*, preſuppoſed that he would ſay, *He muſt be modeſt*: ſhe replyes, *Each vertue hath his time, the ſouldier that ſhould march formoſt, muſt not give way for modeſty.* There is *Occupatio* and *Subjectio* in *Arcadia*, *if ſhe contemned, then thus — if otherwiſe, then &c. Did I walke abroad to ſee my delight? my walking was the delight it ſelf. He ſaw her alive; he was glad to ſee her alive. He ſaw her weep: he was ſorry to ſee her weep. He heard her comfortable ſpeeches: nothing more joyful.*

This figure cannot be out of ſeaſon, unleſs purpoſely; as it was in the fuſtian ſpeech: *You liſten to my ſpeeches, I muſt needs confeſs it. you hearken to my words; I cannot deny it; you look for ſome ſenſe; I partly beleeve it: But you finde none; I do not much regard it.*

There is another figure, which hath been called by the name of *Conceſſio*, But I mean to miſtake *Occupatio* and *Conceſſio*, one for the other, til I can diſtinguiſh them better. The form of *Conceſſio* is this, *I admit you are reſolute: I grant your determination is immoveable, but it is in things againſt your friends, judgements. And in things againſt your own honour and profit.*

OF EPITHETES.

Epithetes do much embelliſh Stile or Diſcourſe, yet they muſt be uſed (according to the compariſon of *Demoſthenes*) as ſauce or ſeaſoning, which whets the appetite, ſince they cannot paſs for ſolid viands: otherwiſe in his opinion, there can be nothing more flat, and of leſs grace. *Quintilian* reſembles a Diſcourſe, which is ſtuffed too full of *Epithetes* to an Army, wherein there are not more ſouldiers for ſervice, then boys for attendance; and which is, by that means, rendred very great in number, but weak in force and courage. Conform to this is that of *Longinus*, who adviſes that we moderately uſe ſuch *Epithetes*, as are not too high ſwoln, nor far fetched, but ſuch as are appoſite to the ſubject. In theſe latter refined days, we have a kinde of compound *Epithetes*, annexed to a noun with a *Proche* or Diviſion (as the Printers call it) which are much uſed in Poetry, and ſometimes in Proſe: of which let me give you ſome examples, and ſo leave them.

The Quiver-bearing Meads.
The Tempeſt toſſed ſeas.
The Wool-ore-burthened ſheep.
The Meadow loving ſorrel.
A horror-ſtrucken minde.
The Earth-encircling Ocean.
An Heaven-inſpired art.
Senſe-diſtracting grief.
Fancy-pleaſing faces.
The Pine-plow'd ſea.

The

The Green-mantled earth.
Soul-subduing graces.
A Heaven-faln ſtar.
A ſelf-condemning minde.
An un-Sun-ſeen cave.
Love-diſtilling teares.
This Heaven-diſpleaſing war.
Liver-ſcalding luſt.
Marble-hearted cruelty.
Time-beguiling pleaſure.
This Blood-be-dabled Kingdom.
People-pleaſing Lectures.
Corner-haunting luſt.
A Life-Conferring form. &c.

Formul æ

Formulæ Majores.

OR,

COMMON PLACES.

Abſence.

AS thou art the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wiſhes, and the onely life and repaſt of all my deſires: So is thy love to me a continual hunger, and this abſence an extream famine.

In abſence my grief grows, in finding my preſent eſtate ſo weak in fortune, and my deſerts ſo ſlender in nature; that not knowing with *Anthony* how to requite his *Cleopatra*, I only reſt with *Anthony*, to dye for my *Cleopatra*.

Tell him my love burns like veſtal fire, which (with his memory, richer then all ſpices) diſperſeth odours round about my Soul, and did refreſh it, when 'twas dull and ſad with thinking of his abſence.

He more breathed *A. B.* then the ayr it ſelf; and all her abſences were to him ſo many deaths.

I want no part of welfare, but your wiſhed preſence.

The love he bare her at her return, was as a torrent, (which after it has a long time been reſtrained) breaks the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuouſneſs drowns the fields. *Holy Court.*

Hoping forgetfulneſs (which commonly waits upon abſence) might poſſeſs him, he departed.

Since your abſence, melancholy hath been my Concomitant, and your remembranee my greateſt comfort.

I departed from you, like a hungry infant, pull'd from his nurſes breaſt, or a thirſty Hart chaſed from a ſweet fountain.

Live I pray you in repoſe, as much as you may, during this abſence; and if my being away cauſes ſorrow in you, let the aſſurance of my affection diminiſh it.

—— Forced a tedious ſeparation of thoſe ſacred bodies, whoſe Souls are entirely link'd in divine affection.

Acknowledgement.

MY acknowledgment of your favours ſhall appear in my willingneſs to do you ſervice.

—— And my ſelf ſhall not onely acknowledge this favour with humbleſt thankfulneſs, but &c.

The acknowledgement of your favours ſhall be my meaneſt thanks; and to thank you for thoſe favours,

favours muſt be my beſt acknowledgment: I can do no more, I will doe no leſs.

They acknowledge (with more or leſs degrees of homage) ſome kind of fealty.

—— It ſhall not be without a juſt confeſſion of the bond your benefits have, and ever ſhall hold upon me.

Affection.

THe conſtruction of his Speech might beſt be made by the Grammer-Rules of affection.

It is the flaming Agony of affection that works the chilling acceſs of your fever.

The coals of his affection were ſo kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that——

Suffering neither his unworthineſs nor his wrongs to cover with forgetfulneſs, or diminiſh with conſideration, the affection ſhe had born him.

——To whom with words (which affection endited but amazement uttered) he delivered-----

——(Looking down upon her from the high top of affections Tower.)

If you retain as yet any ſpark of affection (which you have often given me witneſs of) kiſs this paper in remembrance of him, who, &c.

My affections no leſs love the light and witneſs, then they have conſcience of your vertue.

The high tide of overflowing affection reſtraining his tongue with aſtoniſhment, as unable to expreſs an unexpreſſable paſſion.

The blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tyde of affection.

He grafted his affection in the ſtock of her conſtancy.

(Teſtimonies of a never ſilent hearty affection.)

But perceiving his affection ſo grounded, that ſtriving againſt it, did more anger then heal the wound, and rather cal his friendſhip in queſtion, then give place to any friendly Counſel. ——

The large teſtimony of your affection makes me willing to ſuppreſs a great number of errours.

She in an inſtant was made an unfortunate winter of affection.

To intrinſecate my ſelfe in your affection.

My affection ſhall finde no parallel in its well-wiſhes to you.

The tender tinder of his affection began to ſparkle.

Striving to match her matchleſs beauty, with a matchleſs affection.

He (whoſe affection clymed by another ſtair.)

In true affection, two ſo become one, as they both become two. *Rel. Med.*

—— You, in whom my affection holds a ſteady manſion.

Nor life, nor death ſhall divorce my affection from you.

Upon what bryars the roſes of his affection grow.

I conjure you to this by my affection, that never had equal. Ar.

The ſight of this place calls my thoughts to appear at the Court of affection, held by that racking Steward Remembrance.

Theſe lines repreſent, in the poverty of *fancy*, the riches of my affection.

—— Good offices are the marks and ciment of true affection. *H. C.*

The

——The heart is the Continent of affection, which flows uncompelled.

Anger:

ANger is the feaver of the Soul, which makes the tongue talke idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what counſel ſpeaks: tis a raging ſea. a troubled water, that cannot be wholſom for the uſe of any. *Feltham.*

——They are things below the merit of my indignation; objects of ſcorn, which, a little ſlighted, and not inflamed by oppoſition, or countenanced to a reply by confutation, will, within a while of themſelves extinguiſh and vaniſh, like ſome diſperſed roving winds, which without encounter are deſpirited and dye. Doctor *Wats upon Bacon.*

Beauty.

THen was plainly to be ſeen the Empire, which humane beauty and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers.

Beauty conſiſts in complexion, in lineaments, and in harmony.

You are the moſt excellent ſtar that ſhines in the bright element of Beauty.

Some became Petitioners and Priſoners to her Beauty, others did homage to her vertues.

Beauty is to be reckoned, but as an outward fading benefit, that nature hath beſtowed.

The Idol of beauty ought not to be honored with ſuch oblations.

My eyes drank much more eagerly of her beauty, then my mouth did of any other liquor.

Her face is ſuch a ſpark of beauty, as is able to enflame a world of love.

—— She, who in a definite compaſs, can ſet forth infinite beauty.

The excellency of her returned beauty, was a credible embaſſador of her health.

Where beauty is, there needs no other plea.

Sell not your ſoul for ſuch a vanity as eye-pleaſing beauty.

Vertue is nothing elſe but inward beauty; and beauty nothing elſe but an outward vertue. *Bacon.*

Making her beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyneſs of his——

——Two ſiſters, about whom, as about two Poles, the ſky of Beauty was turned.

Rather then thoſe eyes ſhould over-flow their own beauties, or the ſky of your beauty ſhould be over-clouded with ſorrow, I wil.——

Beauty in the heaven of her face (two Suns eclipſed) was wrapped up in paleneſs.

Beauty which hath no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and catch nothing. *Euſtaſius.*

Beauty is like the herb *Larix*, cool in the water, but hot in the ſtomack.

I cannot but applaud the wonder of your beauty.

Such is the divine power of loves deity, ſuch the vertuous force of your heavenly beauty, and ſuch

ſuch the happy iſſue of our decreed deſtiny.

Beauty without chaſtity, is like a Mandrake apple, comely in ſhew, but poyſonful in taſte.

I muſt accuſe my ſelfe of preſumption, for daring to conſider any moles in that face, which you had marked for a beauty. *Sir K. D.*

——A beauty, which always with too eloquent a tongue did dictate tacite perſwaſions to his heart.

What a fair veſtment is to a deformed body, the ſame is a comely body to a deformed minde. *Bacon.*

A fair ſoul in a fair body, is a river that windingly creepeth with many wary turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and raviſheth the whole world with the admiration of its excellency.

Beauty in it ſelfe is ſuch a ſilent Orator, as ever is pleading for reſpect and liking. and by the eyes of others is ever ſending to their hearts for love. *Feltham.*

The modeſt ſweetneſs of a lilied face——

Beauty is the wit of nature put into the frontiſpiece.

I have ſeen (and yet not with a partial eye) ſuch features, and ſuch mixtures, as I have thought impoſſible for either nature to frame, or art to counterfeit : yet in the ſame face, I have ſeen that which hath out-gone them both, the countenance. Oh ! if ſuch glory can dwel with corruption, what Celeſtial excellencies are there in the Saints above ? who would not gaze himſelf into admiration, when he ſhall ſee ſo rich a treaſure in ſo pure a Cabinet, unmatched vertue in matchleſs beauty ? *Feltham.*

What is temporal beauty, but a tranſitory charm, an illuſion of ſenſes, a voluntary impoſture, a ſlave of pleaſure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a diall on which we never look, but whilſt the Sun ſhines on it? What is humane beauty but a dunghil covered with ſnow, a glaſs painted with falſe colours; a prey purſued by many Dogs, a dangerous hoſteſs in a fraile honſe, a ſugred fruit in a feaſt, which ſome dare not touch for reſpect, and others gormandize through ſenſuality? Go ſtruſt ſo fading a good: Go; betake you to ſo unhappy a ſnare: Go; tye your contentments to ſo ſlippery a knot, what elſe will betide you but to court a phantaſie, which, looſening your hold, will leave you nothing but the ſorrow of your illuſions? *H. Court.*

Bluſh.

AS ſhe ſpake that word, her cheekes in red Letters writ more then her tongue did ſpeak.

As the wonder ſtrove to make her pale, warm love fortifi'd her cheeks with guilty bluſhes.

——At whoſe preſence a freſh vermilion dye beſtowed a new complexion on her.

Company.

HIs pleaſing company did beguile the times haſte, and ſhorned the waies length.

Why will you give me, with ſo ſparing a hand, the riches of your preſence?

Conſtancy.

Constancy.

SHe—whose constancy neither time nor absence (the mothes of affection) nor, what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

——— He, who signed his faith with the seal of his constancy.

Be but thou as constant a friend to my mind, as thou shalt be a true possessor of my heart, and I shall have as just a cause of joy, as thou no cause of doubt.

Though the surging sea hath moved the humors of my body, yet it hath not power to change the inclinations of my minde; for I love you no less at *Antwerpe* (where I am arrived) then I did at *London*, &c.

He continued always constant, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm.

Constancy is the foundation of vertue. *Bac.*

Fortune is like *Proteus*; if you persist, she returns to her true shape. *Bacon.*

Compariſons.

THis comfort in danger was but like the honey *Sampſon* found in the Lions jaws, or like lightning in a foggy night.

Reſolved he was not to touch the forbidden fruit nor drink on *Circes* cup; he would not with the Spider ſuck poyſon out of a fair flower.

In the greeneſt graſſe is the greateſt Serpent: In the cleareſt water the ugliеſt Toad; In the moſt curious Sepulcher are incloſed rotten bones: The Oſtrich carries fair feathers, but rank fleſh.

As there has been an unchaſt *Helen* in *Greece*; ſo alſo a chaſt *Penelope*; As there has been a prodigious *Paſiphae*: ſo has there been a goodly *Theocrita*.

Hippomanes ceaſed to run when ſhe had gotten the Goal: *Hercules* to labour when he had obtained the victory: *Mercury* to pipe when he had caſt *Argus* in a ſlumber: Every action has his end.

Each book ſent into the world, is like a Bark put to ſea, and as liable to cenſures, as the Bark is to foul weather. *Herbert.*

Like the Citie *Mindus*, whoſe Gates were ſo big, the City might go out of them.

——Which like the flaming two edged waving ſword of the *Cherub* cuts aſunder on all ſides, whatever oppoſes it. *Creſſys Exomologeſis*

Like the ſtone that growes in the River of *Curia*, which the more it is cut, the more increaſeth.

There is no iron but will be ſoftened with the fire; So no, &c. ——.

As

As a fair flower nipt with the morning froſt, hanging down his head, is much ſorry for his declining glory.——

When the Halcions hatch, the Sea is calm; and the Phœnix never ſpreads her wings, but when the Sun ſhines on her neſt. So——

Like the Spaniel which gnaws upon the chain that ties him; but ſooner marres his teeth, then procures liberty.——

Conſider that the heavenly Sun diſdains not to give light and ſhine on the ſmalleſt worm.

——In this 'tis ſo evident that I will not light the Sun with a ruſh candle.

He commends unto us a golden chain of Chriſtian perfections, conſiſting of theſe links, Faith, Vertue, Patience, &c.

We can expect but *Polyphemus* courteſie, to be laſt devoured.

Romes Capitol was not built in one day; nor was *Zeuxis Helena* ſuddenly limn'd with one penſil.

They have long ſported in the blood and treaſure of the land, as the *Leviathan* doth in the Waters.

His mind was all this while ſo fix'd upon another devotion, that he no more marked his friends diſcourſe, then the child that has leave to play, marks the laſt part of his leſſon, or the diligent Pilot in a tempeſt attends the unskilful words of a Paſſenger.

She trembled like the unlickt lamb newly yean'd upon a ſheet of ſnow.

My expreſſion is but like a picture drawn with a cole, wanting thoſe lively colours which a more skilfull pen might give it.

It is the Decree of Heaven, That every Compoſition

ſition here beneath, as well fram'd by the hand of Art, as faſhiond by the help of Nature, ſhould ſuſtain ſome imperfection; for glaſſe hath its lead, gold its droſſe, corn its chaff, *Helen* her mole, the moon her ſpots, and the Sun its ſhade. *Spa. Bawd.*

(Like the Sun that illuminates the whole aire, (if no cloud or ſolid opacous body intervene) *S.K.D.*

——Did make no more impreſſions on him, then an Arrow on a rock of Adamant.

——More impure then the ſtable of *Augeus*: *H.C*

As penſive as the night.

——You, as cruell as the Duke of *Muſcovia*: named *Baſilides*, who commanded from his ſubjects a tribute of Sweat, and Nightingals in the midſt of Winter. *H. Court.*

If thou be as hot as mount *Ætna*, faign thy ſelf as cold as the hill *Caucaſus*: carry two faces in one hood.

As ingenious *Cicero* could pick gold out of *Ennius* dung; ſo may——

His Fetters (like King *Agrippa's* golden chain) more became him then his Imperiall Diadem. *Kame, ka thee.*

As liberall as the Sun which ſhines on all.

Like *Æſops* Crow prankt up in borrowed feathers.

Deſcriptions.

——HE was even raviſhed with contentment, in beholding thoſe goodly Palaces, where was ſeen an admirable Conſort of Art and Nature, ſo many Halls, ſo well furniſh'd within; ſuch rich hangings, ſuch moſt exquiſite pictures, ſuch marbles, ſuch guildings; And without, Mountains, which

which make a natural Theater, tapiſtred without Art, to ſurpaſſe all workmanſhip; forreſts, which ſeem born with the world; hedges and knots curiouſly cut, Alleys and Mazes, where both eys and feet are loſt. Rivers, which creep along with ſilver purlings about gardens, enameld with moſt fragrant flowers; caverns repleniſhed with a ſacred horror, grotts and fountains, which gently gliding, contend with the warble of birds, and ſo many other ſpectacles, which at firſt ſight aſtoniſht ſpirits, and never ſatiate. *H.C.*

——— There were Hills which garniſh'd their proud heights with trees, humble valleys, whoſe low eſtate ſeem'd comforted with refreſhing of ſilver rivers, meadows enameld with all ſorts of eye-pleaſing flowers, thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade, were witneſſed ſo too, by the cheerfull diſpoſition of many well-tun'd birds, each paſture ſtored with ſheep, feeding with ſober ſecurity, while the prety lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams comfort; Here a Shepheards Boy piping, as though he ſhould never be old, there a young Shepheardeſſe knitting, and withall ſinging, and her hands kept time to her voyces muſick; a ſhew as it were of an accompaniable ſolitarineſs, & of a civil wildreneſs Arcadia.

——— Neither are the gardens to be omitted, which for their largeneſs, have the face of a forreſt, for their variety, of a Paradiſe: Here Cypres Groves, there walks with Statues; Here a Sea of fountains, there Swans, Oſtriches, and other recreative creatures. *Mer. Ital.*

——— It is a place, which now humbling it ſelf in fallowed plains, now proud in wel-husbanded hils, marries barren woods to cultivated valleys, and joyns neat gardens to delicious fountains. &c.

Death

Death.

DEath is that inconſiderable atome of time that divides the body from the Soul,&c.

Scaliger defines It to be the *Ceſſation of the ſouls functions.*

When *Hadrian* asked *Secundus* what Death was, he anſwered in theſe ſeveral truths, It is a ſleep eternal, the bodies diſſolution, the rich mans fear, the poor mans wiſh, an event inevitable, an uncertain journey, a thief that ſteals away man, ſleeps father, lifes flight, the departure of the living, and the reſolution of all. *Feltham.*

Death had no ſooner abſented him from her eyes, but forgetfulneſs drew him out of her heart.

When we once come in ſight of the port of *Death*, to which all winds drive us; and when by letting fall that fatall Anchor, which can never be weighed again, the Navigation of this life takes end: Then it is, I ſay, that our own cogitations (thoſe ſad and ſevere cogitations formerly beaten from us by our health and felicity) return again and pay us to the uttermoſt for all the pleaſing paſſages of our lives paſt. Sir *Wa Rawl.*

Death deprived me of my paradized bliſs, and not onely made my broken heart the ſad habitation of woe, but alſo turned my mind (which before was a kingdom to me) into a hel of tormenting thoughts.

Torches made of Aromatique wood, caſt out their odoriferous exhalations when they are almoſt waſted: So the vertuous *A.* made all the good odors of her life evaporate in the laſt inſtant of her death.

That he is dead, ——As if ſhe now ſcorn'd life,

life, *Death* lends her cheeks his paleneſs, and her eyes tell down their drops of ſilver to the earth, wiſhing her tears might rain upon his grave, to make the gentle earth produce ſome flower ſhould bear his name and memory.

—She (proſtrated on the body of her Lover) ſought in his eclipſed eyes and dead lips, the remnant of her life.

I ſhall not be unwilling to ſuffer a goal-delivery of my Soul from the priſon of my body, when I am called to it

———Delivered up to the immortality of another world. This deadly ſhaft paſſing through him, ſo wounded me, that I my ſelf was arrived within few paces of the land of darkneſs. In his ſilent marble, the beſt part of that ſmall portion of joy I had in the world: but all my hopes are entombed. *Wats in Ba. Preface.*

(Drawing neere to the confines of *Deaths* kingdom)

Death frees a man from miſery, and waſts him to the haven of his happineſs. *Her.*

As ſoon as *Death* hath played the Midwife to our ſecond birth, our Soul ſhall then ſee all truths more freely, then our corporal eys at our firſt birth ſee all bodies and colours. Sir *K. D.*

Deſire.

IF you deſire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquiſites of *Deſire*, I wil tell you, It is a ſtrange Countrey, whereto the prodigal Child failed, when he forſook his Fathers houſe to undertake a baniſhment: a Country where Corn

Corn is ſtil in Graſs; Vines in the Bud; Trees perpetually in Bloſſome, and Birds always in the Shel; You neither ſee Corn, Fruit, nor any thing fully ſhaped, all is there onely in expectation: It is a Countrey full of Figures, Phantaſmes, Illuſions and hopes, which are dreams without ſleep. A Countrey where the Inhabitants are never without Fevers, one is no ſooner gone, but another comes into its place. There dwels Coveteouſneſs, a great woman, meager, lean, ſtarven, having round about her, a huge ſwarm of winged boys, of which ſome are altogether languiſhing, others caſt her a thouſand ſmiles, as ſhe paſſeth along; upon herſelf ſhe hath an infinite number of Horſe-leeches, which ſuck upon her to the marrow. Time looks on her afar off, and never comes neer her, ſhewing her an inchanted Loking glaſs, wherein ſhe ſees a thouſand and a thouſand falſe colours, which amuſe her, and when ſhe has ſported enough, ſhe has nothing to dinner but ſmoke. *Holy Court.*

Albeit you can no ways quench the coals of *Deſire* with forgetfulneſs, yet rake them up in the aſhes of modeſty.

As *Pharaoh* longed to know his dream: ſo deſired he to——

Deſire (the nurſe of perſeverance) gave him wings to make the more ſpeed.

Thus wiſhing my deſerts ſtil ſuitable to my deſires, and my deſires ever pleaſing to your deſerts.

——More ready in deſire, then able in power to ſerve you.

——Then which nothing could ſhoot righter at the mark of my deſires.

——And wiſh you, as full of good Fortune, as I am of deſire.

She

She ſtaid not long in the ſuburbs of her fooliſh deſires.

Deſire is a wind, that againſt the tide can carry us merrily; with it, makes us flie. *Feltham.*

Deſire ſo blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that——

Deſert.

HOw much my ſmal deſerts are overballanced by your unſpeakable goodneſs?

——You, whoſe deſert paſſeth my beſt endeavours of requital.

——It flies to the ſacred Altar of your immutable goodneſs, ſet off with all the additions of greatneſs, which nature or affection can throw upon unmatched deſert.

——This is the hard fate my juſt merit hath encountred.

——It is a matter ſo far above my merits, that I cannot think upon it without preſumption.

Deſpair.

THe fire of my affection was blown by the bellows of deſpair.

Deſpair of ſucceſs was the hearſe of his ſuppoſed idle thoughts.

Love wanting deſire, makes the mind deſperate, and fixed fancy, bereft of love, turnes into fury.

My Lords! I ſpeak to minds too Noble to be ſtifled in the narrow confines of fear: follow your Prince, whoſe vertue the ſpight of Fortune, ſhall not wrack into deſpair.

Whilſt I wear a hand, commanded by a heart, that knows no fear, I ſhall not deſpair of——

Diſpleaſure.

Displeasure.

YOur displeasure is so contrary to my desert, and your words so far beyond all expectations, that I have least ability, now I have most need, to speak in the cause on which my life depends.

What has your poor servant deserved to have his own misfortune loaden with your displeasure?

Eloquence.

Eloquence is a way of speech prevailing over those whom we design it prevail; That is, if we will make it in the short or Laconick way, a distilling our notions into a quintessence, or forming all our thoughts in a Cone and smiting with the point, &c. Mr. *Hall in his Epistle before Longinus.*

——A man, who (filling the sails of *Eloquence*) as easily moved his auditors, as winds do the sands of *Lybia* which stir at their pleasure.

His *Speech* appeared in costly robes, adorned with lofty and glorious language, sweetned by many a pleasant and clear Simile, quickned by divers acute and learned Criticismes; My Cabinet enshrineth no such treasure.

I much admire the very Character of your Style, which seems to me to have not a little of the *African Idea* of *St. Austins* Age, full of sweet Raptures and of researched conceits; nothing borrowed nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you (I know not how) with a certain equall facility. *Sir Henry Wotton.*

Though

Though I have not Eloquence enough to win, yet I hope to find language enough to perſwade.

He was dazled with the brightneſs of her aſpect; but when ſhe began to unlooſe her tongue, never was *Syren* ſo attractive with ſongs, as ſhe with words.

——'Tis a ſpeech wherein the abundance of ſupereminent conceits choakes not the grace, nor doth curioſity take any thing from the propriety thereof.

——Your manner of ſpeech is indeed Prince-like, flowing as from a fountain, and yet ſtreaming and branching it ſelf into Natures order; full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable of any. *Bacon.*

Your conceptions are inimitable, your language ſweet and polite, your Sentences are ful of weight, your Arguments of force, and your Words glide along like a River, and ever bear in them ſome flaſhes of lightning.

How greedily my ears did feed upon the ſweet words ſhe uttered.

Were not your affections ſtronger tied to the Orator, then the Oratory, I ſhould not hope to perſwade you, that——*Her.*

——He, with a fearleſs faſhion, thus beſpake the audience.——

Every accent falls like a freſh jewel to increaſe her value.

——His maſculine Eloquence was thought worthieſt to enjoy the maidenhead of the Cities attention.——

——Forcibly won by the ſmooth artifice of ſpeech.

It is no ſmall dominion the imagination hath in perſwaſions, inſinuated by the power of Eloquence. *Bac.*

Your

His Style was an elegant Perſpicuity rich of phraſe. Sir. *Hen. Wotton.*

You have truly found out the Philoſophers ſtone; for every groſs matter you can convert into the gold of fine language.

Eloquence does commonly *ſtorm* the minde of the Auditor, and at length *take* him *in*.

Entertainment.

I want expreſſion to give you the circumſtance with what a flowing love, or rather with what glad devotion, I entertain you. *Grat. Ser.*

——You much honor me; for till this white houre, theſe walls were never proud to encloſe a gueſt, the *Genius* of my houſe is, by ſo great a preſence, waked, and glories to entertain you.

Could this roof be capable of ill, your only preſence (*Lady*) would convert it: There is a vertuous magick in your eye; for whereſoe're it caſts a beam, it creates a goodneſs.

I am much confounded for this honor you do me, *Madam*, but yet I am more aſhamed to ſee you in a place, where vertue never entred but in your attendance. *Ariana.*

Y'are each of you a various banquet, where a breathing ſweetneſs feaſts the ſpectators, and diverts all thought of eating to beholding, and from beholding to enjoying. *Am. War.*

Your preſence is reſtorative.

Friendſhip

Friendſhip.

AS Paſſion hath been well ſaid to be Friendſhip run mad; So friendſhip may be properly ſtiled Sober paſſion, as having all the ſpirit and cordiality of the wine of Love, without the offenſive fumes and vapours of it. Mr. *Montagu* in his *Miſcellanea.*

The love of men to women is a thing common, and of courſe; but the friendſhip of man to man is infinite and immortal. *Plato.*

The words of a friend joyned with true affection, give life to the heart, and comfort to a care-oppreſſed mind. *Chylo.*

The mutual habitude of no intermitting-friendſhip between us, hath ſtrongly confirmed——
(Receiving ſo dear witneſſes of your friendſhip)
The reſemblance of their beauties and wits, joyned their Souls together, and ſoon after, that of their fortunes made this friendſhip perfect. *Ar.*

——(which your friendſhip rather finds, then I acknowledg.)

Hence grows the height of friendſhip, when two ſimilary Souls ſhall blend in their commixions. *Feltham.*

As nothing unites more then a reciprocal exchange of affection: So nothing hinders the knot of friendſhip, more then apparent neglect of courteſies.

Friendſhip a diligent Officer, takes care to ſee the bonds thereof fully executed.

Friendſhip is the Soule of humane ſociety.

Friendſhip is a pleaſant ſauce to any temporal happineſs. *Bacon.*

The

The worſt ſolitude is to be deſtitute of ſincere friendſhip.

Gift.

TRuly (Sir) I doubt whether is greater, the poverty of the *Gift*, or the boldneſs of the giver, whoſe true reſpects have encouraged him to this ſmall expreſſion of ſervice.

I beſeech you excuſe me, that this Preſent is not correſpondent to your merit.

Pleaſe to reſpect the enlarged heart of the giver, more then the quality of the gift; Since the meanneſs of this, can onely ſerve to expreſs the well-meaning of the other.

Hypocriſie.

DO not we know that Hypocriſie is the ſame thing to vertue, which painting is to Faces, and that it is the very moath which devours ſanctity.

What doth not a plaiſtered ſanctity for the ſubverſion of the ſimple? What doth not a bad ſervant when once he poſſeſſeth the eaſie nature of his Maſter?

Inconſtancy.

INconſtancy is properly a levity and an irreſolution of mind, which ſhews it ſelf in his manners,

ners, actions and words, who is touched with it: To say truth, this passion is a Divel that inhabits a land of Quicksilver, where Earthquakes are almost perpetual, winds blow on each side, and blowing, make many weather-cocks turn to and fro, and every moment change posture. In this place an admirable creature is to be seen, who is not what she is, and is that she is not, so many faces and figures she hath: She likewise is still upon transformations, and seems to do nothing at all, but make and unmake herself. One while she is great, another while little; one while gross, another slender; one while affable, another while harsh; one while serious, another while gamesome, but ever slippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to apear in publique, as if she came into a Theater, cloathed one while in changeable Taffata, another while with different pieces, set together out of a singular fantastick addleness of wit. She alone represents all personages, talks with all kind of voices, and in all manner of languages, &c. *H. Court.*

Hast.

(BEing born away with the hasty Tide of smallest leasure.)

——Going with a pace not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind.

With such hast (as if her ears hunted for words) desired to know.——

Hope

Hope.

Hope is the gate of a great Palace repleniſhed with riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* termes, *The Portereſs of Nature.* It hath two arms, with which it endeavours to purſue and embrace objects, whereof the one is called *Deſire*, and the other *Belief* to be able to obtain what one deſireth, &c. *H. Court.*

The Babylon of worldly hopes ſhews it ſelf in the beginining, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find thoſe deſires, that were as pleaſing as the dawning of the day (which at its firſt ſpringing appeares all over ſtudded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at laſt, and are changed into the horrors of a ſad tempeſt.

Humane life hath not a ſurer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, then *Hope.* 'Tis the miſerable mans God, which in the hardeſt gripe of calamity, never fails to yeeld him beams of comfort. It is the preſumptuous mans Divel, which leads him a while in a ſmooth way, & then makes him break his neck on the ſudden. *Hope* is to man as a bladder to a learning ſwimmer, &c. *Feltham.*

——The ſight whereof made *Hope* (the Harbinger of happineſs) to breath in her this pleaſing comfort.

——Sweet, I ſee, is the hope that ſprings in the bud, but moſt ſorrowful I find is the hap that decays in the bloſſome.

Our teeming hopes will ever be delivered of a gracious birth.

——She whoſe weaker Bowels were ſtreight full with the leaſt liquor of hope.

Hope is but the dream of a man awake.

You have blaſted the harveſt of my hopes.

Jealouſie

Jealouſie.

IEalouſie is a diſeaſe of the mind, proceeding from a fear which a man hath, that that thing is communicated to another, which he would not have common, but private to himſelf: it is alſo bred of that love which will not ſuffer a partner in the thing beloved.

Thereupon a furious jealouſie, as if it had been breath'd from hell, began to lay hold on this gentle ſpirit, all the objects of what was paſt returned to thicken this black vapour, to frame a cloud thereof, and reſolve it into a ſtorm. *H. C.*

What is it that you ſhould thus conceal from me? Be my ears unworthy, or my tongue ſuſpected?

Love, as it is Divine with loyalty: ſo is it Hell, with jealouſie.

There can be no greater Tyranny then jealouſie, whereby a man continually murthers himſelf living.

All his actions began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.

Jealouſie is a Gin that we ſet to catch Serpents, which, as ſoon as we have caught them, ſting us. *Feltham.*

Jealouſie is the Canker of Wedlock.

Jealouſie continually ſtudies the Anatomy of hearts, and ſhews great ſeverity to the leaſt defective part: *Montagu,*

He is as jealous as a Turky.

Ingratitude.

INgratitude chalenges revenge by Cuſtom, and is a vice moſt hateful before God and Man.

Ingratitude deſerves, that all the elements with their beſt forces, ſhould conſpire in its avengement.

An unthankful man is compared to a veſſell ful of holes.

Joy.

JOy triumpht in his eys, and comfort lodg'd in his heart, and in this haven of happineſs he would have ſwim'd ſtil, but that ——

Joys had their freſh ſupplies, as if ſome golden dream had imparadiſed their thoughts with ſome gloricus viſion.

——Lifted up from a Hell of grief to a Heaven of joy.

Through how many reſtleſs nights, and leſs reſtleſs thoughts do we encounter theſe ſweet bitter joys: And as the more we graſp the water into our hands, the leſs we hold: So is content the farther from us, the more we ſeek it in theſe fading glories of the world; which, like an *Ignis fatuus*, firſt light us through wilde untrodden pathes unto themſelves, then through vaſt aiery thoughts they lead us up to that precipice, from whence we fall, and there they leave us. *Her.*

——This Charm reduc'd his paſſion to that contentment, brought his hopes to that height, and plac'd his Soul in a heaven of ſuch divine pleaſures, that he was even ready to expire in this pleaſing Extaſie.

O what a ſource of joy did then overflow her breaſt, that treaſury of chaſt delights!

The Sun ne're met the Summer with more joy.

Letters

Letters.

LEtters are the very thoughts of the heart, but once removed; where all the ſcapes of nature or breeding are moſt like to harbor. *Key of Cab.*

Theſe Paper-preſents are but weak reflections of ſtronger affections, yet being the beſt ſacrifice of a friend, they deſerve the higher place in your eſteem.

Letters are the ſweet communication of fancy, which have been always eſteemed the beſt fuel of affection, and the very marrow of friendſhip.

Abſence entertained by Letters full of confidence, is not always without its profit; for the Soul by the memory taſts what it has taken in by the underſtanding, and gives it ſelf more leaſure to recogitate its pleaſure, which is not ſo well perceived, when preſence drencheth the minde in a deluge of contentments, and gives it not leaſure to bethink it ſelf. *H. C.*

If I write a Letter, I imagin Love gives me the pen, that I dip it in my tears, that the paper is all over-filled with flowers of affection, and that I ſend my thoughts and ſighes, as courtiers, to ſeek out the well beloved of my heart. *H. C.*

You have proſtituted my chaſt and holy Letters to the baſe adulteries of all common eyes.

Words are the images of cogitations. Letters are the images of words.

I will not load your ears with thoſe frivolous impertinencies, which would ſwell this Letter beyond your patience.

An amorous Letter to a youthful heart, is a learned enchantment. The hooks of ſuch Characters are artificial pick lock tools, to open the ſecret bolt of a heart. To ſee a leaf written, is like ſee-

ing an Army in the field; every line is a file of men. Words give battel to the minde, and overcome it: For there is no force more powerful, then that of words, to batter a minde. *Stratonica.*

Loquacity.

LOquacity is the Fistula of the minde, ever running, and almost incurable.

A talkative fellow is the unbrac'd drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits.

Love.

Love (in the interpretation of the envious) is *softness*; in the wicked. good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men have given it the name of *Charity*; And these are but terms to this, which seems a more considerate definition, That indefinite *Love is Lust*: and *Lust* when it is determined to one, is *Love*. This definition too, does but intrude it self on what I was about to say, which is (and spoken with soberness, though like a *Lay*-man) that *Love* is the most acceptable imposition of nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the minde, as well as of the body: But Lust (our raging feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, then the Calenture in ships. *Sir William Davenant in his Preface to Gondibert.*

Love (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is natures preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of life, *ibid.*

Love in humane nature is both the source and centre

centre of all passions; for not only hope, fear and joy, but even anger and hatred rise first out of the spring of love. *Mr. Montague.*

To be in love, is the most intensive appropriation of all the powers of our mind to one design, *ibid.*

Sensual love is the most fatal plague among all passions. It is not a simple malady, but one composed of all the evils in the world; it hath the shiverings and heats of *Feavers*, the ach and prickings of the *Meagrim*, the rage of *Teeth*, the stupefaction of the *Vertigo*, the furies of *Frenzie*, the black vapours of the *Hypocondry*, the disturbances of the *Waking*, the stupidities of the *Lethargy*, the fits of the *Falling sickness*, the faintness of the *Tysick*, the heaving of the passions of the heart, the pangs of the *Cholick*, the infections of the *Leprosie*, the venom of *Ulcers*, the malignitie of the *Plague*, the putrifaction of the *Grangrene*, and all, which is horrible in nature. *Holy Court.*

Love! Care is thy Court, Tyranny thy Raign, Slaves thy Subjects, Folly thy Attendance, Lust thy law, Sin thy Service, and Repentance thy Wages.

Fear breeds Wit, Anger is the cradle of courage, Joy opens and enables the Heart, Sorrow weakens it; but Love is ingendred betwixt lust and idleness, his companions are unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yieldings; the highest end it aspires to, is a little pleasure, with much pain before, and great repentance after.

At that time the flames of his chast love, began to burn more forcible then ever.

He loved her with a love, mingled with respect of merit and compassion of her persecuted innocency.

To love is natural: not to love is monſtrous. *H.C.*

Such was the unreſiſtable force of his unlimitable affection, that in ſpight of Reaſon, he was enforced to do homage to Paſſion.

Her love was a rich rock of defence againſt all Syrene ſongs.

——It received ſuch an Impreſſion of that wonderful paſſion, which to be defined is impoſſible, becauſe no words reach to expreſs the ſtrange effects of it; they only know it, who inwardly feel it: it is called *Love*.

He beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech, which if it had been over-paſſionate, yet was it to be born withal, becauſe it proceeded out of an affection much more vehement.

Humanity enjoyns you to love me, ſeeing I hold my life an eaſie ſacrifice to enjoy you.

It is no pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

Worldly lovers are the true Gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivail flowers, ſurrounded with many bryars. *Chriſtian Diary.*

A ſilent expreſſion gives the pregnant'ſt teſtimony of a deep grounded affection, where every look darts forth love.

Nothing ſhall have power to alien my love from you.

Let me draw from your look one bluſh of love, or line of fancy.

Let me become an abject in the eyes of fame, an object of contempt to the world; if my faithful devotion and obſervance ſupply not all my defects.

I am he, who either you have great cauſe to love, or no cauſe to hate.

She loved him as the pledge-bearer of her heart.

You——

You——towards whom I know not whether my love or admiration be greater.

Your affection hath got a Lordſhip in my thoughts.

Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting is a Tyrant.

(Sealing up all thoughts of love, under the image of her memory.)

The extream heat of my affection compels me to——

Love in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; it daily forms a thouſand imaginations, and brings forth a thouſand cares, it findes out an infinity of inventions to advance the good of the beloved, &c. *H. C.*

Death may end my life, but not my love, which (as it is infinite) muſt be immortal.

—— Him, whoſe love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of utterance, that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand.

Such a love as mine, wedded to vertue, can never be ſo adulterated by any accident, no nor yet raviſh'd by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard diſobedience, whereof (my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to clear my ſelf.

The proportion of my love is infinite.

So perfect a thing my love is to you, as it ſuffers no queſtion, ſo it ſeems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it.

The more notable demonſtrations you make of the love (ſo far beyond my deſert) with which it pleaſeth you to make me happy, the more am I, even in courſe of humanity, bound to ſeek requitals witneſs.

——(Having embarqued my careful love in the ſhip of my deſire)——

Good God! what ſublimate is made in the lymbeck of Love.

His eyes were ſo eager in beholding her as they were like thoſe of the Bird, that hatches her Eggs with her looks. *Stratonica.*

He expected her at *A.* with ſo great impatience of love, that he would have willingly haſtned the courſe of the Sun, to meaſure it by His affections.

—He, beholding her ſo accompliſhed, eaſily felt the glances ſhot from her eyes, were rays from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honorable wounds.

If you have as much confidence in me, as I have love towards you; ——

Love is in effect a force (pardon the exorbitancy of the word) that is unreſiſtable, ſo ſtrong a war is that, which the appetite wageth againſt reaſon.

Then, then in the pride of your perfections you paradiſed me in the heaven of your love.

The rare *Idea* that thus (through the applauſe of mine eye) hath bewitched my heart, is the beautious image of your ſweet ſelf (pardon me if I preſume, when the extremity of love pricks me forward.) Faults that grow by affection ought to be forgiven, becauſe they come of conſtraint: Then (*Madam*) reade with favor, and cenſure with mercy. ——

Why ſhould not that, which is one, reſt in unity? *Bacon.*

His boſom was the Cell, wherein I hid my ſecrets; his mouth the Oracle, whereby I directed my Actions; as I could not be without his preſence, ſo I never would do any thing without his counſel.

When I am from you, *I* am dead till I be with you;

you; when I am with you, I am not ſatisfied, but would ſtil be nearer you: united Souls are not ſatisfied with imbraces. *Rel. Med.*

In the intercourſe of affection, my love ſurmounts yours.

Fire comes out of the hardeſt Flint with a ſteel; oyl out of the drieſt jet by fire; love out of the ſtonieſt heart by faith, by truſt, by time. *Euphens.*

I cannot but admire thy love, knowing from what height of vertue it proceeds: as I will not envy thee thy death, ſo I wiſh a glory may await thy end, great as the conſtancy that advanc'd thee to it. *Her.*

Two neighbouring Lillies, whom rude winds diſperſe 'mongſt reſtleſs duſt, may ſooner meet upon their ſtacles again, and kiſs each other in a ſecond growth, then we our loves renew.

Love is the good, which by being diffuſed, is corrupted; ſhe that loves one, another, and a third; takes in men at the coyle, and loves onely for her pleaſure. The object of true love is but one: From the Infancy of Time to her decrepitude, the love between two hath been held moſt honorable. *Heroina.*

Our mutuall minds thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, then either Nature now affords, or Art can expreſs.

Gracious is the face that promiſeth nothing but love, and moſt celeſtial the reſolution that lives upon chaſtity.

She had a pure flame ſhot from heaven into her breaſt, from no other place could ſo generous a mind be fired.

My love ſhall never end, but with my life.

There is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided: our wills united make but one mind, which ruling all our actions, it ſeems we are in like manner but one body. *Ariana.*

—He was ſo rapt with theſe dear engagements, that the commotions of his heart diſturbed his mind, and ſtop'd the freedom of his thoughts.

I muſt confeſs my ſelf in priſon, but 'tis a priſon of love, where my deſires, my thoughts, my hopes, my joys, are chains. *H. C.*

Chaſt love.] She changes the fire of Babylon into that of Jeruſalem Her hairs, which were the nets wherein ſo many captive Souls did ſigh under the yoke of wanton love, are now (as the Enſignes and Standards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of the Conquerour. Thoſe kiſſes, which carried the poyſon of a luxurious paſſion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of chaſtity. Her pleaſing odours, which before were vowed to ſenſuality, are now become the ſweeteſt exhalations from that Amber Iſle, which brings forth an odoriferous perfume, *Entert: for Lent.*

My paſſion hath for its object a thing too perfect to permit me a thought that may be unworthy of the cauſe of it.

I like that love, which by a ſoft aſſenſion, does degree it ſelf in the Soul. *Feltham.*

Your preſence is like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can baniſh the ſadneſs of the mind.

The heart of a lover is a Citie, in which upon one and the ſame day are ſeen ſports and baukets, barrels and funerals. *Plutarch.*

Who knows not that love took away the ſenſes of wiſe *Solomon*, and made him violate the ſacred law. Love moved *Biblis* to be enamoured on

on her own brother *Caunus*, and *Pasiphae* to accompany with a Bull.

Love is like a pan of Charcoal, which meeting with the wind, its contrary, makes it turn more ardent, or like a rapid torrent, which justling against a dam, swells higher: so love meeting with opposition grows hotter and stronger. *Dodona's Grove.*

——These two hearts being dissolved into love, spake in thoughts, not having language enough to express their affection. *H. C.*

Since then I cannot retaliate your love, or retribute your favours, yet will I receive them with a desire to pay.

The worthy St. *Dionysius*, in his Book of Divine Attributes, distinguisheth three sorts of love: one is called circular, the other love in a right line, and the third oblique.

Love (saith an ancient Lover) hath made a But of my heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its arrows; it threw it self as an inflamed dart into the bottom of my heart, to set me all on fire.

There is nothing comparable to the Martyrdom of love: It is an exhalation in a cloud: It is a fire in a Mine, a torrent shut up in ditches; a night of separation that lasteth ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its desires.

The life of this *young Hero*, (which was ever hanging about the heart of his Mistress, ever in the contemplation of her goodness, perpetually in the furnace of love) wholly transformed it self into his wel-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great vessel of Wine, as incense wasted in flames. *H. Court.*

He said what a warm lover (when desire makes eloquent) could speak, he said she was both Star and Pilot.

No

No birth or eſtate can chalenge a perogative in love.

The deep wound of his love, being rubbed afreſh with——began to bleed again.

Love is to the Soul, that which wings are to Birds, to carry us to its fruition.

For want of wel loving, we apply the moſt precious thing which is love, to gain wretched creatures, as if one uſed a golden hook to fiſh for frogs, and a ſcepter to ſhake hay.

I'le always dwell with you like your ſhade.

I'le keep a Jubile to your memory.

My eyes pay tribute where my heart pays love.

I will repay your love with uſury.

(Love making in the field of his memory a muſter of the vertues of that Lady.)

The man that applies not himſelf to ſome love, is like a body without life.

Love is the Wine of the ſoul.

Love is the greateſt Philoſopher in the world; He can tranſmute ſubſtances without altering the accidents.

Man commended.

MAn is the pride of Heavens creation.

——A man, whoſe life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it ſelf cannot mention without addition of ſome Epitheres of reſpect; to conclude him in a word, no object for any evil paſſion but envy; and a ſubject for no diſcourſe but what ends with admiration.

It ſeems Nature from above had been diſpatch'd as a brave Harbinger, to ſeore out a lodging for his great Soul, and give him a Body ſuitable to the

the vigor of his Spirit (ſo well was it compoſed,) &c. *H. Court.*

——What he is according to nature, a Maſterpiece, where many prerogatives meet together, a Body compoſed of a marvellous Architecture, a Soul endowed with——

He is the *Orpheus*, who with his looks onely, without ſetting his hand to the Lyre, enchants and raviſhes the moſt ſavage of our wilderneſs.

Ariſtotle (that *Linceus* of Nature)——

He did with great nobleneſs and bounty (which vertues at that time had their turns in his Nature) reſtore—— *Lo. Bacon.*

All the learning he was ambitious of was to be wiſe, and all the wiſdom to be good.

I find not any man, over whom he has not ſome advantage, nor any ones life, which (take it altogether) is ſo admirable as his. *The Prince.*

He is an *Anthony* in clemency, a *Trajan* in bounty, and another *Auguſtus* in wiſdom.

Though he exceeds not in thoſe vertues which get admiration, as depth of wiſdom, height of courage and the like; yet he is notable for thoſe qualities which ſtir affection, as truth of words, meekneſs, courteſie, mercifulneſs and liberality.

He was Lord of great Revenues, to which his vertue not his fortune was his Title; his mind was richly embroydered with all the ſtudied ornaments of learning, &c.——*Herſina.*

Braveſt *A.* ſooner ſhall the Fathers bowels be ſilent at the ſight of his long unſeen Son, then poſterity forget thy name.

——Nor ſhall I reſt content, till I bring one grain of incenſe more to that great oblation, which

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My eyes pay tribute where my heart pays love.

I will repay your love with uſury.

(Love making in the field of his memory a muſter of the vertues of that Lady.)

The man that applies not himſelf to ſome love, is like a body without life.

Love is the Wine of the ſoul.

Love is the greateſt Philoſopher in the world; He can tranſmute ſubſtances without altering the accidents.

Man commended.

MAn is the pride of Heavens creation.

——A man, whoſe life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it ſelf cannot mention without addition of ſome Epithetes of reſpect; to conclude him in a word, no object for any evil paſſion but envy; and a ſubject for no diſcourſe but what ends with admiration.

It ſeems Nature from above had been diſpatch'd as a brave Harbinger, to ſcore out a lodging for his great Soul, and give him a Body ſuitable to the

the vigor of his Spirit (ſo well was it compoſed,) &c. *H. Court.*

——What he is according to nature, a Maſterpiece, where many prerogatives meet together, a Body compoſed of a marvellous Architecture, a Soul endowed with——

He is the *Orpheus*, who with his looks onely, without ſetting his hand to the Lyre, enchants and raviſhes the moſt ſavage of our wilderneſs.

Ariſtotle (that *Linceus* of Nature)——

He did with great nobleneſs and bounty (which vertues at that time had their turns in his Nature) reſtore——*Lo. Bacon.*

All the learning he was ambitious of was to be wiſe, and all the wiſdom to be good.

I find not any man, over whom he has not ſome advantage, nor any ones life, which (take it altogether) is ſo admirable as his. *The Prince.*

He is an *Anthony* in clemency, a *Trajan* in bounty, and another *Auguſtus* in wiſdom.

Though he exceeds not in thoſe vertues which get admiration, as depth of wiſdom, height of courage and the like; yet he is notable for thoſe qualities which ſtir affection, as truth of words, meekneſs, courteſie, mercifulneſs and liberality.

He was Lord of great Revenues, to which his vertue not his fortune was his Title; his mind was richly embroydered with all the ſtudied ornaments of learning, &c.——*Herſinæ.*

Braveſt *A.* ſooner ſhall the Fathers bowels be ſilent at the ſight of his long unſeen Son, then poſterity forget thy name.

——Nor ſhall I reſt content, till I bring one grain of incenſe more to that great oblation, which

which I hope the Muſes will offer ere long in publick to his memory, thereby to induce Hiſtorians, (thoſe Goldſmiths of time) in their elaborate rings, the Chronicles and Relations of theſe days, curiouſly to enchaſe this choycer Diamond to the delight and benefit of ſucceeding ages. *Of Sir. I.S.*

The worth of worthineſs hath his whole Globe compriſed in his breaſt.

The gallantry of his mind was plainly legible to every eye that was acquainted with the characters of vertue.

——In this man there were ſuch great abilities of wit and underſtanding, that into what Climate ſoever his nativity had caſt him, he ſeem'd to be able to command a fortune. *Bacon.*

——Men, whoſe Sentiments are Maximes and Oracles to govern the worlds beliefs and actions. Sir *K.D.*

——So wel was he ſtudied in the Art of dying, that by continual Watchings, Faſtings, Prayers, and ſuch like Acts of Chriſtian humiliation, his fleſh was rarified into Spirit, and the whole man ſo fitted for eternal glories, that he was more then halfe in heaven, before Death brought his bloody (but triumphant) Chariot to convey him thither.

His head did bear the Calendar of age.

Every man is a vaſt and ſpacious Sea: His paſſions are the winds that ſwel him in diſturbant waves &c. *Feltham.*

A good man is like the day, enlightning & warming all he ſhines on, and is alwayes riſing upwards to a Region of more conſtant purity, then that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholſome vapours upon all that reſt beneath.

Envy

Envy her ſelf could not detract from his worth; he was learned even to an Example, pious up to a Proverb.

——A perſon that in the *Hurricans* of great tranſactions is ſerenely pleas'd to throw off the publick perſon, and adopt into his tenderneſs and protection, all that, unto which worth and letters may make a claim. Mr. *Halls Epiſtle before Longinus.*

Of the late K: and his letters intercepted.

1645.

AS a *Man*, ſee, but with what ſagacity he writes, and with what judgement; ſee, but what a clean ſenſe he hath of things, which does ſo overlook all his moſt perplexed affairs, that they ſeem to bluſh, they have no better difficulties. See, but how far his wiſdom looks into mens perſons, which doth ſo weigh them and their actions with the grains and allowance of their unworthy ſervile ends, that he ſeemes not more to obſerve then propheſie. See, but what an even ſpirit of Elegancy runs through every line, which beats and leaps as much in the deſcription of his ſaddeſt condition, as of his ſereneſt fortune; Inſomuch that poſterity will a little love his miſery for her very clothing.

Then, as a *Husband*, do but obſerve how kind he is, and withall how chaſt; how full of warm expreſſions of love, and yet how far from wanton; Do but obſerve how he weighs his own health by his wifes Standard, every line bears a *Venus* in it, and yet no Doves; and he drives the trade of thoughts between the Queen and him, with ſo much

much eagerneſs, and yet with ſo much innocence in all his letters, as if he meant they ſhould be intercepted.

As a *Chriſtian*, ſee, but what a conſcience he makes of Oaths, eſteeming them (not according to the popular account) as if their ceremony made them the leſſe ſacred, or (as too many uſe them in the world) as bracelets to their ſpeech, not (as they are indeed) as chains to their Souls; look but how he ſtartles at the name of Sacriledge, though never ſo commodious a ſin, &c.

Laſt of all, as a *King*, ſee, but what a conſtant and true ſoul he bears to Juſtice, which none of his ſad infelicities can alter. A Soul that would come off true, were it put to *Pluto's* triall, who ſaid, That for a man to approve himſelfe a true juſt man indeed, His vertue muſt be ſpoyld of all her ornaments. *Key to K. Cabinet*—— his Stature was next a juſt proportion; his body erect and active; his color or complexion had generally drawn more from the white Roſe of *York*, then the red of *Lancaſter*; his hair neerer brown then yellow; his brow proclaim'd much fidelity; a certain verecundious generoſity grac'd his eyes, not ſuch as we read of *Sylla* but of *Pompey*, in his geſtures nothing of affectation; in his whole aſpect no ſwelling, nothing boiſterous, but an alluring and wel becoming ſuavity; his alacrity and vigor the celerity of his motions did diſcover; otherwiſe his affections were temperate, and demeanor wel ſetled; moſt firm to his purpoſes and promiſes; loving Truth; hating Vice; Juſt, conſtant, courageous, and not Simply ſo, but knowingly, good. *Sir H. Wotton. of the late. King.*

So

So many excellent pens have written upon his brave Acts, and made them so well known to all the world, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them. *H. Court.*

He is the *Pelops* of wisdom, and *Minos* of all good government.

Who has not known or read of that prodigy of wit and fortune, Sir *Wa. R.* a man infortunate in nothing, but in the greatness of his wit and advancement; whose eminent worth was such, both in domestick policie, forreign expeditions and discoveries, in arts and literature both practick and contemplative, that it might seeme at once to conquer both example and imitation. Mr. *Nath. Carpenter.*

——Man, who contracts in himselfe all the draughts and works of the divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole world in his perfections, and bears the most animated character of the living God. *H. C.*

He is a noble, generous, and well-manur'd youth, bears beauties ensignes in his gracious looks, has that supream Divinity in his eyes, as sparkleth flames able to fire all hearts: and the superlative vertue of his mind transcends his outward figure; he is wise, as most mature age, valiant in resolve, as fames beloved child, Reputation, conjoyns the masculine graces of his Soul with lovely carriage and discreet discourse, &c. *Argalus* and *Parth:*

——I could say much more of his worth, without flattery, did I not fear the imputation of presumption, and withall suspect, that it might befall these papers of mine, (though the losse were little) as it did the pictures of Q. *Eliz.* made by unskilful and common Painters, which by her

own

own commandement were knockt to pieces, and caſt into the fire. For ill Artiſts, in ſetting out the beauty of the external and weak Writers, in deſcribing the vertues of the internal, do often leave to poſterity of well-formed faces, a deformed memory; and of the moſt perfect and Princely minds, a moſt defective repreſentation. *Sir Wa. Rawl. in Preface.*

He was a man whoſe brave undaunted Spirit dignified his Family many ſtories high in the eſtimate of Fame.

The excellent endowments of his Soul, acknowledged even by Envy, and admired by Truth, together with his known propenſion to goodneſs, invited me to——

I have been poſſeſſed with extream wonder, when I conſider the excellency of thoſe vertues and faculties in him, which the Philoſophers call intellectual, the capacity of his mind comprehending ſo many, and ſo great notions, the faithfulneſs of his memory, the ſwiftneſs of his apprehenſion, the penetration of his judgement, the order and facility of his Elocution, &c. *Bacon.*

——He derived many ſtreames from *Sidney's* great River into his own Chanels.

His countenance (which by nature had no vulgar Air in it) grown lean by affliction, expreſſed (in a pale diſagreement of colours) that the harmony of his *individuum* began its diſſolution from the head.

Nature.

Nature.

NAture is that Spirit or Divine Reaſon, which is the efficient cauſe of natural works,&c.

——You whom nature hath made to be the Load-ſtar of comfort, be not the rock of ſhipwrack.

The errors in his nature were excuſed, by reaſon of the greenneſs of his youth.

Nature having done ſo much for him of nothing, as that it made him Lord of ſomething.

Nature is the mirror of Art.

——They wraſtled with the diſadvantage of ſingle nature, and at laſt threw it into rule.

——Then does Art appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from *Nature* it ſelf; And again, nature is ever happy, becauſe ſhe always carries a hidden Art in her own boſom. *Longinus.*

Silence and Secreſie.

SIlence is the fermentation of our thoughts. *Bacon.*

——Aſſuring you in the faith of a friend, that you ſhall depoſit it in the deepeſt and darkeſt den of ſilence, never to come to light.

It is hard to be ſilent, &c. ſince nature hath not made us like *Crocodiles*, who are ſaid to have eyes to weep, and not a tongue to complain.

I hope I ſhall finde your ears faithful Treaſurers.

I will cover it under the vail of ſilence. Si-

Silence, in baſhful ſigns, bluſh'd out a dumb reply.

——Till when I lock theſe projects in the cloſet of your ſecrecy.

There followed ſo deep and unbroken a ſilence, that midnight ſeem'd thunder, if compar'd to it.

The ſilence of the Tongue is the peace of the heart. *Tho. A Kemp.*

Similitudes, ſee Compariſons, *page* 58.

Sorrow.

SOrrow is a grief or heavineſs for things which are done and paſt, it is the only friend to ſolitarineſs, enemy to company, and heir to deſperation.

Though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumb ſorrow, yet did his ſilent woes ſhew his ſpeaking grief.

O happy *Portia*! thy dead ſad woes are all buried in my long liv'd griefs; and *Hecuba*'s tears are all drowned in the ſea of my ſorrow.

Lymbecks were her eyes of tears, a furnace was her breaſt of ſcalding ſighes, a conſtant feaver ſurprizd her joynts, yet with this did her ſweet condition enforce a ſmile, and with this (mixed with a pearly tear) did ſhe beg this boon of.—— *Holy Court.*

——Whereat the yce of his heart diſſolved, and began already to evaporate through his eyes.

He

He endeavored to ſpeak; but the more he ſtrove, the more the ſobs choaked up his words.

——— Aſſaulted with a furious ſquadron of remedileſs dolours.

(Drenched in a Sea of ſorrow.———

Love, jealouſie, anger and ſorrow divided his heart, and drew ſtrange ſighs from him.

He bare the image of his (Sorrow in his dejected countenance.

He knew not how to anſwer (her, but with the moiſt dew of his eyes, which began to do the office of his lips.

She made the apple of her weeping eyes ſpeak to him in continual prayers.

——— (after the Flood of her tears was grown to an ebb,)

——After ſhe had bathed the beauty of her eyes in the ſorrow of her tears. ———

My grief was at the higheſt before, and now like ſwelling *Nilus* it diſdaineth bounds.

That (waſhing anew her face in the balmy drops of her love-diſtilling tears) ſhe began.———

He baniſhed both ſleep and (food, as enemies to his mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable.

He opened his mouth, as a Floodgate of ſorrow.

I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreſhing.

The breath, almoſt formed into words, was again ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighes.

Let the tribute-offer of my tears procure—

———It deſerves of me a further degree of ſorrow, then tears.

——— Finding by the pitiful oration of a languiſhing behaviour, and the eaſily deciphering

ing

ed Character of a ſorrowful face, that———

———With a demeanor, where, in the book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but ſorrow, for kindeneſs was blotted out, and anger was never there.

Suffer not the weakneſs of ſorrow, to conquer the ſtrength of your vertues.

———His Soul drinking up woe with great draughts.

———Her tears were like, when a few *April* drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine coloured flowers.

She painted out the lightſome colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadows of ſorrow.

——— Suffering her ſorrow to melt it ſelf into an abundance of tears, and giving grief a free dominion.

At length letting her tongue go (as dolorous thoughts guided it) ſhe thus (with lamentable demeanor) ſpake,———

Wilt thou give my ſorrows no truce?

Tears and ſighes interrupt my ſpeech, and force me to give my ſelf over to private ſorrow.

Though my memory be a continued Record of much ſorrow, yet among the many ſtories grief hath engraven in me, there is none to be compared with the diſaſter of———

———This ſaid, ſhe wept the reſt. But he not daunted at that majeſty of ſorow that ſate inthron'd in Cryſtal; nor at her words, that would charm the moſt inhumane: but rather whet, then refin'd in paſſion, unloads his luſt.———*Her.*

———She, in whom ſorrow had ſwell'd it ſelf ſo high, that rather then break out, it threatned to break her heart.

—Appearing in his countenance a doleful Copy of what he would relate.

(Able

——— (Able to make an Adamant turn *Niobe*) When I am bereft of thee, in whom all my joys are ſo wealthily ſumm'd up, that thy loſs will make my life my greateſt curſe, then will I dye in honor, and think it fitter for my fame, then linger out my life in ſorrow. *Her.*

She was Empreſs of a minde, unconquered of ſin or ſorrow

Tis not the tears of our eys only but of our friends alſo, that doe exhauſt the current of our ſorrows, which falling into many ſtreams run more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower channel.

She melts her heart in a ſacred Limbeck of love, and diſtills it out by her eyes.

They reſented his loſs with as many griefs, as his deſert and their good nature could produce in them. *Arc.*

To give over ſorrow I muſt of neceſſity give over remembring you, and that can I not, but with my life.

———To ſee her countenance (through which there ſhin'd a lovely majeſty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls) now altered to a frightful paleneſs, and the terrors of a gaſtly look. *Feltham.*

———Theſe are calamities, which challenge the tribute of a bleeding eye.

——— Tell him I inwardly diſſolve into a dew of bleeding paſſion for his loſs, and would, to reinveſt bleſt quiet in his heart, act o're the ſcene of dangers I have paſs'd ſince I knew earlieſt manhood *Arg. and Parth.*

——— I am paſt the thought of grief for this ſad fact, and am griefs individual ſubſtance.

——— She poured her ſelf into tears without comfort

comfort, as her misery seemed devoid of remedy.

——Thy looks upon a sudden are becom dismall, thy brow dull as *Saturns* issue, thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue were to pronounce some funerall.

Sorrow having clos'd up all the entries of thy mind.

He made a shady tree his pavillion, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorrowfull memory.

He gave such tokens of true felt sorrow, as no imagination could conceive greater.

Compassion procured his eyes with tears to give testimony.

——He departed, as if he had been the Coffin that carried himself away.

The river of your tears (if not stopped) will soon lose their fountain.

——Pitie my sorrows, which are onely mine, because I am extreamly yours.

——Lost in my thoughts, I see my self wandring in various objects, and for a height in misery, I walk in the night of a heart darkned with sadnesse.

The melancholy complexion of my mind inclines to hold a sympathy with all sorrow, that my senses communicate to me.

The remembrance of her former ingratitudes delivered over such feeling arguments of her sad remorse, as were able to strike the water of tears out of the stonieſt hearts of her beholders: Like the Rod of *Moses*, which drove water out of the Rock, &c. *Sir To. Math.*

——A subject I confesse so full of lamentation and horror, as would require some *Homer* to express

preſs it, or rather the mind and pen of *Heraclitus*, to weep and write together.

Suffer mine eyes to diſcourſe my griefs.

You temporize with ſorrow, mine is ſincere.

——Untill mine eyes became the ſad oblation of a fainting voyce.

It is hard to deſcribe with what affection her eyes, big with grief, brought forth tears. The fair Lady in that Art reſembled *Aurora* in travel of the day. Her tears much exceeded the morning dew in beauty. *Stratonica.*

Speech.

SPeech is nothing elſe but an expreſſion to another man of the images one hath within himſelf. *Sir. K. Digby.*

Reaſon is as it were the Soul of ſpeech. *Bacon.*

Lecture is the aliment of Speech.

As houſes without Dores are unprofitable: ſo are men that have no rule of their ſpeech.

——The very *Order* of his ſpeech ſeem'd to be *Diſorderly*: and his *diſorders* were rang'd into a certain kind of *order*.

——Though courted with all the blandiſhments and graces of ſpeech, yet he could not be perſwaded.

Thoughts.

THought, generally is all the imaginations of our brain, which being a propoſed object of heart, makes it continually reſolve, and work upon thoſe conceits.

Thoughts are but over-flowings of the minde, and the tongue is but a ſervant of the thoughts.

Speech and Thought are two ſiſters, the youngeſt whereof is created, that the eldeſt may be known. *Philo.*

The more I exerciſe my thoughts, the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires.

What a paradiſe of unſpotted goodneſs his filthy Thoughts ſought to defile?

——— (Thinking to ſet my mutinous Thoughts at peace.)

He made his thoughts more obligatory to her favours; and he faſhioned his favours more complementory to her fortunes.

My thoughts were winged with deſire.

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts) ———

Diſtilling my active thoughts in a continued ſtudy to ſerve you.

——— My hopes of honour, then which nothing but your fair ſelfe is ſo neer to my thoughts.

She conjur'd with this tyranny of complement, with as undiſtracted words as could be pumpt from the deepeſt confuſion of thoughts, makes her reply——*Her.*

——— His word led by his thought, and followed by his deed.

I could wish you were secretary of my thoughts, or that there were a Cryſtall caſement in my breaſt, through which you might eſpy the inward motions and palpitations of my heart, then would you be certified of the ſincerity of this proteſtation,

Pleaſing, but too ambitious Thoughts! whither do you lead me?

—— Give my long impriſoned Thoughts leave to appear in words.

Let truth make up a part in the harmony of your noble Thoughts.

Thus when my Thoughts are at a ſtand, and can raiſe my preſent happineſs no higher, let me call to mind how——

——Since you have tied your Thoughts in ſo wilful a knot.

A tumultuous Army of Thoughts ſhall ſtrike up an Alarm to your repoſe. *H. C.*

——Continually floating in a tempeſtuous Sea of thoughts, without either finding bottom or ſhore.

And after I had run over all the pedigree of my Thoughts, new thoughts poſſeſſed me.

Weighing her reſolutions by the counterpoiſe of his own youthfull thoughts.

Uſing his own Bias to bowle neer the Miſtreſs of his own Thoughts.

Words may be ſaid to be a kind of body to thoughts. *Montagu.*

My thoughts ſupplied the place of ſacrifices.

My very thoughts, I hope, are wing'd with innocence.

Vanity.

Vanity at this day opens all her gates to manifeſt divers perſons to the world, who ſhould otherwiſe be buried in obſcurity. It makes ſome appear by the luxurious exceſs of their apparel, as ſo many ſale creatures, whoſe heads (being high and coſtly dreſſed up) go to the market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of the world, others by honours and dignities, others by the ſpirit of induſtry, and others by deeds of arms and policy. Every one ſets out himſelf to be ſeen and eſteemed in the world. It ſeems life is made for nothing, but to be ſhewed, and that we ſhould always live, for that which makes us dye. *Holy Court.*

Vertue.

VErtue (like the clear heaven) is without Clouds.

He became her ſervant by the bonds, which vertue laid upon him.

Vertues (if his face be not a falſe witneſs) do apparel his minde.

——Formed by nature and framed by education to the true exerciſe of vertue.

——Mindes; which neither abſolutely climb the rock of vertue, nor freely ſink into the ſea of vanity.

——She, (in whoſe minde vertue governed with the ſcepter of knowledge.)——

She

——Shee, to whose unstained vertue, it hath been my unspeakable misery, that my name should become a blot.——

(Far engaged to the memory of your vertues.)

Vertue is the tenure, by which we hold of heaven: without this we are but Outlaws, that cannot claim protection. *Feltham.*

Vertue hath nothing to do with the vail of untruths to cover it.

Vertue is as the Geometrical *Cube*, on what side soever it is cast, it always finds his *Basis*.

Vertue and grace run parallel with heaven.

Women Commended.

WOmen, being of one and the self same substance with man, are what man is, only so much more imperfect, as they are created the weaker vessels.

——She, whose vertue deserves to be consecrated with a pen of adamant in the Temple of Eternity, since she is able to dazel the eyes of the most hardy, to fill the mouthes of the most eloquent, and ravish the mindes of those, who admire nothing vulgar. *H. C.*

Ask Sense what she is: Sense will tell us, Her face is the unclouded welkin in the infancy of day; her eyes the Sun and Moon that sleep by turns, lest they should leave the world in darkness: her tongue the harmony of Spheres and Nature: her breasts heavens milky way, spangled with azure stars: her arms *Castor* and *Pollux*: her other parts because of lower function, are but the Symmetry of all the beauties of her sex: she is too much first

to have any ſecond, from the third, fourth and fifth form of women, from a million or all of them, you may take ſome peece of her, not all; for ſhe her ſelf is the All.

Ask Reaſon what ſhe is: Reaſon wil tell you, ſhe is her Directreſs, that ſhe keeps the elements at peace within us: our fire ſhe confines to religious zeal, and ſuffers it not to enflame either to luſt or ſuperſtition. our watry element ſhe hath deſigned to quench unlawful flames, &c.——

Ask faith what ſhe is: Faith will tell you, ſhe hath yours and mine, and an hundred other ſouls in one ſoul, &c.--Were there, or were there no night: yet were ſhe an everlaſting day. Were there none bad: yet were ſhe unparalleledly good. Were there any or none to be compar'd to her: yet were ſhe ſuperlative. All of her is an even proportion of extreams. *Heroinæ.*

——Thoſe eyes more eloquent then all Rhetorick, that would raiſe an Anchoret from his grave, and turn the Fiend Fury, into the Cherubin Pitty——

Thoſe white and red Roſes (which no rain, but what fel from thoſe heavenly eyes) could colour or ſweeten. Thoſe lips that ſtain the rubies, and make the roſes bluſh, thoſe lips that command the ſcarlet coloured morn into a cloud to hide his ſhame: That breath, which makes us all Chamælions, ſhould be waſted into unregarded ſighes: Thoſe breaſts eternally chaſte and white as the Alpes: thoſe legs, columns of the faireſt *Parian* marble, columns that ſupport this monument of all pens,——her skin, ſmooth as the face of youth, ſoft as a bed of violets, white as the Queen of Innocence, ſweet as bean-bloſſoms after rain, &c.

She

——She, ſhaking off thoſe glorious loads of ſtate, retired from the crowding tumults of the Court, into a ſolitary and truly happy Country-condition, there to ſpin out her thred of life at her homely diſtaff, where we will leave her a verier wonder, then the Phœnix in the deſart, the alone paragon of all peerleſs perfections. Her actions (ſo above the Criticiſm of my purblind judgment) I am not able to comprehend, much leſs contradict or controvert.

You are the beauty of the world, the pride of all joys, the ſweeteſt fruit of beſt content, and the higheſt mark of true loves ambition.

To her alone, it appeared, that heaven with a hand rather prodigal then liberal, would give what it had of moſt value in the rich treaſury of nature. *Stratonica.*

Women are Angels, clad in fleſh.

The Roman Story (big with variety of wonder) writes *Lucretia* the female glory.

She was natures faireſt paper, not compounded of the rags of common mortality, but ſo ſearſed and refined, that it could receive no impreſſion, but that of ſportleſs innocence. ——*Her.*

Where 'ere ſhe comes, her preſence makes perpetual day.

——They diſcovered *A.* (the rich triumph of nature) and in her as much as the world could boaſt of.

Her eyes inviting all eyes, her lips all lips, her face loves banquet, where ſhe riots in the moſt luxuriant feaſt of Senſe: ——She was the model of divine perfection.

——A flock of unſpeakable vertues, laid up delightfully in that beſt builded fold.

In this, a very good Orator might have a fair field to uſe eloquence.

Her eyes seemed a Temple, wherein love and beauty were married.

——So many things united in perfection.

She hath an easie melting lip, a speaking eye.

Venus compar'd to her was but a blowz.

As you are to me a *Venus*, and strike a warm flame in me; so you are *Diana* too, and do infuse a chaste, religious coldness. *Amorous war.*

I stand before you like stubble before a burning glass, your eyes at every glance convert me into flame.

Her voyce was no less beautiful to his ears, then her goodliness was full of harmony to his eyes.

Thy heavenly face is my Astronomy, thy sweet vertue, my sweet Philosophy.

You are the Diamond of the world, the chief work of natures workmanship. The patern of perfection, and the quintessence of worth.

Your fair forehead is a field, where all my fancies fight, and every hair of your head seems a strong chain that ties me.

You are the ornament of the earth, the vessel of all vertue.

——With so gracious a countenance, as the goodness of her minde had long exercised her unto.

——She, whose many excellencies won as many hearts, as she had beholders, nature making her beauty and shape, but the most fair Cabinet of a far fairer minde.

There's musick in her smiles.

A mart of beauties in her visage meet.

——A woman in whom vertue was incorporated, goodness (which comes to others by study) seemed hers by nature.

——You (the type of my felicity) to whom all heart

hearts, reſpects, hopes, fears and homages are ſacrificed.

——Her countenance was too ſweet, her ſpeech too proper, her deportments too candid, to cover ſo black a miſchief.

——She took hearts captive, and made them do vaſſalage and homage to her will.

——Where they found *A.* accompanied with other Ladies, among whom her tranſcendent beauty and incomparable vertues, made her ſhine with as much ſuperiority, as a ſtar of a greater magnitude exceeds in ſplendor the leſſer luminaries of its own Sphere.

Her hair ſeemed to ſtand in competition with the beams of the Sun.

——She, whoſe rare qualities, whoſe courteous behaviour without curioſity; whoſe comely feature, without fault; whoſe filed ſpeech, without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. *Euphues.*

Nature framed her to be the object of thoughts, The love of hearts, the admiration of Souls.

This is ſhe, who is ſingularly priviledged from heaven with beauties of body, but incomparably heightned with gifts of the mind. Such is her learning, that ſhe tranſcends men in their beſt faculties.

She, ——this bright morning Star, alwayes bears in the rays thereof, joy, comfort, &c.

She was able to enthrall all hearts with ſo many ſupereminent excellencies, as heaven had conferred upon her.

She had a ſtrong and pleaſing ſpirit, a ſolid piety, an awakened wiſdome, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. *H. C.*

Nature in her promiſeth nothing but goodneſs.

He could not ſufficiently admire the vivacity of her ſpirit, the ſolidity of her judgement, the equity of her counſels, and the happineſs which ordinarily accompanied her reſolutions. *H. C.*

She gained hearts by ſweetneſs, therein imitating the Sun, which neither breakes Dores nor Windows to enter into houſes; but penetrates very peaceably with the benignity of his favourable beams.

The eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at one and the ſame inſtant love ſurprized him by the eyes and ears.

Endowed with an admirable grace and ſingular beauty, to ſerve even as an Adamant to captivate hearts.

Fair as the Firmament, which we ſee enamelled with ſo many ſtarres, that reſplendently ſhine, as Torches lighted before the Altar of the Omnipotent.

——She who was the Adamant of all loves:

——A Lady whoſe eyes wil make a Souldier melt, if he were compoſ'd of marble, whoſe very ſmile hath a magnetick force to draw up ſouls, whoſe voyce will charm a Satyr, and turn a mans prayer into ambition, make a Hermite run to Hell, &c. *Gr. Serv.*

——Whoſe exquiſite beauty was ſo beautified with rareſt vertues, that men honoured Nature as a God in her perfections, and held her more then a Woman in her vertues. *Par. & Vienna.*

——She whoſe beauty was far fairer then the evening Star, and whoſe vertue was more powerful then the greateſt Conſtellation.

The renown of her attractive vertues, and the vertue of her moving perfections hath ſo captivated

ted

ted my freeſt thoughts, that, wondring at her fame I am wounded with fancy, and my deſire is ——

I would willingly here draw to the life the Portraiture of this Lady, if my black Ink were not too unfit a colour to ſet forth a celeſtiall beauty.

You have far more perfections then years, & more inward excellence then extern beauty, yet ſo beautifull, as few ſo fair, though none more vertuous.

She had a mind of excellent compoſition, a piercing wit voyd of oſtentation, high erected thoughts, ſeated in a heart of courteſie, an eloquence as ſweet in the uttering, as ſlow to come to the uttering, a behaviour ſo noble, as gave a Majeſty to adverſity. *Arcadia.*

—— Shee's a Virgin happy in all endowments which a Poet could fancy in his Miſtreſs, being her ſelf a School of goodneſs, where chaſte maids may learn (without the aids of foraign principles) by the example of her life and pureneſs, to be (as ſhe is) excellent. I but give you a brief Epitome of her vertues, which dilated on at large, and to their merit, would make an ample ſtory.

Were all her other graces worn in clouds, That eye, that very eye would charm a *Lucrece.*

Her name (like ſome celeſtiall fire) quickens my ſpirits?

I never knew vertue and beauty meet in a ſweeter nature.

Thou art a virgin ſweet, ſo pretious in thy frame, that with the cordage of thy hair, thou mightſt have fettered Kings. Thy voyce has mar'd the beauties of the night; when thou didſt ſing, the quiet ſtars would wink and fall aſleep.

I could gaze on her, till my wonder did convert me into marble, and yet my Soul would in her ſelf retain a fire, lively, as that which bold *Prometheus* ſtole.

Madame

Madam ! you are ſo large a Theam to treat of, and every grace about you offers me ſuch Copie of language, that I ſtand doubtfull which firſt to touch at; if I erre (as in my choyce I may) let me intreat you, before I offend, to ſign my pardon.

Whether we conſider her face or beauty, pleaſingneſs (that charms hearts) and ſweet Majeſty hath ſpent all their riches upon her. *Ariana.*

She breaths forth nothing but the ſweets of love. The eyes are the wonders of the face, & dark figures of Divinity; we may call them too the Dials of love, which faſtned on the wall of a countenance, ſhew with the ſtile of their looks, the minutes of hours, either happy or unhappy to Lovers.

Fame, which is accuſtomed to increaſe the deſert of every thing it would commend, has been conſtrained to diminiſh yours, being impoſſible to be publiſhed according to the greatneſs of it.

It is a mark of great vertue, not to be able to endure to be commended.

She was crown'd with a garland of odoriferous flowers, and her delicate hair in treſſes, falling upon a neck of ſnow, did ſet forth the beauties of this divine face, whoſe ſplendor dazled mens eyes ſo, that there was not any one could ſupport unwounded the ſight of ſo many wonders.

Leſſer lights borrow beams of radiance from your greater Orb, which doth illumine and heat our Northern clyme with celeſtiall ardors. *Ho. Court.*

Her mind, beſet with thoughts clear and radiant as her own eyes; He that dares attempt the expreſſion of her internal gifts, is ignorant of her ſublimity; he who dares not, knows not her humanity, her ſweetneſs. As no ſtyle can aſcend ſo high as her exalted worth, ſo on the other ſide

none

none can deſcend ſo low as her humility.

Madam, if the duty (which commands me to ſerve all Ladies) did not ordain me this obedience, your birth and ſo many fair qualities I ſee in you, oblige me to it. *Ariana.*

——My eye of contemplation was fixed on this bright Sun, as long as it was able to endure the radiant beams of it, whoſe redundant light veiles the looker on with a dark miſt. *Sir K. D.*

I eſteem, reverence and adore you in the moſt ſecret and recluſe withdrawings of my heart.

——Her face did ſhine with ſo great evidence, as it defied the noon-tide Sun in its greateſt brightneſſe.

Albeit *Medea* were wicked, yet *Penelope* was peerleſs; If *Clytemneſtra* were naught, yet *Alceſtes* was paſſing good: If *Phædra* were damnable, yet there was another laudable. *Camd. Rem.*

—She had the ſpirit of a man in a feminine body.

She's a burning mirror, in which all the beams of beauty are united.

She is the Star, by whom my Fate is led.

——Modeſt ſhe was, and ſo lovely, that whoſoever look'd but ſtedfaſtly upon her, could not but enſoul himſelf in her. *Feltham.*

Her eyes, ſwift, as the ſhoots of lightning, nimbler then thought, and bright as the poliſht Diamond.

——She is of ſo ſpecious a glory, that though ſhe need not the applauſe of any, to add to her happineſs, yet ſhe attracts the hearts of all that know her, to love, ſervice, admiration.

All lips are opened with ſingular prerogatives in honour of this Lady, and are all dried up in the abundance of her praiſes.

In

In her perſon alone, a plenitude of all perfections does inhabit. *H. C.*

In her, all the moſt delicious attractives of beauty, and the moſt conſpicuous characters of power, are aſſembled together.

This *Aglae* was a Roman Dame of prime quality, having a delicate wit in a beautiful body, and powerful paſſions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a widow in an age, as yet furniſhed with verdant freſhneſs, grace and beauty, ſhe had not buried all her affections in the Tomb of her huſband.

After ſhe had a little wiped away the firſt tears, which nature exacts as tribute in ſuch like accidents, ſhe quickly plaid ſo much the Courtier in her ſlight ſorrow, that ſhe ſeemed greatly to deſire, as ſoon as might be, to finiſh what ſhe had never well begun. *Holy Court.*

But by ſucceſſe of time ſhe felt her paſſion ſo much enkindled towards him, that ſhe neither thought, ſpake, nor liv'd, but for him.

The fair *Aretaphila* inflames all hearts with the muſick of her voyce; myriads of joys are in her looks, her eyes are natures richeſt Diamonds, ſet in foils of poliſht Ebony, her breath expires Odors more ſweet then iſſued from the trees of Balm in Paradiſe. *Argal. & Parth.*

——She——upon whoſe meaneſt thought the Art of memory's grounded, and inſpires each Organ of our meditating ſenſe with their perfections merit. *Ibid.*

She in whom the ſum and abridge of all ſorts of excellencies are met, like parallels in their proper center. *Herb. Travails.*

——Whoſe liſtning ears were well pleaſed with the ſweet harmony of her well-tun'd words, and whoſe

whose liking eyes were ravish'd with the sight of her perfections.

———She——the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of Nature, the life of beauty, the Queen of love.

Her action was beautified by nature, and apparell'd with skill; her gesture gave such a way to her speech, through the rugged wilderness of his imaginations, that———

Her voice represented th eheavenly seven-sphear'd harmony.

Such an extraordinary Majesty shines in all her actions, as surely either Fortune by parentage, or Nature in creation hath made her———

Pilgrimes, who come from the remotest confines of the world, cannot see any thing in all the affluent wealth thereof, comparable to her. Insomuch that I wish all the members of my body were changed into tongue, and that I were nought but voyce, to be throughout the whole Universe, the trumpet of her praises. *H. C.*

Her gracious Soul hath more Antidote in it, then all the world hath poyson, which will therfore in her affliction make her like the *Sun*, which shewes his greatest countenance in his lowest declension, and bring her out of it, like gold out of the fire, refined, not consumed. *Lost Sheep.*

My prayer shall be, That your Fortune may surmount your greatness, and your vertue your fortune; that your greatnesse may bee above envy, your goodnesse above detraction: that your illustrious example may darken the ages past, and lighten them to come; that you may live beloved, and die lamented; lamented by earth, but joy'd by heaven, &c. *Ibid.*

She suffer'd no mutiny of passions against reason, nor of reason against God. She

She resolved to work with perspective Glasses, of different, yea and even contrary kindes; for when she described her own vertues, she served herselfe of a *Dimnishing Glasse*, which made them seem so little, as to be no more then a kind of nothing, But on the other side, when she gave account of her owne imperfections, she would by no means know them, by any other name then of *Vices* and *Sins*, because she took a *Multiplying glasse* to her self, lest else those Mole-hils should not seem mountains. *Sir Tob. Mat. in his preface to S. Teresa's life.*

You must give me leave to adjourn you (for more ample satisfaction of this expectation) to those drops which I may perhaps both be able and willing to derive and draw out of the Sea of her perfections, &c. *Ibid.*

I shall onely say in very few words (by way (as it were) of antepast, till the Feast come in) that she had a heart as open as day, in the exercise of bountry; But above all things, she was so perfect a lover of Truth, that she would no more have even so much as but disguised it, and much lesse varied from it in the least kind, then she would have sold her self for a slave, &c.

Ile assure you this *Elegium* has no more in it, of the Panegyrick, then of the just praise; I am rather her debtor then creditor herein.

She puts that in execution, which turns nature into admiration.

——She, whose two eyes were the Suns that rul'd my day, and to whom onely her absence did make night; she whose mild vertue and beauteous looks, were a soft, visible musick, which entranc'd the lookers on, and struck harmonious raptures into every chast soul, and instilled pure fires into every unchast, &c. *Amor. War.*

A prety smile made a kind of day-break in her face
She is wholly made of charm. ——She

——She is the ſtar that rules my faculties.

To apparel any more in theſe paper veſtments, I ſhould multiply impertinents, and perhaps diſpleaſe For I have ever found face commendation to dye wiſdoms cheek of a bluſh colour.

Women diſcommended.

LOoſe Women are whoops, proud birds, which have nothing but creſt, and naturally delight in ordure; they are Bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but ſeek to hide themſelves under the mantle of night; they are Horſeleeches, which draw blood from the veins of a Houſe and State, where they exerciſe their power. They are *Syrens* of the earth, which cauſe ſhipwracks without water: They are *Lamiæ*, who have Hoſteries of cut-throats that kill men under pretext of good uſage. They are *Harpies*, who ſurprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed *Dipſades*, which enforce an enraged thirſt upon thoſe, whom they have once bitten. *Ho. Court.*

A woman without devotion is like a Bee without a ſting, which will make neither honey nor wax; is a caſe covered with pretious ſtones, to preſerve a dunghill.

The tongues of women are like the bells of the Forreſt *Dodona*, which make a prodigious jangling.

O God! What a dangerous beaſt is the ſpirit of a woman? It is able to create as many monſters in eſſence, as fantaſie can form in painting.

No

No Owle will live in *Creet*: In *Rhodes* no Eagle will build her neſt: no wit ſpring in the will of women.

It is an infinite ſimplicity to commit ſecrets to a woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a Sieve to hold water.

——As well may I collect the ſcattered wind into a bag, or from the watery ſurface ſcrape the guilt reflections of the Sun, as bring her heart within the quiet liſt of wives that will obey and love.

Inceſtuous ſtrumpet! more wanton then *Lamia*, more laſcivious then *Laïs*, and more ſhameleſs then *Paſophane*; whoſe life as it has been ſhadowed with painted holineſs, ſo hath it been ful of peſtilent villanies.

Her Carcaſſe (a better name I can hardly afford her out ſide) was the inſide of a Sepulcher, her Head was unthatcht as an old Parſonage, her Eyes (like lights at the laſt ſnuff, when the Extinguiſher is ready to make their Epitaphs) ſunk low into their Candleſticks; her Ears, now deaf, now happy, (ſuch was her tongue) they have loſt their ſenſe, her Noſe worm'd like a piece of *Homer* of the firſt binde, offended with her breath, bowed to her chain to dam it up; her Cheeks hol'd, as the earth in Dog-days drowth; her Lips fit to be kiſt by none but by themſelves; her Teeth rotten as her Soul, hollow as her heart, looſe as the ſhingles of an old ſilenc'd ſteeple, ſcragged as a diſparked pale, ſtood at that diſtance one could not bite another; her Tongue, ſo weakly guarded, ſcolds like the Alarm of a clock; her Chin was down'd with a *China* beard of twenty hairs, her breſt lank as a quick-ſand, waſted as an hourglaſſe at the eleventh uſe; one arm, one leg, one foot ſhe doff'd with day,

and

and, as a reſurrection, don'd with the morrow; her Bones (pithleſs as a ſtallion for ſeven poſterities) the ſlighteſt fears might now make rattle in her skin; her Body (waſted to no waſt, blaſted with luſt, as an Oke with lightning) was as familiar with diſeaſes as a Phyſitian: To conclude, ſhe is odious beyond all compariſon: one ſight of her would make the heat of youth recoyl into an infant continence. *Heroinæ.*

The look of a laſcivious woman is like that of a *Baſiliſk*, which kils Chaſtity by beholding it.

Diogenes ſnarled bitterly, when (walking with another) he ſpyed two women talking, and ſaid, *See, the Viper and the Aſp are changing poyſon.* *Feltham.*

No Weather-cock under heaven is ſo variable as an inconſtant woman: Every breath of wind forces her to a various ſhape: As if her mind were ſo neer a kin to air, as it muſt with every motion, be in a perpetual change. *Idem.*

Women are feathers blown in the bluſter of their own looſe paſſions, and are meerly the dalliance of the flying winds.

There are that account women onely as Seed-plots for poſterity: others worſe, as only quench for their fires.

Our daily experience teacheth us, that there are women very crafty, and ſuch as under a pure and delicate skin, with a tongue diſtilling hony, often hide the heart of a Panther, all ſpotted over with ſubtilty, as the skin of this beaſt with diverſity of colours. *H. Court.*

——Women are more inconſtant then light Whirlwinds; truſt the Sea with feathers, or March winds with duſt rather, and let their words, oaths,

oaths, tears, vows paſſe as words in water writ or ſlippery glaſſe. *Arſ. & Parth.*

No Hell ſo low which luſt and women cannot lead unto.

Her tongue is like the ſting of a Scorpion.

A Woman is the unneceſſary Parentheſis of Nature.

World.

THis word (*World*) called in Greek Κόσμος ſignifies as much as ornament, or a well diſpoſed order of things.

The exterior luſter of the world, is but a cloud in painting, a petty vapour of water, a Fable of Time, a Diall, &c.

He that will now adays live in the world, muſt have a veil over his eyes, a key on his eare, a compaſs on his lips.

This world is a chain, which fetters men to the Divell; but repentance is the hand which lifts men up to God.

He that is enamored of the world, is like one that enters into the ſea; for if he eſcape perils, men will ſay he is fortunate, but if he periſh, they will ſay he is wilfully deceived.

If it be needfull to ſhew your ſelf to the world, be then known by your vertues, which are Characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the ſeeds of eternity, and of all fair actions. *Sir B.B.*

I have ever thought the proſperity of the world was a current of freſh water, which looks not back on any thing, but haſtens to pour it ſelf into the ſalt ſea H: C.

The

The world's a Theater of theft, great rivers rob the ſmaller brooks, and them the Ocean.

Youth.

I Have throughly ſifted the diſpoſition of youth, wherein I have found more bran then meale, more dough then leven, more rage then reaſon. *Eup.*

Wine, Love, Play, Raſhneſs were the Chariot which drew his youth to downfall.

——Conſtrained to obey the tranſport of youthfull fancies.

Let me call to mind all the violent pleaſures of my heady youth: let me ſum up their extent according to thoſe deceitfull meaſures I then rated happineſs by: let me in my fancy chew over again the exceſſive good I then fondly imagined in them: And to all this let me add as much more joy and felicity, as, in my weak thoughts I am able to fadom, or but aim at; and then let me ſay, (and with rigorous truth I ſhall ſay it) all this exceſs of bliſs will be reſumed, will be enjoyed to the full in one indiviſible moment, of that bliſs, which a well paſſed life in this world, ſhall bring me to in the next. *Sir K. D. in his Treatiſe of Bodies.*

——So as whoſoever he be, to whom Fortune hath been a ſervant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleaſures paſt) and truly examine what it hath reſerved either of beauty or youth, or foregone delights; what it hath ſaved, that it might laſt, of his deareſt affection, or

of

of what ever elſe the amorous ſpring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he ſhall find that all the Art, which his elder years have can draw no other vapours out of theſe diſſolutions, then heavy, ſecret, and ſad ſighs.

He ſhal find nothing remaining but thoſe ſorrows which grow up after our faſt ſpringing youth, overtake it, when it is at a ſtand, and overtop it utterly, when it begins to wither, &c. *S. Walt. Rawl. in Preface.*

The harveſt of his ſins yeelded him now more increaſe of woes, then the luſts of his youth afforded him pleaſures.

Formulæ

Formulæ Minores,

OR,

LITTLE FORMS

For Style or Speech.

—HE, having waded thus far into the depth of his awaked intentions, thought good to sound the Foord at ſul, by ———

He took opportunity by the fore part, and (imprisoning his worthy resolution within the Closet of his secret thoughts) did ———

He summon'd his wits together, and set them all on the Rack of Invention.

Violent streams being once runout, the mud will appear in the bottom.

——Doubt (the Herse of my desires)———

To Seal the Deed of my purchased favour, is the *Gordian* knot I most wish to unloose:

—Who (during these tempestuous storms) lay at anchor in his own private harbour.

To weave the web of his own wo, and spin the thread of his own thraldom.

I wish he would repaire hither, that the sight

ſight of him might mitigate ſome part of my marryrdom.

Aſſure your ſelf, I'le be your finger next your thumb.

He erected Trophies of his own diſhonor, and covered his ulcer with a golden veil.

——Like *Elias's* Chariot, all flaming with glory.

O that the Odors of my Sacrifices might aſcend even to thy Altars!

Your mind's a ſhop, where all good reſolutions are forg'd.

Our underſtanding is the ſteel and our will the flint-ſtone; as ſoon as they touch one another, we ſee the ſparks of holy affection flye out.

——It bloometh in the eyes, that it may at leaſure bloſſom in the heart.

That I may ſee ſome ſparkles of hope glimmer in my affairs.

To gnaw the bridle of your impatience.

He felt fiery arrows fly from her eyes, ſo ſharp, that they transfixed his heart with compaſſion.

Love, Anger, Jealouſie, Suſpition, drew him with four horſes.

——As innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted.

They murmured, as doe the waves of a mutinous Sea.

Exerciſe the vivacity of your wit.

In a vaſt Ocean of affairs, he hath liv'd as fiſhes, who keep ſilence within the loud noyſe of waves, and preſerve their plump ſubſtance freſh in the brackiſh Waters.

He ſheltred himſelf with ſubtilties, as a Hedgehog with his quils.

To behold (as in the glaſs of a bright mirror) on the one ſide ——on the other——

As ſoon as break of day drew the Curtain of Heaven ——

Virginity is as redolent Balm, which aſcends to Heaven in a perpetuall ſacrifice.

Religion is the hive, where the hony of good Doctrine is made.

He put them in the furnace of tribulation to purifie them.

O what may not depraved Love do, ſince ſincere Amity cannot avoid ſuſpition.

——Comforted with the ſweet rays of this bright day break,

——Which hath been ſufficiently declared by the ſequel of his deportments.

She had not ſo much hony, but withall a ſting.

——He ſo breath'd the air of ambition, that——

To as little purpoſe as to caſt chains into the Sea, to tye the Ocean in fetters.

It was but duſt he bare in his hands, blown away by the wind of preſumption.

She ſent it as an earneſt of her command.

——He returned amply laden with victorious palms.

——He went daily hunting after change, in the infinity of forbidden loves.

I ſhall offer my homage at your Altar.

Ponds that are ſeldom ſcoured, will eaſily gather mud; So ——

Your heart is the Altar of love, and ſeat of friendſhip.

Upon my Virgin heart I'le build a flaming Altar to offer up a thankfull ſacrifice for his return.

My heart ſhall know no other love but his.

Let *Venus* ſpeed his plow.

He received it at her hands with more content then the *Paphos* Queen did the golden fruit.

Let patience conduct thee out of this ſtormy ſea into a more quiet Port.

How canſt thou be a ſtranger to my purpoſes, that art the Treaſurer of my ſecrets?

That I may diſperſe thoſe terrifying clouds, that threaten ſhipwrack to my deſires.

To feaſt his eyes, and paradiſe his heart with the beloved ſight of his all admired and affected miſtreſs.

His muddy clouded affection eclipſed the Sunſhine of her far more glorious worth.

Caſting his eye (the Meſſenger of his heart) upon——

Seeſt not thou theſe Trophies erected in his honor, and his honour ſhining in theſe Trophies?

In vain it is to water the plant, the root being periſhed: or to——

I here vow repay to the debt of my error, with the intereſt of all my endeavours.

——I will not adventure my fortune upon the rock of this hazard.

My buſineſs (*Lady*) is your will; my ſuit, your ſervice; your ſervice, my chief deſire; and my deſire, your favourable countenance.

Your ſuit ſhall not be non-ſuit.

They knit two hearts in one, and parted one will in two, and ſo departed.

During theſe *Halcyon* dayes,——

He ſailed in a ſhip without a ſtern.

Happy in my ſelf, becauſe happy in you.

——Sailing with as many contrary thoughts, as *Eolus* ſent out winds upon the *Trojan* Fleet.

He ſaw the cloud afarr off, before the ſtorm fell.

She (great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare) longed to be delivered with the notice of his health.

I cannot uſe many words, where every word wounds me with a new carefull conceit, and every conceit kills me with a fearfull doubt.

He ſet up the main ſail of his obſcured glory, in the wind of her will.

Who (ſmoothing the angry furrows of his diſcontentment) ſeemed ——

She gave fire to his fancy.

What ominous cloud ſhadows the brightneſs of this ſecond Sun, that ſhe appears not in her all-admired glory.

——His waſted words died in their own ſound, and all his hopes were utterly ſhipwrack'd.

——She gave fuell to his enraged will, and blew the coals of his diſpleaſure.

Her reſtraint is (I fear) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kindle, and openly burſt forth into a flame.

——He (whoſe ſenſes held now a Synod) was driven to ſuch an exigent, that (not knowing how to avoid the *Check* without a *Mate*) was perforce forced to ——

My Fortunes admit of no ſuch Soveraignty.

——Who ſwelling with ireful diſdain (like the diſturbed Ocean) breathed out direful revenge.

——He craved pardon till the infancy of his weak merit were grown ſtronger in better deſerts.

That I write to thee, may be thy glory; and that I love thee, let it be thy happineſs.

If thou wilt live like the King of Bees, ſeek hony at my hive.

——— Drowning the late flowing ſtreams of his gotten glory in the full Sea of his preter-hard haps.

His unwiſhed preſence gave my tale a concluſion before it had a beginning.

I would her injury could blot out my affection, or my affection forget her injury.

Reverence and deſire did ſo divide him, that he did at one inſtant both bluſh and quake.

——— Unſealing his long ſilent lips———

Happy in wanting little, becauſe not deſirous of much.

His countenance with ſilent eloquence, deſired it modeſtly.

Beyond the degree of ridiculou

But I fear I have given your ears too great a ſurfet with the groſs diſcourſe of that———

Reſtraint of liberty cauſeth more increaſe of that evill, for which they are ſo kept under, then otherwiſe: See whether a Dog grow not fiercer with tying.

There is nothing ſo certain as our continuall incertainty.

While there is hope left, let not the weakneſs of ſorrow make the ſtrength of it languiſh.

More determinate to doe, then skilfull how to doe.

Under the leave of yur better judgment, I muſt ſay thus much———

About the time that Candles begin to inherit the Suns office.——

Sometimes he thought one thing, ſometimes another; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of objections riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

——Actions worthy to be regiſtred in the Rolls of Fame. Occaſions

Occaſions try'd him, and all occaſions were but ſteps for him to climb fame by.

——To loſe the reins to his own motions.

——My ſelf am witneſs againſt my ſelfe of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend them in me.

To a heart fully reſolute, counſell is tedious, but reprehenſion is loathſom.

——And thus have you heard my Comedy, acted by my ſelf.

To you will I repair, becauſe as my fortune either ebbs or flows, amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you.

——Time at one inſtant ſeeming both ſhort and long; ſhort in the pleaſingneſs in calling to mind, long in the ſtay of his deſires.

He talked with ſuch vehemency of paſſion, as though his heart would climb up into his mouth to take his tongues office.

Upon what Briers the fruits he laboured for, grew.

Idleneſs is an Ant-heap of ſins.

But alas, how can ſpeech produce belief in him, whom ſight cannot perſwade?

I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath.

Exerciſe your indignation upon me.

If your occaſions can make uſe of my beſt endeavours, the employment ſhall be a favour.

The haſt of the bearer, admits no further liberty to proceed.

Your deſire is with me an abſolute command.

Thus far hath your command and my duty led me.

There is no man can better witneſs it then my ſelf, whoſe experience is grounded upon triall.

I have left nothing unsaid, which enquiry could make me know, or your command required of my duty.

Give me leave to digress a little.

I offer my weak and imperfect lines at the Altar of your favour.

——Rapt with the wonder of your vertues.

Silent admiration was the sole Orator of my affection.

——Under the shadow of your favour.

How much those lines (sweetned with your Character) have transported me, my endearedst thoughts cannot impart unto you.

Be it your goodness to believe me, I will sooner cease to live, then——

——Him, who will hold himselfe unworthy of that life, which shall not be employed to serve you.

Your zeal to goodness assures me,

No line can limit my love; no distance divide my heart.

——She appeared an Adamant to my fancy.

As those easie errors (which too deservingly bred your distaste) may be redeemed by a fuller surplusage of content.

Be it your piety to have mercy.

Thou bringest hearbs to *Jarak.* i. *Coals to Newcastle.*

Lines cannot blush; so as modesty admits a freedom to my pen, which would be taxed immodesty being delivered by the tongue.

She made me (though most unworthy) the master of her desires, that was, and still am, a servant to her will.

——He (whose smalleſt sails of hope, the least winds did blow)——

After

—After he had ſtretcht and tentred his wit, and ſet all poſſibilities on the rack of his invention.

And longer may not I enjoy what I now poſſeſs, then you ſhal find my promiſes full laden with rich performances.

As I only breath by your favour and live through your love; ſo will I ever owe you fealty for the one, and ſtill do you homage for the other.

He read her diſcontentment in the deep Characters of her face.

The angry Ocean ſwelled not, as he ſeemed to ſtorm.

The Imperious Miſtreſs of my enthralled heart.

To impriſon in ſilence.

How great ſoever my buſineſs be, it ſhall willingly yeeld to ſo noble a cauſe.

At that time (when he thought the ſhip of his good fortune ſailed with a proſperous wind towards the deſired Port) a contrary chance raiſed up in this calm Sea, ſuch a tempeſtuous ſtorm, that he feared a thouſand times to ſee it ſunk.

——She, who till then ſeemed to be a miracle of beauty, did now appear to be a monſter of uglineſs.

If you will raiſe me to that height of happineſs.

They gave him the *Parabien* of his ſafe arrivall.

Vouchſafe me your pardon for preſuming, and your patience in accepting at my hands this——

—This partly (if the great arrerage of duty and thankfulneſs I ow you, challenge not priority) hath moved me to preſent——

I dare not give ſail into the Ocean of your vaſt

ſoul, which is capable of all things from the higheſt to the loweſt in perfection.

Like a man whoſe heart diſdained all deſires but one.

Which authority (too great a fail for ſo ſmall a Boat) did ——

He made his eyes quick Meſſengers to his mind.

Betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe up like two fair mountainets in the pleaſant vale of *Tempe*) there hung. ——

At which the Clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed.

Bluſhing like a fair morning in *May*.

Do you not ſee that this is a ſaller of wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambroſia* of your beauty?

Here I make a full point of a hearty ſigh.

This promiſe bound him Prentice.

He thought ſo much of, —— that all other matters were but digreſſions unto him.

(Not ſpoken by Ceremony, but by truth)——

I am too unfit a veſſel, in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraven.

Thus was the riches of the time ſpent.

Deſpair is the bellows of my affection.

——As if his motions were chain'd to her look.

—— Whoſe name was ſweetned by your breath.

Moſt bleſſed paper, which ſhall kiſs that hand, whereto all bleſſedneſs is in nature a ſervant, do not——

(Beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmile.)

——Humbly beſought her to keep her ſpeech for a while within the paradiſe of her mind.

If

If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination feign to my self any thing——

——With all the conjuring words which desire could endite, and authority utter.

(A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind)

Vouchsafe (onely height of my hope) to——

I desire that my desire may be weighed in the ballances of honour, and let Vertue hold them.

—— More or less according as the Ague of her passion was either in the fit or intermission.

His sports were such as carried riches of knowledg upon the stream of delight.

Then she began to display the storehouse of her desires.

——Perceiving the flood of her fury began to ebb, he thought it policy to take the first of the tide,——

——(Making vehement countenances the Ushers of his speech) began——

Hide my fault in your mercy.

I'le centinell your safety.

Your words to me are Acts, your promises are Deeds.

You wrap me up with wonder.

Can your belief lay hold on such a Miracle?

Her mind (being an apt matter to receive what form his amplifying speeches would lay upon it) danced so pretty a measure to his false musick, that——

——Clouded with passion.

Never did pen more quakingly perform his Office; never was paper more doubly moistned with ink and tears, never words more slowly married together——

Fearing how to end, before he had resolved how to begin——

——Having the cold ashes of care cast upon the coals of his desire.

——House. The seat Nature bestowed, but Art gave the building.

It was hard to say, whether pitie of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the soveraignty in his passions.

——'Twas a Magnes stone to his courage.

His arm no ostner gave blows, then the blows gave wounds, then the wounds gave death.

—— Her hand (one of the chiefest of *Cupids* firebrands) ——

By the foolish Idolatry of affection.——

(When the morning had won the field of darkness)

I'le sooner trust a *Sinon*.

'Tis now about the noon of night.

(Too mean a Shrine for such a Relique.) ——

——Carried by the tide of his imaginations ——

But when her breath broke the prison of her fair lips, and brought memory (with his servant senses) to his naturall office, then ——

I pray God make my memory able to contain the treasure of this wise speech ——

Her arms and her tongue (Rivals in kindness) embracing ——

Whilst the Roses of his lips made a Flower of affection with the Lilies of her hands.

Your will (directress of my destiny) is to me a Law, yea an Oracle.

She incorporated her hand with his.

Then (as after a great tempest) the sky of her countenance cleared.

As in a clear mirror of sincere good will, he saw a lively picture of his own gladness.

—— My mind (as yet a Prentice in the painfull

full myſtery of paſſions) brought me into a new traverſe of my thoughts.

I have not language enough to ſadom the depth of your vertues.

I'le reare a *Pyramis* to your memory.

My want of power to ſatisfie ſo great a debt makes me accuſe my fortunes.

Such endearments wil too much impoveriſh my gratitude.

How can I commit a ſacrilege againſt the ſweet Saint that lives in my inmoſt Temple?

I am too weake a band to tye ſo heavenly a knot.

The greatneſs of the benefit goes beyond all meaſure of thanks.

While ſhe ſpake, the quinteſſence of each word diſtilled down into his affected ſoul.

Departing he bequeathed by a will of words, ſealed with many kiſſes, a full gift of all his love and life to———

Having with a pretty paleneſs (which left milky lines upon her Roſie cheeks) paid a little duty to humane fear———

——You, whom I have cauſe to hate, before I have means to know.

I will not die in debt to mine own duty.

——She, in whom nature hath accompliſh'd ſo much, that———

Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine——

His fault found an eaſie pardon at the Tribunall he appealed to———

O my Dear, ———! ſaid ſhe, and then kiſt him, as loath to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a *Comma*.

——Dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the afflictions of my mind.

I am not *Oedipus* enough to understand you.

All things lye levell to your wishes.

They began to imp the wings of time, with the Feathers of severall recreations.

—— When my wishes be at anchor in so secure a haven.

You are the Life and Being of what I onely esteem happy.

(For the Heavens had made this the Rendezvouz where his misfortunes should meet)

——It is a fit soyl for praise to dwel upon.

Thus great with child to speak ——

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts)

——Which (as the Pole-star) is ever in motion, but never setteth.

——This is no Benefice, but a Malefice, a golden snare, a Carcanet of *Medea*, a *Trojan* Horse, which will produce Arms——

He went like a Torrent, whither passion transported him, and where the blast of Ambition breathed.

——More fruitfull in strong imaginations, then Religious in choyce of words, and polished in periods.

Your words are full of cunning, your cunning of promises, your promises of wind.

He is a *Phaeton* of pride.

I'le become what I think.

She was the object of his thoughts, the entertainment of his discourse, the contentment of his heart.

My happiness being in the wane, or my misfortune growing towards the full.

From a Window he sent his soule unto me by his eyes——

I remain inpossibilitie to do otherwise then----

That

That ſo I may be raiſed from the ground of my miſery to the heaven of my deſire.

-----Eſteeming more this inſtant of glory which I enjoy in ſeeing you, then any other happineſſe, ſaving that which is eternall.

To deny me this favour, and give me my death, is one and the ſame thing,

To wander in the *America* and untravell'd parts of truth.

He led our expectation into thoughts of great relief.

Whetting his tender wit upon the ſandy ſtone of her edging importunity--

Let purpoſe be made ſervant to more apt opportunity.

——Him, with whom compar'd, I am leſs then a ſhadow.

——If I ſhould expatiate upon this ſubject, I could not be held a flatterer, but rather a Suffragan to Truth,

The only Quint-eſſence, that hitherto the Alchymie of wit could draw out of——

---But then, as though he had been ſuddenly raviſh'd with divine affliation, and ſtruck into a tranſport, he ſwears---

We utterly condemn and renounce (as *Atalanta*'s Apple, which retards the Race) that unſeaſonable and childiſh humor of accelerating early pledges of new works. *Bacon.*

--Rendred in an equal felicity of expreſſion, to--

It comes in, but *Ex obliquo*---

---He died (*Sicca morte*) his own naturall death.

-----Forcibly carried away (I know not by what Fate, againſt the bent of my own *Genius*) to——

Fortune hath ſomwhat of the nature of a woman; if ſhe be too much woo'd, ſhe is the further off.

You

You our-ſhoot me in my own Bow.

Many ſtrange and abſurd imaginations came into his mind, and peopled his brain.

Pardon my rude expreſſions, extorted from me by the nature of the matter.

---This is indeed a ſervice, whereunto I acknowledge my ſelf able to bring more zeal and good affection, then any other abilities.

(Till theſe late years of frenzy) ——

So we may both renue the fault paſſed, and with the ſame diligence, provide againſt future inconveniencies.

That every one may underſtand, I ſeek not to balk any thing by ſilence, or to cloud any thing by words. *Bacon.*

Your bounty (like a new Spring) has reviv'd the Autumn of my years.

--It took me up little more time, then Nature uſes to beſtow in the production of a Muſhrome, a day and a night.

--When this ſucceeded not, I travelled in my mind over. ——

Thus like *Noahs Dove*, wearying my ſelf with flying up and down, and finding no reſt for the ſole of my foot, I was at laſt forced to. *Creſſy.*

What a world of inavoidable inconveniencies did preſently throng into my underſtanding!

To bury a Fly in a Sepulcher of Amber.

My deſire to ſee, took away my ſight, as it fares with thoſe who are ſuddenly taken with a killing beauty, or gaze upon the Sun, *Herb. Travels.*

--I plead guilty to unworthineſs, and all the imperfections you can throw upon youth or haſt.

None can think ſo ill of me, as I do of my ſelf, the rather that your pardon may flow freely, and work a kind of miracle upon me, in raiſing my dead thoughts to life. Diſco.

---Discovering my self nakedly, to my very thoughts.

Be pleased therefore with your naturall benignity, to admit into your peaceful solitude this—— a blessing which the Author (alas!) dares not promise to himself, since by himself he is judged unworthy, and by others incapable of it. *Cressy.*

I'le rather doubt an Oracle, then question what you deliver.

I will lead you through no more extravagancies, lest your intreated patience turn into exotick passion. *Herb Trav.*

You have endeavoured to make A. the Foyle, that should set off your brightness, and yet you prove but the cloud that darkens her light.

To sail in the *Ægean Sea.* i. *to be incumbred with difficulties.*

He (being a man of an early, as well as an implacable malice) did——

A. was an Actor in that Tragedy, yet laid the blame on B. as the Cuckow lays her brood in other nests.

I will at length put an end to this tedious (but that it is so necessary) a discourse——

This (if passion and interest doe not interpose) will satisfie——

In the strength of this wel-meaning, and holy kind of Error, which he incur'd (if any error may well deserve so indulgent a name) he did——

---Driven too too hastily on by the impulse of a kind of inordinate humility. *Sir Tob. Mat.*

This which I promise shall be performed (upon the price of being otherwise accounted an Infidel)——

Let me thrive as my intents are honest.

When I compared that kind of descant with my plain song, I found- Such

Such who have been caſt over-board From Grace into the ſtorm and tempeſt of a ſinfull life, may ye &c.

Intellectuals and morals, I count but as the ſimples of the Soul.

——To ſuch (if any be) I heartily wiſh a *procul ite.*

In theſe times (wherein the Tongue and Preſſe aſſume ſo luxurious a latitude) ——

He came (as the *Italian* ſays) *a buóna luna*, in a good hour, or happy time.

A Cavallo a Cavallo. In poſt haſt.

Give me leave to fear (and I heartily wiſh it may be a cauſleſſe and miſtaken fear) that. ——

For diviſions (I ſpeak it with depth of ſadneſs) he need not——

——Taking this reſult of—— as an opiate to allay the fumes of all our diſtempers. *Montagu.*

——Carried away with the Whirlwind of Ambition——

It did (after the manner of the *Tartars* bow) ſhoot back from whence it came. *Bacon.*

The amazed Sun hid his face behind a mask of clouds.

Be not too indulgent to your folly.

I cannot cloath my thoughts in better language.

The nights black mantle over-ſpreds the ſky.

Your language is more dubious then an Oracle.

——Then, when the Morns fair cheek had not yet loſt her tears.

Words are airy ſhades; they are deeds that pleaſe.

Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.

Night clad in black, mourns for the loſs of day.

The face is the Index of the mind.

I am but coffin to my cares.

As not by my aſſent, ſo neither by my ſilence, muſt I have any hand in the Midwifery of ſo monſtrous productions.

I will our-toyl the day for your content.

I liſtned for that ſtring, and you have touch'd it.

---(Affairs being drawn to the very dregs of malice)--

They are divided to ſo high a rivalry, as--

By exquiſite methods of cunning and cruelty, I muſt be compelled firſt to follow the Funerals of my honor, and then be deſtroyed. *Icon: Baſil.*

I am content ſo much of my heart ſhould be diſcovered to the world, without any of thoſe dreſſes or popular captations, which ſome men uſe in their Speeches and Expreſſes.

The higheſt tide of ſucceſſe ſeesme not above a treaty, nor the loweſt ebb below a fight.

A little leven of new diſtaſt, doth commonly ſowre the whole lump of former merits. *Bacon Hen. 7.*

Theſe lines (the weak and feminine iſſue of my ſick and diſtempered age) ———

But above all remember (and let this be ſtil riveted in your thoughts) the time———

A Chriſtian mans care ought to begin and end in the circle of himſelf——*Tu tibi primus & ultimus.*

Give me leave to unbreaſt the ſecrets of my thoughts to you.

He undertakes to correct *Magnificat.*

——— The Fates of whoſe Houſe they ſeem with great affection to eſpouſe, and think with their bladders to buoy up his ſinking ſhip. *Nahaſh redivivus.*

With unbluſhing importunity.

Sooner ſhall the Seas ebbing and flowing for-

forſake the Moons courſe, then ———

But (the better to enliven our diſcourſe with examples)

My underſtanding's not ſo fraught with prejudice, nor acquainted with uncoth evaſions, as to——The trees are widowed of their leaves.

——That Ember-week-face of thine.

— Paſſed over, like great King *Xerxes* in a Sculler.

Thou bringeſt ſtraw to *Aphraim*.

To doubt of ——is an effeminacy of belief.

Ex abundanti amoris; out of the ſurpluſage of love.

--Sucking her ſweet breath, deter mined in himſelf there had been no life to a Cameleons, if he might be ſuffered to enjoy that food.

A little wealth ſhall ſuffice to put me in ſafeguard againſt the accidents of a neceſſitous life, (Surfetting in the pride of his full content)

If I ſatisfie you I ſatisfie my ſelf, deſiring the one, becauſe I wiſh for the other.

The promiſe is great, but the performance ſhall be no leſſe.

His rudeneſs was interpreted plainneſſe, though there be great difference between them.

I will not leave a mark in my ſelfe of an unredeemable treſpaſs.

I with as much confideuce as neceſſity, flye to you, who have always had your determinations bounded with equity.

The abortive iſſue of my wit. ——

——That moves not within the Zodiack of my expectation.

It hath turn'd my cordials into corroſives.

—— Seeing the glory of this ſun to obſcure the leſſer lamp of his reputation.

——Which alone was the center of her felicity.

——Sealed by your ſolemn proteſtation, which is the *non ultra* of aſſurance.

This

This is a ſyllogiſme of the fourth figure; abſurd and ridiculous.

Get thee to bed, the caſements of the eyes are ſhut, impriſoning their dear light.

Heaven has made your memory too humble: thus to record your creatures ſervice.

——Proteſting that the period of his obedience ſhould be the end of his life.

——Which the unſeaſonable ſins of theſe ſeaſons, make ſo ſeaſonable.

——Men, who leave the fountains of the living waters, and take themſelves to ciſterns of their own digging.

I have by diligent ſearch found out *Ariadne's* thread, to winde you out of the perplexed mazes of a ſubtile *Dædalus*.

——Your eyes (though now perhaps dimm'd with ignorance, or blood-ſhotten with paſſion) ſhall plainly diſcern——

——He left the rude lump of his begun projects to be picked over with the induſtry of——

I have ſacred this offertory of my thoughts to you.

——Perſons, whom the conſcience of their guilt hurries on to deſpair.

If the happy *Dæmon* of *Ulyſſes* direct not the wandring Planet of my wit within the decent orb of wiſdom (my ſtammering pen ſeeming farre overgone with ſuperfluity of phraſe) yet——

——As delightfull, as the delays of parting Lovers. *Gend.*

Many months are now paſt, ſince my heart hath increaſed the number of your vaſſals. *Strat.*

I ſpeak this, but *en paſſant*.

To finiſh the Sacrifice of your intemperate cruelty.

——— My Pen hath been redundant, as to due measure, but very ſcanty as to matter.

When corruption of manners had raviſh'd away the worlds virginity, and turn'd men from fervently devout into a churliſh and penurious tepidity; then was it that———

Though your goodneſs rejects no emanation of a great affection, yet———

——— Which are the *Paſſe-temps* of your ſevereſt hours.

——— I had rather your vertue ſhould bluſh, then my unthankfulneſs make me aſhamed. *Dr Taylor.*

– There's a power in your acceptance to make plainneſs a faſhion–

I am ready to receive Law from you, whenſoever by the leaſt ſyllable of your bleſſed lips, or pen, you ſhall pleaſe to impoſe it.

— At ſuch time as your ſilent authority gave me leave to want better employment, this trifle (which now begs to live a ſhrub under the ſecure ſhade of your patronage) was ſin'd into Engliſh, *Hymens Præludia.*

— Let any man (who has not his ſenſes ſod den in *Trapezuntius* his temper) judge ———

— 'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about that mongrel hour, which, gotten betwixt night and day, is half an Ethiop and half white. *Paſtor Fido.*

Inſtructions

Inſtructions for writing and addreſſing

LETTERS,

IN writing Letters there may be four things regarded: the *Invention*, the *Faſhion*, or inditing (as we call it); the *Hand-writing*, and the *Orthography*; though the two firſt are moſt conſiderable.

Invention ariſeth from your buſineſs, whereof there can be no Rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture may lay down of the ſeverall occaſions of all mens particular lives and vocations. But ſometimes men make buſineſs of kindneſs; As, *I could not ſatisfie my ſelf, till I had diſcharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you: My buſineſs is no other but to teſtifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingneſs to do you any ſervice:* Or, *have you leaſure to deſcend to the remembrance of that aſſurance you have long had in me; and upon your next opportunity to make me happy with any imployment, you ſhall aſſign me, &c.* or ſuch like words, which go a begging for ſome meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great Burden, Nothing.

When

When you have invented, if your buſineſs be matter, and not bare form; not meer ceremony, but of ſome concern: Then you are to proceed to the ordering it, and digeſting the parts, which is ſought out of two circumſtances: One is the underſtanding the perſon to whom you write; the other is the coherence of the matter; For mens capacity and delight, you are to weigh what will be apprehended firſt with greateſt attention and pleaſure, what next regarded & longed for eſpecially, and what laſt will leave moſt ſatisfaction, and as it were the ſweeteſt reliſh and memorial of all that is paſt in his underſtanding to whom you write.

For the conſequence of ſentences, you muſt ſee that every clauſe do as it were give the cue to the other, and ſeem to be beſpoken ere it come; Order and coherence in writing being that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all our works would appear inanimate.

Now for *Faſhion*, it conſiſts in four qualities of your Style. The firſt is *Brevity*; For Letters muſt not be Treatiſes or diſcourſes, except it be among learned men, and even with thoſe there is a kind of thrift and ſaving of words. You are therefore to examine the cleareſt paſſages of your underſtanding, and through them convey the ſweeteſt and moſt ſignificant *Engliſh* words you can deviſe, that you may the eaſier teach them the readieſt way to another mans fancy, and to pen it fully, ſmoothly, and diſtinctly; ſo as the Reader may not think a ſecond view caſt away upon your Letters. In effect, the goodneſs of words is, as the foundation of all *Eloquence*; and he ſaid well, who compared them to garments, that were invented for neceſſity, yet did alſo ſerve for ornament.

But though reſpect be a part after this, yet muſt

I here remember it. If you write to a perſon, with whoſe condition and humor you are well acquainted, you may be the bolder to ſet a task to his brain. If to your ſuperior, you are bound to meaſure in him three further points; Firſt, your *Intereſt* in him; ſecondly, his *capacity* of your Letters; thirdly, his *leaſure* to peruſe them. For your *intereſt* or favour with him, you are to be the ſhorter or longer, more familiar or ſubmiſs, as he will afford you time. For his *Capacity*, you are to be quainter, or fuller of thoſe reaches or glances of wit or learning, according to his comprehenſion. For his *leaſure*, you are commanded to the greater brevity, as his place is of greater diſcharges and cares. With your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too niggardly of your words, nor to cauſe the trouble of making Breviats, by writing too copiouſly, or waſtingly.

Brevity is commonly attain'd by avoiding idle complements, prefaces, proteſtations, long Parentheſes, ſupplications, wanton circuits of Figures, and digreſſions, by compoſition, omitting conjunctions, *Not onely but alſo, the one and the other, whereby it comes to paſſe, &c.* and ſuch like particles, that have no great buſineſs in a ſerious Letter; By breaking off ſentences; as oftentimes a ſhort journey is made long by many baits. But as *Quintilian* ſaith, There is a briefneſs of the parts ſometimes, that makes the whole long; As, *I came to the ſtairs, I took a pair of Oares, they lanched out, rowed apace, I landed at Weſtminſter, I paid my Fare, went to the Parliament Houſe, asked for a Member, I was admitted.* All this is, but *I went to Weſtminſter, and ſpake with my friend.*

Under this Notion ſomewhat may be ſaid of

of *Periods*, which ought not to bee too long, nor yet too ſhort, *QUO MAGIS VIRTUS, EO MAGIS MEDIETAS.* All vertue conſiſts in a certain Geometricall mediocrity, equally diſtant from exceſs and default. Some Writers have preſcribed a *Period* not to exceed that length which a man may well pronounce in a breath. There ought likewiſe to be a ſpeciall regard had to the cadence of the words, that the whole contexture of the *Period* may yield a certain kind of harmony to the ear; for *Longinus* ſays, *The true ſounds and tones of Periods may be compared to a great Feaſt made up of many diſhes.*

The next property of Epiſtolary Style, is, *Perſpicuity*, which is not ſeldom endangered by the former quality. *Brevity*, oftentimes by affectation of ſome wit, or oſtentation of ſome hidden termes of Art, is ill angled for; few words darken ſpeech, and ſo do too many; as well too much light hurts the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the underſtanding as much as the ſhorteſt note. Therefore let not your letter be pen'd like an *Engliſh Statute*, and be ſure to avoid fungous words, and empty inflations; which may beſt be done by conſidering your buſineſs, and diſtinctly underſtanding your ſelf; and this will be much furthered by examining your thoughts, and expoſing them as well to the light and judgement of your own outward ſenſes, as to the cenſure of other mens ears. 'Tis for want of this conſideration that many good Scholars ſpeak but ſalteringly, like a rich man that for lack of particular note and difference, can bring you no ware readily out of his ſhop. By this means talkative ſhallow perſons ſometimes content the hearers more then the wiſe. But this may find a ſpeedier redreſs in writing, where all

all comes under the laſt examination of the Eyes. Firſt, mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it, and you may be in the better hope of writing accurately.

Under this vertue may come *Plainneſs*, which is, not to be too curious in the order; as to anſwer a Letter, as if you were to anſwer Interrogatories, *To the firſt, firſt; to the ſecond, ſecondly*; But in the method, to uſe as Ladies do in their attire, a diligent kind of negligence; *NON ENIM ELOQUENTIAM EX ARTIFICIO, SED ARTIFICIUM EX ELOQUENTIA NATUM*, ſays *Cicero*. And *Longinus* hath this excellent obſervation, *That* Art *does then appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſh'd from* Nature *her ſelf*. And though with ſome men you are not to jeſt, or practiſe capricio's of wit; yet the delivery of the moſt weighty and important matter, may be carried with ſuch an eaſie grace, as it may tickle the fancy of the Reader, and yeeld a recreation to the Writer, as *Plato* obſerves, *lib. 6. de Legibus*.

There muſt be variety, but not exceſs of terms, as if you are to name *ſtore*, ſometimes you may call it *choyce*, ſometimes *Plenty*, ſometimes *copie*, or *variety*, But ever ſo, as the word that comes in lieu, have no ſuch difference of meaning, as to put the ſenſe in hazard to be miſtaken.

You are not to caſt a ring for the perfumed moding terms of the time; as to *acquieſce, to eſpouſe an intereſt, to cajole, to incommode, to have a pique againſt one, &c.* but uſe them properly in their places, as others; matter & ſubſtance being preferrable before words or form. For, as a modern *French* Author ſays, *the moſt excellent words without ſoli-*

dity of matter, are no more conſiderable, then the burſt of a Cannon, without Ball, which makes a great noyſe, but does no execution. Beſides, a vain curioſity of words hath ſo much ſcandalized ſome Philoſophers, that *Seneca* (in one of his Epiſtles) ſays, Had it been poſſible to make himſelf underſtood by ſignes, he would rather ſerve himſelf of them, then of diſcourſe, to the end he might the better avoid all manner of affectation. Whereunto may pertinently be ſubjoyned thoſe excellent lines of Mr. *Hobbs* (in his anſwer to Sir *Will. Davenants* Preface) in theſe words: *As the ſenſe we have of bodies, conſiſts in change and variety of impreſſion; ſo alſo does the ſenſe of language in variety and changeable uſe of words: I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travell, but in the new (and withall ſignificant) tranſlation to our purpoſes, of thoſe that be already received, and in far-fetch'd (but withall apt, inſtructive and comely) ſimilitudes.*

There follows *Life*, which is the ſtrength and ſinews (as it were) of your ſtyle, by pretty ſayings, ſimilitudes and conceits, alluſions, ſome known hiſtory or other common place, ſuch as are in the ſecond book of *Tully de Oratore*. And (if we may credit *Hermogenes*) a moderate interlacing of verſe among proſe, is not without its gentileſs.

But too great a mixture of other languages in your ſtyle, ſome (and thoſe of the more learned) have compared to a patty-coloured coat, made up of ſeverall pieces of ſtuff; others to *Anacreons* Swan, which had neither blood, fleſh nor bone.

The fourth is *Reſpect*, to diſcern what befits your ſelf, him to whom you write, and the matter you treat of, which is a quality fit to conclude the reſt, becauſe it does include the reſt; and that muſt proceed from ripeneſs of judgment, which (as an

Author

Author truly ſays) is gotten by four ways, by the gift of God, by Nature, diligence, and converſation; ſerve the firſt well, and the reſt will ſerve you.

In the cloſe of your letter you muſt by all means endeavour to come off handſomely, by avoiding thoſe trite and over-worn concluſions, *Thus I reſt, So I remain, Thus I take my leave*, &c. and by taking riſe from the next precedent matter of your letter, make your ſubſcription appendant thereto.

For the *Hand-writing*, if you attain not to perfection, it ought at leaſt to be legible, and the matter fairly written, and truly pointed, with *Comma*, (,) *Colon* (:) *Semicolon* (;) *Period* (.) *Parentheſes* ( ) *Interrogation* (?) and *Admiration* (!) points, as the matter requires.

Apoſtrophe's are now alſo much in uſe, which is onely a cutting off a Syllable or *vowel, for brevity ſake; as lov'd, mov'd*, for *loved, moved: 'tis, that's*, for *it is, that is*, and the like.

The laſt is the *Orthography*, or true writing of words, which (though not much valued by ſome, yet) I hold a quality ſo incident to a good Penman, that he cannot be ſaid to be perfect in that faculty, without it; nor doe I believe one of ten, even among Scholars is well skild therein. And of theſe I ſhall offer you ſome few nice examples of many more, which might be added.

NI or NISI, *leſt*, as *leſt* ſuch a thing ſhould happen: is without an a. MINIMUS the *leaſt* in quantity.

Perdo to *loſe*, as to *loſe* ones money, with a ſingle, Solvo to *looſe* or untye.

A *Herd* of Deer, and not ſpeld with an a, as *heard* from (*Audio*) is. And a *Deer*, as *Fera*, a Buck or *Do*, not with an a, as *dear* from *charus*, a *dear* friend

Rite or cuſtom (ritus) *Right* or juſt (æquum)

a *Wheelwright* (rotifex) to write (scribo).

A *shoot* or young sprig; a *suit* of clothes, to *suite* with my occasions. And to *shout* for joy.

A *Mesuage* or a house, differs from a *Message*, or errand sent by one.

To *Cite* or summon. *Site* of a late Castle or house, or the place where it stood; *scite* (SCITUM) an Ordinance or Edict; *sight* (VISUS) as the sight of the eye.

So (sic;) to *sow* as we do corn. To *sew* as women do with a Needle.

Meat, which we eat; and to *mete* or measure, &c.

LET-

LETTERS.

I

To receive Friendſhip in the Son, by remembrance of the Fathers love.

SIR,

S worth is not confin'd to place; ſo not the affection of friends to preſence: your excellent deſerts command my reſpects where ever, your abſence drawes theſe following ſalutes, as the teſtimonies of my eſteems and well wiſhes. In your noble Father I loſt a worthy friend, in you I find him again: you no leſs inherit his goodneſs, then eſtate; this entitles me your neighbour, that makes his loves lineall and ſure; and as neither with decreaſe, ſo both to the augmentation of my acknowledgements; The power of my friend is a ſhelter and joy, his faithfulneſs my ſecurity, yet I love for worth, not profit. This name of *Friendſhip* I grant is ſpreadly appellative, but the thing it ſelf as rare in experience, as lowd in vogue. Your fathers love I enjoy'd in calm times; I prove yours in the tempeſts of Fortune: My confidence aſſures me he would not have faild the Teſt, my triall

proves you do not; a certainty that precludes doubt, and no leſs obliges my proportion'd gratitude. It were eaſie now (Sir) to ſay, were you under my Stars, I would be the ſame I find you; I would ſo, nay ſhould hate my ſelf, did I feel but an inclination to the contrary. Yet all this evinces no more, then what you pleaſe to believe; Profeſſions and Performances are not the ſame; what I would be, will not ſurmount conjecture; your nobleneſs ſhews it ſelf in effects irrefragable. I know nothing can make me truly miſerable, but my ſelf; and as well I know and feel in lowring times, how conſolatory is the countenance of a reall friend; ſuch your beſt ſelf, to whom I ſhall always ſubſign my ſelf.

Sir,

A moſt humble ſervant,

D. W.

II.

Complement.

SIR,

A Great Philoſopher complain'd, that the Fabrick of mans body was defective; For (ſaid he) Nature ſhould have made a window in the Breaſt, by which we might look into the bottom of his heart, to ſee, when he ſpeaks, whether his words be conform to the dictates of his heart, and whether that which we ſee without, have an uniform relation to that within. Truſt me (Sir) though I quarrel not with Nature in this kind, yet I wiſh my Breſt tranſparent, that you might ſee in what deep characters your affection is ingraven in my heart, and how really I am (what you have made me) Sir,

Your moſt faithfull ſervant.

T. B.

III.

Acknowledgement.

SIR,

I Have long ſtudied an acknowledgment in ſome ſort anſwerable to your many favours, but Fortune has dealt ſo ſparingly with me, that I (who have moſt deſire) am leaſt able to ſhew my remerciaments, otherwiſe then by a courſe paper preſent; yet I wiſh I could erect ſome laſting monument, that might ſpeak your worth and my engagements, whereby, after-times might know that, though I had not ability to require, yet I had a heart to be thankful, which ſhall always pronounce me,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged friend and ſervant,

T. B.

IV.

Another.

THough my acquaintance with you, for time and converſation, has had the misfortune to be but ſmall yet; is my experience of your excellent worths both full and ſatisfied, even to admiration. With ſome natures, I confeſs, much ſalt is to be eaten, before judgment can be prudentially ſetled; Others like the Sun, or Light, have power to blazon themſelves in a moment: This excellency ſeems to ſhine in your nobler conſtitution; and this commands my ſo ſudden eſteem and affections. Sir, you have then a ſervant, but he wants power to expreſs how much he is ſo; If I ſay, all I am, is at your

devotion, 'tis not all I am ready to perform, because desire and readiness surpass in me my too much limited abilities. You see then your creature and instrument expects but your pleasure for operation, as far as he is apt, yet some offices he will undertake uncommanded, (viz) his daily oraisons for your good, chiefly that which is soveraign; In which to make him more active, your consent and call shall be the welcom'st imployment the world can lay upon him. Future occasions may enlarge my expressions; I shall now content my self, that I have presumed to salute you with these generals, whom I have devoted my selfe to honour in all particulars. Now let me thank you for all received favours, for those immerited regards that began my obligations and continue my gratitude; for your late kind token, which was of multiplied value drawn from the sender. If these find acceptance, and their presumption pardon, 'twill animate him hereafter not to be silent, that shall live by being, if he may be (as he would) Sir,

Intirely yours
W. D.

V.

To excuse silence.

Madam,

MY teeming hopes have been fed even with an assurance, that *London* should e're this have been made happy with your presence, else I had not thus long hazarded the loss of your good opinion by my silence; since I confess to owe a debt to your goodness, which all the respect and service

ſervice my poor abilities are able to perform, can never throughly ſatisfie. I beg, at preſent, but a continuance of your favours towards me; and (becauſe I know you juſt) ſhall onely expect them hereafter according to the meaſure of my ſervices, which I have faithfully devoted to your beſt ſelf, in quality of, *Madam*,

Your vertues humble honourer,

T. B.

VI.

From a Gentleman baniſhed the Lines of Communication, to a Lady in London.

Madam,

IF I could decline the thought of a neceſſity of being here, and believe this *Baniſhment* to be a voluntary retirement, I ſhould account my ſelf extreamely happy; for here we freely enjoy thoſe felicities ſo much ſought for in *London*, the freſh air, and ſinging of the Nightingale; yet I muſt confeſs I begin to be ſatiated with theſe ſolitary pleaſures, not ſo ſutable with my diſpoſition, as the converſation of my friends; and could willingly exchange the company of Birds and Beaſts, for the ſociety of men. But pardon me (*Madam*) it was nor my intention to trouble you with what I do or ſuffer, or to wiſh you where I would not be my ſelf; but to beſeech you ro retain a memory of me, till I am reſtor'd to the honour of kiſſing your hands; a happineſs daily deſired by

Madam,

The humbleſt of your ſervants.

VII.

A ſecond ſalutation, upon the miſcarriage of a former Letter.

SIR,

I Addreſſ'd my ſalutes before, but hear they miſcarried. The labour to repeat them is not burthenſom; yet leſt their loſs might bring you into ſuſpition, that I was as ſilent as their miſcarriage makes me ſeem, I adde theſe to try better fortune; in which, if more happy, they know their errand, to preſent me and my loves to your devotion. If they ſtammer in the delivery, they beſt expreſs my ſelf, who (ſurcharg'd by your deſerts) muſt conceive more obligation, ſmother more affection, then I can utter. You can mend both by the clearneſs of a candid interpretation, till both are able to be more articulate and plain; None can better expound gratitude, then he who moſt merits it. Sir, I forget not the delights of your ingenious converſations, thoſe ſweet (but too ſhort) moments of my contents. I remember your ready favors, your reall endearments. I remember all, and for all am thankfull. Will you have more? More then this you cannot, I am (what I am) Sir,

Very much yours,
D. W.

VIII.

VIII.

An Answer to a Letter of kindness.

Most honoured Cosen,

THe great measure of content I received at your being here, and since that; the favour to be the unworthy object of your remembrance, makes me even proud of my own happiness. The truth is, I wish no other heaven upon earth then always to enjoy your presence, that the influence of your many vertues may create in me some kind of goodness. But since there must needs be a separation, excuse it I beseech you, if in this homely manner, I present you with the service and best affection of him that is.

Most happy in your acknowledgment. T. B.

IX.

Passionate affection.

Madam,

SInce that very hour, wherein Fortune made me happy in your knowledge, next after God, I neither have love, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you: The day yeelds up all my thoughts, as a tribute to your memory, and the night (which was made to arrest the agirations of Spirit) never removes the remembrance of you from my heart; over which, as you have already gain'd an absolute dominion, so shall it yield you a constant sacrifice of an affection, which shall be permanent, as the Being of, *Madam,*

Your most devoted servant, T. B

X.

From a Commander to his Miſtreſs.

Madam,

THough I have lately been brought even to the confines of Deaths Kingdom, yet I receive ſo much ſtrength, as to tell you I am alive; and muſt crave leave to renew that proteſtation, which I have heretofore ſo often made, not to be willing to live but for your ſervice. The ſcars of war in ſome ſort reſemble the wounds of love, ſince, thoſe which I received, have not at all diminiſh'd the deſire I had to ſerve my Religion, and theſe, which you gave me, have increas'd that paſſion to honour you, which reignes within my Soul. My hand has not ſtrength enough to write more, and its weakneſs may ſerve as a proof of my affection, which ſhall be alwaies greater then my power, as the effects of my obedience ſhall ever be leſs then my devotion to ſerve you, all days of my life, in quality of

Madam,

The deareſt lover of your beſt ſelfe.

XI.

Of Conſolation.

Noble Madam,

I Have received your gracious lines, of which I make a Jewel; becauſe both in themſelves good, as alſo becauſe I take them not to be common. For theſe are the conditions, that upon moſt things, ſet a value; But could thoſe be wanting, yet would they

they not want a high rate, had they no other vertue, then the coming from you; If their kindnes to me had bin accompanied with the characters of your own more wished Fortunes, they had by far, been more contentfull: whereas now, as they tell me, I have a friend; they at the same view add she's far less happy then I could wish her; Thus the same syllables make the same thoughts at once, both hapless and fortunate. But, *Madam*, as the news general, and your particular, share both in malignity, because both bad; so, I hope yours at least is at the worst; and by sequele upon amendment; and hopes of better is always a fair point of good fortune, which to make more sure, you to your self will not (I hope) be wanting. There was a Philosopher said, that *each one is the framer of his own Fate*; and I am partly of his Sect, at least so far as I believe no fate so bad, but 'tis in the power of the sufferer to make it (if not good) better. And so *Madam* (I hope) will both your wisdom and vertue endeavour; and this by solid grounds and ways, without which the rest will be labour in vain. The task you have set me to this end (to wit) my prayers, I both daily have, do, and will perform; and if a partner in misfortunes might lessen the burthen, as some have thought. I cannot be without my part in yours. Nor, wer't in my power, should your Ladiship be a moment without better comforts. But I leave this sad strain till fitter opportunity, and rest,

Madam,

Your Ladiships humble servant,

W. D.

A

XII.

A passionate Letter of affection.

My inestimable Jewell,

THe long continuance of all things (my infinite love to you excepted) does by little and little decay them; but 'tis my pride, that each gray hair time adds to the affection I bear you (which again I pronounce infinite) brings an inclination to a second infinity, and remains the onely excusable dotage now extant, turning my present solitary life to one of much business; for always to think of you, I esteem my business, my faith, my every thing. Your constancy can never find out a greater, then mine; for 'tis a vast one, and shall outlast all things about it; Therefore look that yours be as true marble, as you will otherwise answer the utter undoing of *Madam,*

Your truly, truly, truly,
constant servant.

XIII.

To a Landlord in behalf of his Tenants.

Most honoured Sir,

TO move you to justice were in some sort to conclude you guilty of injustice, and to request your pitie in behalf of your poor and long oppress'd Tenants, were to proclaim you hard-hearted against them; but experience tells me you are free from both, and your own works pronounce

nounce your worth. Onely thus much I am bold to beg of you, that the falſe informations of *A. B. C. D.* and others, of broken credits, as well as Eſtates, may not take place againſt theſe bearers, men of honour and good fortunes, and ſuch as I dare preſume will inform you of nothing but truth. In confidence whereof I aſſume the liberty to ſubſcribe my ſelfe. Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

XIV.

A ſecond Letter, upon a late acquaintance.

SIR,

AFter one Letter (long ſince ſent) and often inquiries, I have, at laſt, had the happines to hear of your ſafety and health. The Relator had an accidental view of you, and I a real comfort. I was once made fortunate by opportunity to enjoy your obliging converſation, and engag'd by your noble endearments, but this loſt, almoſt as ſoon as gain'd; ſo vaniſhing the chiefe enjoyances of this fickle life, ſo unlaſting thoſe contents we eſteem moſt ingenuous and innocent. Sir, I have many ties to be yours, and not fewer misfortunes, that I may not be ſo, as much as I would. But this is a world of croſſes, ſuch as, though it has pull'd many down, yet has it ſet others up in the ſtead. And this muſt be ſo, ſince without a croſs we cannot arrive our Crown. However, neither diſtance of place, nor intervall of time can change thoſe reſpects to your noble ſelf, that took both root

and

and dare from our first enterview. Affection grounded on vertue, must parallel it in content, or be injurious. Your true worth engaged me in ever-honouring esteems, and these I must be unworthy if I do recal. Nor are our immortal Souls so mensurated to place, but they can meet; though our duller clay be confin'd to the accident of commensuration; what they cannot perform by presence, by operation they can; remain where they live, and be where they love; in the circumference be dis-joyned, yet united in the center of hearts, which is their life and Being; and this is *God*. Here (Sir) was our first union, and here, I hope, nothing shall separate: yea, each flying moment of time drawes to a more embosoming neerness. Sir, when we parted, you enjoyned me to continue you in my best thoughts; This not to remember, I account to forget my self. That I am not banished your memory, one word from your Pen would not only cherish and confirm, but honor and oblige,

Sir,

Your most devoted and humble servant.

D. W.

XV.

To excuse silence, &c.

SIR,

WHat to you I know not, but to me it seems long, since my pen presented my respects. 'Tis true, I wrote last, but this wil not excuse; Gratitude makes my addresses due. When you salute, your salutes are pure favours: stil ob-

lige,

lige, never incur obligation. If then I have been too remiſs, I flie to the Aſyle of your pardon; and to render me more capable of it, give me leave to add this qualification: That not neglect, but fear to be troubleſome, cauſed the interval. *Eſt modus in rebus* ——— I would obſerve duty, I have to be unſeaſonable: He that can light on the Mean, attains the accompliſhment of Office; he that miſſes, may mean well, but is guilty of ſome defection towards an extream. But as that moral *Decorum* is the beauty of humane life; ſo a preciſe niceneſs with friends, has too much of ſcruple. Seemlineſs ſhould not be tranſgreſt, yet Friendſhip is not ſtern in her Laws. I may be bold with my ſelf, and next with my friend. Whom endearment makes mutual, love intitles to a latitude of honeſt action. Sir, that I bear the ſtile of your Friend, is the greateſt adjunct the world can make me happy in; I deſire no more ſplendor of honor, no relation to me ſo pretious. My requeſt is, it may continue; my endeavour ſhall be to deſerve the continuance; not that I preſume I can deſerve it, but rather, that I hope, not by a voluntary guilt, to forfeit what you freely confer. Nor wil you eaſily (your goodneſs is too conſtant) reject whom you have (with ſo much condeſcence) adopted. My reſolve is unchangeable to be,

Sir,

Ever and moſt intirely
your devoted ſervant,
D. W.

XVI.

To

XVI.

To a Mother.

Madam,

THis ſhort time of abſence makes me ſenſible of that great good which Nature gave me, when ſhe ordain'd you to be the Parent & me the child; for now I feel my ſelf deprived of thoſe joyes, which your preſence was wont to afford me; now I want thoſe loveful aſpects, wherewith your indulgent eye was wont to ſolace me. In a word, I want all things, which an affectionate Mother did ever beſtow upon an undeſerving, yet dutifull child; for ſuch is

T. B.

XVII.

To beg acquaintance.

SIR,

YOu may wonder at this boldneſs: but your worth animates it, and the ſame I hope, will pardon what it cauſes. I have often heard of you, and once I ſaw you; and by the converſation of a few words, I perceiv'd plentiful evidence, that what I have heard of your merits, was anſwered in the truth. This your humility may reply, was too ſhort a time for experience. I grant it; but not to confirm what both the *Good* and *Wiſe* by report had made credible, the ſenſes ſhould not be deceived, in their proper objects; and *Hearing* is a ſenſe as wel as *Seeing*: and (if it follow the right

Rules)

Rules) perhaps as little erring; chiefly if a rationall hearing, to which I have ſom title by eſſence. Report the ſubject; that you are deſerving, the reported this aver'd by wiſe men and good men, yea all men that know you; which I muſt either believe or be irrational. Sir, the truth is, I am ſo fully perſwaded of this verity, that I am truly ambitious of your more acquaintance; and that this may be by pen, till more joyn'd aboads afford a preſencial intercourſe. If your thoughts anſwer, no greater obligation can be laid upon. *Sir*,

Your moſt faithfull ſervant.
D. W.

XVIII.

In anſwer to a Complement.

SIR,

THat I live (though abſent) thus freſh in your memory, I count my glory, and that you write to me, my happineſs; which favours that I may ſeem in ſome meaſure to deſerve, I addreſs theſe, not as ſatisfactory Acquittances (for ſuch my weak merit, does not aim at) but as reſpective acknowledgments, which your greater goodneſs commands from me. I have now throughly both ſeen and felt the *Bath*, and as I find my ſelf nothing ameliorated in complection of face, or temperature of body; ſo is the diſpoſition of my mind to ſerve you nothing leſſened, but does adequately increaſe, with the obligations of

Sir,

Your unalterable ſervant,
T. B.

XIX.

XIX.

A facetious letter upon ſending a Chriſtmas Pye to a Friend.

SIR,

I Salute you with a poor token, a paſtry Bak'd-meat, as a recognition of my gratitude for your noble entertainments, and not entertainments only but even harbour in a puſh of neceſſity, which I conſtrue, to have multiplied the curteſie to many degrees of height. Theſe to require I confeſs my ſelf unable, and to forget as unwilling. The mean of both I undertake, that is, to greet you with my grateful and remembring reſpects: which if you pleaſe to entertain in my ſenſe, it ſhal be interpreted a new added favour, and ſpeak me thankful. Grateful minds can acknowledge what they cannot retribute, and this is both my fortune and meaning. Sir, that I may be ſome imperfect Index, or like the *Weſtminſter Tomb-ſhewer*, tell who or what lies here: You have or ſhal find in the center, a *Neats Tongue*, enpanched by a *Gooſe*; next both tongue and Gooſe, like the Iſle of *Candia*, ſwallowed up by the Turk; Round theſe, ſome few other *Volatils*, as lookers on, and though not main Partizans, yet not unimbroyl'd in the danger, for their curioſity. At laſt comes fierce *Generall Cook*, and fortifies all (as he hopes) with a ſtrong line of *Circumvallation*, and, having perfected his works, ſends the beſieged captive to your beſt appetite, whereto they are left for triumph and conqueſt. Sir, now were it not for fear of making this our Poſt-paſte over tedious, and comming too neer the

heeles

heels of time, I could ſo compare theſe Animals, or their corps, that there might riſe upon their conditions both Emblems and Morals. But this facetenes I will leave to your ſelf and good company, to recreate and better your digeſtion with. What I chiefly deſire to hear in this point, is, that you have been merry in parting the fray; friendly accepted what was cordially meant; That you have vanquiſhed the *cruell Turk*, the *peeviſh Gooſe*, the *betraying Tongue*, the *wild Pouline*, the *long-nos'd Woodcocks*; yea, that you have raz'd the very proud outworks to the ground. This done, I pray, you may conquer your worſe enemies, and number me in the Albe of

Your humble ſervants,

W. D.

XX.

To excuſe ſilence, and acknowledge paſt favours.

SIR,

I Have long done you the ſervice, not to trouble you with my lines, but durſt no longer purſue this method, leſt it might degenerate into the ſemblance of neglect. If vertue (for her better practice) be enthron'd twixt two extreams, writing (as an act of vertue) muſt alſo keep due diſtance with them; neither lean to importune frequency

quency without leave, nor be benumb'd by the Lethargy of Omission. And you, whose favours have always engaged me yours, will believe my aimes have no other end, then to be so, as well in forbearances as actions; provided I fail not as your votary; a crime I should hate my self to think I could be wicked enough to commit; and am sure I never yet was. Sir, you have, I know, received my former Letter, and dained the civility of receiving by it my humble gratitudes, for the liberalities it acknowledged. This will not so far encroach upon the Office of my better expressions, as to repent that duty, but must again and again pronounce me, Sir,

Your grateful servant,

W. D.

XXI.

A Letter of thanks, &c.

Honoured Sir,

I Have received your friendly Letter, and (by Proxie) your bounty: I am obliged by both, yet am by you debar'd, by pen, to answer either. You setter me in the limits of ten lines, and these too must bee silent of your self, the best subject; I could observe your number, and yet be tedious, did I write short hand, or would I imitate the Lawyers length of a Chancery Bill. But I will not force a double sense on your sincerity; What you will not have in paper, shall warm my breast, those gratefull thoughts, and unfeign'd devotions, that vow and maintain me, *Sir*,

Your ever most affectionate servant,

D. W.

To

XXII.

To a Lady upon her weaving hair bracelets.

Madam,

LAst night when I found you in a pretty harmleſs employment, weaving hair-bracelets, you commanded me to make you ſome Poeſies for that purpoſe, which I told you was a work fitter for Poets and men of wit, then for me, whoſe Cabinet enſhrines no ſuch Treaſure; yet (Madam) that you may ſee what a ſupremacy of power you have over all my faculties, I ſend you theſe incloſed; if any of which prove worth your uſe, the compoſure muſt be aſcribed to the vertue of your commands, rather then to any skil of mine, which as I diſclaim to have, out of a juſt ſenſe of my own imperfections; ſo, muſt I always ſubſcribe my ſelf (out of a like ſenſe of your worth)

Madam, Your moſt devoted ſervant,

T. B.

Qui eſt tout de Cœurs n'a point de langue.
Qui dedit, ſe dedit.
A ſe convertitur in ſe.
Nec fallit, nec fallitur.
Unus: una: unum.
Lo que ſe ſabe ſentir, ſe ſabe dezir.

Wear this (dear heart) and prove as true
In faith to me, as I to you.

This gift ſhall tell you, that I do
Love you alone, and none but you.

No

No heart more true,
Then mine to you.

If you love, my love content you;
For all love, all Faith is ment you.

Cupid has bound me by this band,
To be your servant at command.

I find it true, though you are gon,
That Love makes perfect union.

XXIII.

Complaining of Absence.

Madam,

IF I could find out words to express the language of my heart, I should then be able to demonstrate how little I enjoy my self, whilst I am absent from you, in whom all my joyes and all my felicities are so wealthily sum'd up; that as I live by none but you; so, were it as much in my power as desires, I should never be absent from you; But since Fate has thus decreed a separation, I beseech you let nothing make you forget him, who always remembers you, in quality of

Madam,

Your greatest admirer,
T. B

XXIV.

XXIV.

In answer to one that congratulated our arrival in the Countrey.

Sir,

THat you congratulated our welcoming to *G.* was so necessary for us, and so great a mark of goodness in you, that I believe without your good prayers, we had taken up our quarters on Saturday night in the Forest, where we were benighted (a sad thing to think on) and lost our way; But being (as I say) arrived here, by the help of God, and your best wishes, I find little subject for envy in our enjoyments, not a *Deer* being left in the *Park* nor a *Kid* in season, (unless a woodden one) nor a *Walk* dry enough for a Spanish leather shooe; and, I am sure you will not envy us a little fresh air, since we have paid so dear for it, by the fatigues of a long journey. Trust me (Sir) these things (however you value them) bend my thoughts towards *London*, and the rather, in respect of your dear self, to whom I am (by manifold obligations)

An affectionate humble Servant,
T. B.

XXV.

Upon the late Commotions.

SIR,

HAd not *Pythagoras* excepted our Terrestrial Orbe, when hee asserted the Orbes harmonious; this Age had clearly confuted him. For how musical soever those higher are; this I am

ſure ſounds nothing but harſh Diſcords.and ſo lowd, we cannot but hear them;ſo unpleaſant,that the din diſcompoſes quiet minds.The way to eaſe our ſelves, is hard, yet not impoſſible: but what is it? 'tis this, *To elevate our abode*: *To Compoſe our own interiour*. He that enjoys in time Peace, is not open to extern broiles: they may beat the out ſide, but cannot enter; batter the walls of fleſh and blood, but the Citadel of reaſon is ſafe; and, if reaſon ſway, wee fly up to manſions indiſturb'd. We are all Citizens of the lower World, I grant, muſt wiſh its good; may deplore it's evils; Yet our own private welfare, ought to be to us moſt precious. This were a Paradox with Polititians (if not well gloſſed) and ſo I allow it (each part was made for the whole.) But our Placite ſtil ſtands; and ſtands in this: each mortal is neareſt to himſelf. My own preſervation leſſens not my contribution to the Publike. muſt I bee, or I cannot be able? I muſt be able, or I cannot aid it. Of Aides, there is more then one ſort. All were not fram'd for the ſame function,or influence. The Martiall blade, and bullet has it's office; ſo policy military; theſe we leave to the ſons of *Mars*.

Yet we have our duty too, and this is piety. Piety firſt calmes it's own *Iarres*; then becomes inſtrumental to others reconcilement. When heaven ſees mee at peace within, I am approved, fit to pacify. To complain of exterior commotions, and my ſelf to be torn by the diſorder of my own Paſſions, is an improper addreſs, a mediation ineffectual. It was well dream't by *Scipio*, when he ſaid; as the intelligences guided (by a regular Order) the upper Spheres; ſo ought our intellectual powers govern our own little World. Where the ſuperiour portion of the Soul obeys the divine Lawes, and the part irrational acquieſces to the mind; in the mind (and

all

all men) resounds a harmony far surpalling *Pithagorean* accents. Ah! (my friend) were mental and private tumults appeas'd, the civil would cease, and whilest these (with you and I) are setled, the civil cannot annoy us. A compos'd Soul miseries may try, cannot disorder. Whilst others then, fight for earth, and purple it with native blood; let us aspire higher enterprises: pray for their peace, secure our own. Let us fix our thoughts where ambition reaches not, where War embroiles nor, where tranquillity eternally triumphes. Thus shall we offer our selves a piacular sacrifice before the high Altar of God, in our own condition acceptable, in alien behoof nor despised. The incessant vowes, of

Sir,

Your most devoted servant,
W. D.

XXVI.
ANSWER.

SIR,

YOu have given us, (who are indeed Terrestrial Cosmopolites) most excellent prescriptions, for the Composure and regiment of the inward man in these times of fluctuation, whereby those that are at War within themselves, may know how to seek, and where to find a lasting peace, a peace with truth and endles repose, and those that are at peace may learn how to settle the Souls *Militia* in an unconquerable *posture of defence* against the *Common enemy*; In a word, there's a volume of rich Apopthegms abridg'd into the compendium of your letter; heavens make my breast a fit repository for such treasure. But in conclusion, you evidence the vertue of self-abnegation to be one part of the

Cargazon of your ſhip; For you ſtil work with the old Perſpectives, by ſerving your ſelf of a diminiſhing Glaſſe, when you mention your owne perfections; and of one, that multiplies, when you make the mole hills of your friends qualities (if any were) to ſeem mountains. Alas! what is my plain ſong, if compar'd with your heavenly deſcant; *Majores majora canunt.* It muſt content mee to contemplate you in a higher Orbe, whilſt I ly mudling here below, even *Sir*,

The humbleſt of your ſervants,

T. B.

XXVII.

To a Lady, upon her leaving the City.

Madam,

EVer ſince you left London, all joyes and good fortune have left us, the heavens have not ceaſed to ſhed continual ‖ teares for } ‖ *It was a time* your abſence, and *Mars* has frownd } *of great rain* upon all our undertakings; nor can we hope to receive good news or enioy fair weather, till the rayes and vertue of your preſence return hither, to uncloud the watry element and uncharm the fortune of War. Whilſt in this ſadnes, I was ſtudying what might render my lines worthy your acceptance, the encloſed arrives with the much wiſh'd for news of——— And if this prove in any meaſure an Antidote to prevent the contagion of ſadder thoughts, which theſe times are apt to adminiſter, I ſhall enjoy the height of my ambition, which holds no title in competition with that of *Madam*

Your humble ſervant,

T. B.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

To excuſe the not taking leave, and to acknowledge received favours.

BEfore I left London, I did endeavour to have given my perſonal attendance upon your noble ſelf, with an addreſs of thankfulnes for your generous favours, and free entertainments; But this devoir (by your abſenting occaſions) being fruſtrate; I am forced upon pen ſupply Wherein yet the moſt I can expreſs to the purpoſe, is ingeniouſly to avow, I owe more to your bounties than I can expreſſe; more expreſſions to your high Worths, then I can make legible. Which defect of Language (I humbly yet conceive) you of all (Sir,) have moſt reaſon to indulge; ſince your great merits of mee, and your own ſelf-nobleneſs, has moſt put it to ſilence. Be then as much above my feeble Oratory, as your endearments tranſcend my mean deſerts; 'tis praiſe enough, as you aim not at empty Epithets, ſo your reall perfections are abundant and natively clear to be their own *encomiums*. I, with admiring gratitude, will remember what I cannot utter. Yet (Sir) take this unfeigned image of my thoughts; that from the firſt houre I received the honour of your acquaintance, I have ſingularly valued your ſelf; and ſince you have bin pleaſd to rank mee in the albe of your ſervants, and priviledge mee not only with your friendly familiarities, but alſo ſignal favours, I confeſſe my ſelf bound for requital of all, as to yeeld to none in my reſpect, ſo to be ever (as I profeſſe I am obliged)

Sir,

Your ſervant and votary.

D. W

XXIX.

A Ladies Anſwer to her ſervants firſt letter.

SIR,

THat upon ſo ſmall acquaintance, you ſhould make mee ſuch friendly and paſſionate expreſſions, I cannot but take as a civility, being apt to make the beſt conſtruction of every ones actions; yet (*Sir*) that ſo many moneths ſhould paſſe in ſilence, ſince I ſaw you, is enough to make me believe your Letter meerly complementall; theſe times affording many of your ſex, whoſe pens or tongues can ſpeak one language, and their hearts another. When I find cauſe to believe your profeſſions real, I ſhal ſet a greater value upon your reſpect: Mean time civility invites me to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

V. T.

XXX.

An Addreſſe from one Lady to another.

Madam,

I Have not ſo much vanity to think my ſelf able to make a return, worthy the honour I have received, nor do I bear ſo little juſtice to my own gratitude, as not to witnes my reſentment, though great, yet in huge diſproportion to your merit, whoſe vertues & goodnes I hold in equal value with thoſe of demi Gods: I receive the new aſſurance of your Ladyſhips favour, as a bleſſing ſent me from heaven, which bids me cheriſh it and live, ſince I can reliſh no felicity without it. Indeed (*Madam*) I know

know not what Sacrifice to offer you for ſuch a bounty; All hearts are made tributary to your Commands; yet none with ſo much obligation, as that of *Madam*, *Your ſervant*, E. D.

XXXI.

The anſwer.

Madam,

YOu may ſay of mee, as a *Cavalier* once ſaid of the late Synod, that *they had ſate long, and at length hatch'd a Monſter* (meaning the *Directory*:) So have I bin long in anſwering yours, & at length my dull *Genius* produces this ill-ſhap'd letter. *Madam*, if the faculty of my pen were correſpondent to the devotion of my heart, I could ſay much, when as now I muſt be ſilent; yet not ſilent neither; For every caſt of my eye upon your lines begets a wonder, & wonder makes mee break ſilence. I have alwayes had your ſweet perſon and vertues in a reverential eſteem, and now the charms of your pen have hurld mee into new admirations; yet not ſo, as to forget the old, not at any time to be leſſe then October, *Madam*,

The moſt humble of your Devotes,
A. T.

XXXII.

A letter from the Author of a Book to the Approver, Sir, N. B.

SIR,

THis hand which hath ſtood ſo long before yo ur Barr, comes now to accuſe it ſelf of a fault by which the Judge muſt needs have

ſuffered much from the offender, ſince the foulneſſe of the Copy, is like to have try'd your patience, more then the worth of the cauſe can hope to have recompenc'd your paines; Wherefore theſe lines come before you to offer ſatisfaction at leaſt to your civility, if they fail of giving it to your Judgment, and the courſe of my life qualifies me better for civil diſcharges, then for litterate ſatisfactions. You ſhall then, *Sir*, receive by this a return of much ſenſe of your fair and obliging carriage towards mee in the examination of my papers; wherein I muſt deſire you to conſider the whole deſign, which aims ſolely at moral regulations, and does rather decline then accept any inducements to controverſiall doctrines; if there bee any point ſo incident to the ſubjects, as my opinion muſt needs appeare in ſome dark light, this may well bee conniv'd at by ſo ingenious a Judge, as your ſelf, who cannot expect I ſhould diſſemble my principles, though in diſcretion I was forbid to declaim upon them; So that I conceive your abilities will make a due difference, between what may critically be ſifted out, and what does litteral'y profeſſe it ſelf; and of this laſt ſort, I preſume you will find nothing in the whole Work, that has an open face of contention or offence; Wherefore upon your animadverſions, *I* have changed the looks of ſuch places, as had any apparant ſearures of enmity, and have offer'd you ſuch ſatisfaction upon the other points I have not alterd, as I hope your candor and diſpaſſionate temper may admit; Upon the opinion whereof, I ſhall conclude, that if you have found, in theſe my Meditations, more matter promiſing good influences upon the affections of our Country, then projecting any dangerous fuſions, you will allow them

your

your contribution to that effect I have ſingly propoſed in them; In order whereunto my prayers ſhall intend the ſuppliment of my pens deficiency: which the leſſe worthy it is of this expoſure to the World, the more muſt it owe your patience and civility for your favour to

Your moſt affectionate ſervant

W. M.

XXXIII.

Upon the new-year

SIR,

MY preſent Theme is, to give you the ceremonies (in real wiſhes) of a happy New-year. Nor ſhall I doubt the effect, ſince I cannot your *Piety* or *Prudence*. No revolution of time can be inauſpicious, where theſe fair pair of twin-virtues are fixt, and in action. Time tells our hours, produces change, but our happines, or infortunes onely from our ſelves. Tis vain then to accuſe deaf Fate, when we are our own deſtiny, or at leaſt it, in our arbitrement: *Prudence*, (the eye of our life) foreſees, diſpoſes our affaires; *Piety*, our ſelves. That diſcharges our devoirs, This guides all events (proſperous or adverſe) to our eternal (if it cannot temporal) felicity. Hence we have a method either to prevent miſery, or of turning it into better luck, by being unhappy. Croſs chances

I ta grant, are but ſower friends, rather to be enter-
in'd then invited; yet 'tis too viſible, none are
more wretched, then thoſe that moſt court for-
tune. Give me Indifferency, and I'le be fortunes
fate, and fortunate, maugre her deſpight. As to
time it ſelf; the beſt deſcription of it is to employ,
it well. 'Tis a thing of ſo ſwift an Eſſence, that 'tis
gone before we can think what it is. 'Tis the mea-
ſure of ſublunary beings, and proclaimes to us, (by
its height) how faſt we our ſelves fade, and
dwindle away. The paſt is no more ours, then
frugal uſage has made it ſo. The future is not,
and ſo uncertain whether 'twil ever be in our
power. What of it we can own is only the pre-
ſent, and this ſo coy, that if not taken by the fore-
top, tis vaniſht, like a Ghoſt, and leaves us no-
thing, but cauſe to repent and gaze. Ah! my
friend, how pretious our moments! on theſe ſhort
Inſtances depends our whole Eternity. Temporal
exiſtence is as fickle as temporal happineſſe; both
participate of the nature of time, are fleeting. In
this caſualty then, let us fix on what is truely du-
rable above floating incertainties, beyond tempo-
rall laſtingneſſe. Whilſt our minutes fly from us,
our ſelves ſpeed faſter towards unchangeable per-
manency; ſo we doe in naturall tendency, but let
us by virtue's vigours. Each hour poſts away with
it's length of our life; The old year is gone; if our
imperfections with it, 'twas well ſpent; if not,
there's the more need we ſpend the New better.
And leaſt we live not to the end, let's take advan-
tage of the beginning: make that our own that is
ſo. Thrift of our dayes is th'only end to make
our ſelves in time eternally happy. But I fear by
this rude Rhapſody of the initiate yeare, I have
waſted your hour-glaſs too much, rendring my
prayer

prayer of your prosperous future, your present Domage; But pardon, because my subject (*time*) as wel as my distracted capacity fail'd me. Suffice it, I wish you more then *I* can utter, or need prescribe you the way to; and whilst you are blest, I partake, Sir

31 Decemb. *Your happy friend and joyd servant. W. D.*

XXXIV.

To a Lady, residing in a Town that had lately bin besiegd.

Madam,

AFter the disquiet of your late Alarms: I am bold to congratulate the re-enjoyment of your wonted repose, which (had I bin General) no cause nor quarrel should have made me hazard; since in all things I value your content above my own; My regard to your safety had bin in such case motive enough with mee, to have suspended the chastisment of that mutinous City: *Madam*; If (as I hope and pray) you are now both free from disquietude and from fear; I have my hearts wish; desiring (as you know) nothing more, then by continued devotion to your self and service, to purchase at length the esteem of

Madam;

Your most faithfull servant, B. T.

XXXV.

XXXV.

To his Lady Mris. complaining of her cruelty.

Madam,

TYranny as ill becomes a ſubiect as a Prince, and cruelty is the natural iſſue of that Monſter; To ſay your Ladyſhip is guilty of both in ſome kind, is a truth undeniable: For ever ſince fortune made me happy in your knowledge, my affection hath had no Centre, but your breaſt, my faith, no fellow; and my conſtancy ſuch as can never admit a change; yet my ſighes are unpittied, my love unregarded, my faith and conſtancy anſwered with nothing, but your diſproportionate denials; Nor can I, without wonder, conſider, that your Ladyſhip ſhould be to all the world ſo perfectly charitable, to mee ſo cruell, unleſs 'twere ordained by fate, That the firſt fruits of my love (which ſhould be the firſt ſtep to happineſs) muſt be made abortive by your incompaſſion. *Madam*, the more you deny, the more fuel you add to thoſe flames, which (if not ſuddenly allai'd by your pittie) will conſume my very being into aſhes of mortalitie; Theſe are *Madam*, the reall dictates of a heart, that's wholly devoted

To ſerve you,
T: B.

XXXVI.

A conſolatory letter to a Mother upon the death of her firſt-born.

Honoured Madam,

THe ſad need a Comforter, and a Soul in deſolation, requires to bee aſſiſted with reaſons to bear the cauſe of its griefs. That you are both ſad

ſad and grieved, I can no more doubt, then I can be without a ſhare in your paſſions. That you have many comforters, becauſe friends, many ſolid conſiderations from your own pietie and pious wiſdom to ſalve your ſorrowes, I am as confident; Yet, as none more tenders your happineſſe then my ſelf, ſo could not I alone be ſilent in this motive of your teares; what I would ſay is; *Deareſt Madam*, be comforted, and this (were't in my power) I would effect. The reaſon of your ſable thoughts, the ſpring that ſtreames your cheekes, riſe I know from the ſad accident of your childs death. It was I confeſs the firſt image of your likenes, the firſt bleſſing that heaven honored your body with, the firſt pledge of nature, the firſt title you had to be a Mother. And to bee deprived of this, almoſt as ſoon as 'twas given, could not but find and afford matter both for teares and griefe; in a diſpoſition ſo natural and good.

But *Madam*, there's a time for all, and a meane alſo. What could not be denied to your ſweetneſs, muſt be moderated by your diſcretion. 'Tis true, that ſweet infant was yours, 'twas your firſt, 'twas dear, and you ſuffered many dolours, to give it life; But withall you conſider, as 'twas yours, ſo given you by God; as the firſt, ſo more due to him; as dear, yet could it not be too dear for him that hath it; Although of painfull birth; yet that your throwes brought forth a ſaint, that your dolours were endured, ſo ſoon to enthrone a part of your ſelf among the Angels; theſe dolours, theſe throwes, happily ſuffered. Thoſe whom God makes Parents, he makes but Nurſes of his own children, he lends them to be brought up for heaven: and if hee hath ſo ſoon diſcharged you of this obligation, 'tis not ſo much a croſs, as a bleſſing; Had it lived to ma-

ture

mature age, perhaps he ſaw danger both to It and you: it might have been more cauſe of grief to you, more loſs to it ſelf; it might have been unfortunate in life, in death unhappy; 'Tis not the being children of either good or great extract that makes them alwayes either good or happy. And this perhaps God (that provident Parent of all) foreſaw. Be it ſo, or not; certain it is, the bodie is but the Souls priſon, wherein 'tis no ſooner breathed from Heaven, but 'tis maculated by this corrupt Earth: and in this as it longer ſojournes, ſo is it not only debarred of its true happineſs and welfare, but alſo offends its great Creator; and conſequently is miſerable. Therefore would God make the cradle of yours, its death bed, that he might haſten its blee. As he breathed a pure Soul into it, ſo would he again take it before defiled by the actual blemiſhes of ſin. Had it liv'd, it could have afforded no comfort to your piety, but being in health, proſperity, and pious; and can it be more pious, then in heaven, more proſperous, then in heavens joyes, more healthful then in the enjoyance of immortality? O conſider, tis now paſt all danger, 'tis freed from all miſery, 'tis bleſſed in bleſſedneſs, it prayes for you. And can there be any ſorrow ſo great that theſe conſiderations cannot conſolate? O what more happy then to be ſo happy a Mother; no ſooner a Mother, then a Mother to heaven. Nor doubt (dear *Madam*,) but hee that gave you this dear pledge of his love, will give you more, and, as he took this to his own joyes, ſo will he leave in its ſtead more to your comfort. This he took to give it as ſoon happineſs as being, and therein to try your virtue and reſignation to his will: this as I doubt not but he will find, ſo may you be confident he will bee bountifull: a ſure rewarder of your patience, a proſperer

ſperer of your Soul, body, and its fruitfulneſs.

But pardon (moſt honoured *Madam*) my loves tediouſneſs; and if in this unpoliſhd Conſolatory I have erred, let it be, as it is, loves fault, a fault that your nobleneſſe I am certain will remit. Thus with humbleſt reſpects he takes his leave that will no longer bee, then be yours, the daily Petitioner to heaven for your moſt wiſhed comforts of both Worlds.

Madam,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant, W. D.

XXXVII.

To excuſe the not anſwering a letter.

SIR,

THat I have committed ſo great a Solæciſme in good manners, as to receive two letters from you, without giving you humble thanks for either; I beſeech you aſcribe not to any want of zeal to your ſervice: for in earneſt you cannot make me more happy then in vouchſafing mee the honour of your commands, which ſhall alwayes find as ready an obedience in mee, as any thing that moſt concernes my own intereſt; In the aſſurance whereof I give you the humble reſpects of

Sir,

Yours, ad nutum, T. B.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Upon a Motion of marriage.

Dear Sir,

I Give you many humble thanks, for your tendring mee a wife, and your good adviſe in that affair; I well remember the Counſell of a prudent friend was, not to matry till I were 30 years of age, and then to have a wife ten years younger then my ſelf; becauſe women (eſpecially teeming ones) ſooner decay, then men. I have alſo read, that there are 3 principal motives to a wedded life; *Procreatio Prolis*: *Conſervatio Domus*: and *Conſolatio vitæ*. Now the gentlewoman you write of, inſtead of being ten years younger, I believe is ten years elder, then my ſelf; and ſo may be in danger to fruſtrate the two firſt motives; by being iſſue-leſs. Yet if ſhe have ſo many fill'd baggs as you mention, it may bee a ſhrewd temptation: But in marriage, Love (as you well obſerve) is moſt preferrable, provided there be a competency of fewel (which is riches) to keep it warm. Now 'tis like I might love the Lady you motion mee to, with an ordinary conjugal love, but perhaps not with an eminent dear affection, and on this ſubject I remember to have read theſe old, but well meaning verſes.

Who makes the object of his fancy, gold,
Grows cold in fancy, when his money's told:
And ſhe, who faines to love, to live a Lady,
Is honors Fawn, I know not what ſhe may be.

Examples are too frequent in this age of the infelicity of thoſe Matches, which are meerly concluded for wealth, without love: Therefore in this (as a choiſe, whereon the happines of my whole life

life depends) I ſhall be very deliberate in reſolving, yet ever glad to receive your adviſe, as being

Sir,

Your moſt reſpective nephew and humble ſervant. T. B.

XXXIX.

The firſt addreſſe to his Miſtreſſe.

Madam,

THat fear is an individual companion to ſincere affection, and that the heartieſt devotions are brokenly expreſſed, are *Maximes* in Humanity, and however Errors, yet venial. The diſcreeteſt love is ſeldom without ſome annexed paſſion, which oft-times fetters the faculties and leads underſtanding captive; that which did and juſtly might deter, doth now animate; The moon in her fartheſt diſtance from the Sun, and greateſt oppoſition, receives moſt light; The poorer they be to whom charity is extended, the greater the merit; Worth gaines moſt honour by ennobling unworthineſs; Nature never ordaind two Suns to ſhine in one firmament. I liſt not to expatiate in this kind. In the deſcription of your worth this ſhort expreſſion ſhall ſuffice; That would Earths Monarch pay his devotions before perfections Altar, he need ſeek no further then your breaſt. To expreſs my devoted affection by deep proteſts and multiplyed vowes will not pleaſe, my *Motto* is, *rather in deed then in word.* Till matters be maturely diſcuſſed, and the adviſe of friends on both ſides had, I aime no higher, then to be enſtil'd your ſervant; Deliberation (if in any caſe) in this is moſt neceſſary. I honour you too much to wiſh

wiſh you the ſmalleſt amiſs, though the ſum of my earthly felicity depended thereon. My affection is no frenzy; if my Starrs mean mee not the enjoying of ſuch happineſs, I muſt frame a content. For concluſion, I will only add, that though you may have your choice of many in all points more accompliſhed, yet none that ſhall ſo truly love you. My lines are confuſed like my thoughts; your milder cenſure he preſumes on who truely honours your worth and reſts

Solely devoted to your virtues. T. B.

XL.

In anſwer to an expoſtulatory letter.

SIR,

THe receipt of yours brought with it ſome amazement to ſee my ſelf almoſt ſhip-wrackt in your good opinion, when my own Veſſel was full fraught with reſpect, which I intended to diſ-imbark at your haven. I am firſt to thank you, for your plainneſs and ingenuity in my charge, and ſhall aſſume the ſame freedome in my own acquitall. The ſtory told you by Mr. W. from Miſtris P. a womans diſcourſe (for thoſe I ſuppoſe the parties mentioned in yours) I deny to have been either Author or promulgator of, and muſt aſſure you, that ſuch like, with other volatile reports were here before my return; yet I muſt tell you (ſince it ſo much concerns mee) that I had Commiſſion to make ſome inquiſition in the Country upon a preconceived neglect in you, and other rumours, but do aſſure you, what I ſaid was with ſuch modeſty, and ſo ſhort of what common

fame

fame delivered, nay with ſuch regret to have ſaid any thing at all, that it will hereafter appeare, I have been ſo far from being diſaffected to this your ſervice, that I have run my ſelf into an Oblique opinion elſewhere, for promoting it, and I am confident the young Lady (when you ſhall be ſelicitated with her enjoyment) will aſſure you as much; nor indeed could I poſſibly have ſaid leſs, in performance of the truſt repoſed in mee. Sir, if this give you not ſatisfaction, I ſhall be glad to know what may, becauſe I profeſs to owe you much ſervice, & themore in order to that approaching happineſs, which your Starrs have aſſigned you, whereto no wiſhes of a happy confarreation ſhall more readily concurr, then thoſe of Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,
T. B.

XLI.
A REPLY:

Lady,

TIll I was bleſſ'd with the happy ſight of yours, I labour'd in a ſtrange perplexity, believing that either the attempt of mine had purchaſed your diſavour, or otherwiſe (by ſome harder fate) I had ſuffered in your good opinion, then which *Jamaica* is to me of leſs value. Theſe feares I muſt confeſs with-held mee till now from a ſecond addreſs of ſervice, though not from offering continuall thoughts of reſpect to your merit, and of perfect obedience to your commands, nor ſhall I longer live, then breath the air of ſuch devotion, being profeſſedly, *Lady,*

Yours in firme affection,
T. B.

XLII.

XLII.

IN ANSWER.

SIR.

I Am (as you say) indeed alwaies pleased to accept, what time permits you to write. Your lines please, and cannot chuse, being full of erudition, full of love, and guided by a judgement not vulgar; And, what ever your time is, your mentall store failes not: what others, with many a scratch'd brow, cannot invent, you with facility dictate, and as copiously pen; Then for my acceptance, there's no benignity required, but gratitude, and gratitude not common, but such as ought to quadre with merits, unparalleld. That you daigne to entertain mine but with a superficial view, adds honour and value, adds courage and alacrity. We see many things carry price, not from innate worth, but the esteemers fancy: So Jewels and other rarities, which humane estimate and not nature, have made pretious, The rule is *Opinion*; and if any mans approbation could make my lines accurate (that is, what they are not) sooner to yours should I yeeld the efficiency, and with much reason; for there's none I approve more. Whilst I am jejune and empty, you are polite, and, even upon my deficiencies, raise *Trophies* to your own *Genius*; Thus what I am not my self, I make you, by accident; So increases a black spot the candour of a blanch'd vesture; So gloomy shades seem to augment the Phœbean radiances, and so are your perfections set off by the foiles of Sir.

Your servant, W. D.

XLIII.

XLIII.

A conceited letter of thanks for favours.

SIR,

YOu know that I (with *friendſhip* and *affection* my ſureties) ſtand already *bound* to you in an *obligation*, for requitall of a larger *ſum* of favours, then my poor abilities can any wayes ſatisfy, yet now you make a large addition to the *principall* debt by—— Till fortune better enable mee, I muſt beg your acceptance of *thankfulnes*, which I deſigne in lieu of *intereſt*, and (for your better *ſecurity*) my *Bond* renewed for the reſt, with the addition of another *ſurety*, my Service, *ſeald* with the privy ſignet of my love, *atteſted* by two *witneſſes*, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*, and *ſubſcribed* by

Sir,

Your faithfull ſervant, T B.

XLIV.

In anſwer to a letter from a dear friend.

SIR,

OF late my many evocations render mee, as, inconſtant in reſidency, ſo in my letters and addreſſes both various and uncertain; Hence have proceeded (and a while I fear muſt) the languiſhment of my lines, the alternation of my weekes; Yet with this added diſadvantage, that the more time may ſeem given mee to write, the leſs I have to be accurate. I received your laſt abroad, and am never yet more at home, then where they find

mee

mee, or I them. A virtue that (with mee) accompanies yours, and y ours onely ; And being it wants a name, let it be a Sympathy : a Sympathy 'twixt you and mee, ſo charming, that by reading your characters, I draw in my own Idea's (but abettered) and ſo fall, by an introverſion, into my ſelf. By this you may gueſs how much you endear your friend ; by ſo expreſſing your ſelf his, to make him (even in the midſt of diſtractions, and fatigues) his own ; and yet only to own him, to be more yours and Gods. Know then, I am yet free from misfortune, nor enfeebled by any mortall malady, that's ſenſible ; Some grudgings of a *Caduque* being, and the unwholſome ſeaſons effects if I feel, they are but the antecedents of what I am ſure at laſt muſt follow. But ſince you ſtile my ſickneſs, your infirmity; my infortunes, your miſhaps. I would be well to encreaſe your Vigours ; fortunate to leſſen your leaſt bad evenrs. The Heavens influence and their interpreting Predictions now we hear begin to work in your clime, and as the operation bodens ſtupendious revolutions, ſo are we tickled with curioſity to know your changes, by what ſteps the main Deſignes aſcend and what you conceive will be the ſequels chiefly of neereſt connexion. In the mean, we wil, hope and feare ; Two paſſions that will blend all the fore-caſts of humane life. Be careful of your health, that you may enjoy your ſelf in a diſtracted Age . So ſhall you be ſafe in the guards of your own virtues ; and in the innocency of your life, with comfort conſolate your friends, Amongſt whom not the leaſt dependene, is ever,

Dear Sir, *Your intirely affectionate*

21 Aril 1653. *D. W.*

XLV.

XLV.

Upon a promiſe to write to one.

SIR,

THE inconſiderate promiſe I made to render you my thoughts in writing during this abſence, was grounded upon a juſt ſence of my obligations, without the leſt reflection upon my diſabilities for any ſuch performance; And in this reſpect I might juſtly have been diſobliged without breach of faith, but that (ſeriouſly) I had rather diſcover my imperfections in this kind, then be any waies wanting in my remerciaments, which are much indebted to your many favours: And therefore I ſend this ſmall tribute, as an earneſt of the much greater affection of Sir,

Your coſen and ſervant,
T. B.

XLVI.

Dear Coſen,

AMong the various contentments, which the Country yeelds in this ſeaſon, I have met with none equal to that, which the receit of your Letter affords mee; for (truſt mee) I am ſo raviſh'd with the contents, that whenſoever I perceive that ſadnes to invade mee, which the want of your ſweet preſence often begets, I have inſtantly recourſe to your Letter for cure. Thus do I honour the lines, for your dear ſake that ſent them, nor ſhall I ever ceaſe to acknowledge your numberleſs favours, whilſt I have breath but to pronounce mee

Dear Coſen,

Your moſt affectionate ſervant, T. B.

XLVII.

In Answer to an elegant Letter.

SIR,

WHen I observe the equal facility and felicity of your expression, I loath the rudenes and indigestion of mine, and when I consider the pith and plenitude of your lines, I look upon the emptines and inanity of my own with much indignation: yet, though I were not born a *Cicero* for Eloquence, I am and must be another *Achates* for affection. If there bee any thing in this World can deserve the name of *good*, 'tis really in the fruition of you; in and by whom I am so perfectly beatified, that I count my self in a Paradise, when I am gathering the fruits of your presence. Fortune (in other things less liberal) has given me many friends, and Correspondents, yet none so reall, none so learned, as your self; I never made so happy a bargaine (if I may so rudely stile it) as when I contracted this intertrafique of love; I never hear from you or see you, but I make an infinite purchase of piety, and knowledge, from your weighty lines and solid discourse; But above all, I have gained (yet blush to think with how little desert) in you a friend, whose bosome is an Archive, fit to treasure up the greatest secret, and in whose hands I can repose my life, nay (which is dearer) my Soul; O happines; happines said I? 'tis beyond the degree of common happines; Such pious condescendings (where you give pure Gold and receive nothing but dross in exchange) argue a goodnes, beyond the reach of my pen to delineate, which I must content my self, to admire. *Sir*, you have here the reall dictates of my inmost thoughts, though wrapt up in a homely dress; for I am as yet hardly

hardly entred into the Suburbs of good Language; yet do but pardon theſe my rude expreſſions, and I may hope (by your conduct) in time to enter that City, where you, by due merit, command in chief. To morrow I am bound for the frigid Zone, yet will aſſure you, that no change of Climate ſhall have power to alter or frigidify the affections of

Sir,

Your devoted ſervant
and therein moſt happy.;
T. B.

XLVIII.
REPLY.

SIR,

YOurs, as a ſuddain joy, have ſurpriſed mee. So accort your ſtile, ſo pathetike your love, that I am both rapt and enflamed: you could never in better time have made your friendly addreſſes; They came as cordialls to refreſh my exhauſted Spirits. I was even ſpent in diſpatches, diſtracted with unexpected viſits of friends. From theſe, as a reviving refrigeration, I caſt my eyes and thoughts on your emphatick ſtraines. In which I am loſt; Can wonder, but not reply. In ſhort, I am ſo variouſly divided this day; and chiefly for the moments of the Meſſengers ſtay, that I have not reſpite of reply. Before you direct your courſe, toward the North Pole, I hope to get ſo much pauſe, as to be my own, that I may make ſome ſuppletory addition. Pardon theſe extemporaries: what in ſenſe and language is deficient, that affection ſupplies, which really ever ſtiles mee

Sir, *Yours*, D. W

XLIX.

A further reply.

SIR,

MY *hestern* note answered yours, with apology, that I wanted time to answer them; I promis'd also to be more respon-ſory, and now repent it. My leasure's as interrupted, and second revisings of your accurate lines disanimate. What is most delightful to view, is as hard to parallell. *Sir*, the flote of your Eloquence runs high, and where (by the Art of self annihilation,) you would seem to depress your sufficiency, there you most rise; And indeed skil cannot but by skil be hid, nor perspicuous abilities better blazond, then when most curiously mantled by arted invelopings. You are no *Cicero* born, 'tis confessed, yet I think born to be an English *Cicero*; of this, nature has given ripe specimens, and industry as fast polishes, judgement matures. In one letter I trace you florishing in various figures; in the properry and store of words choise, in composure compt; in sense acute. Trust mee, I admire, yet cannot envy; For whilst an *Achates* in affection, your embellishments are mine. The *Accessory* (you know) in Law follows the *Principall*, and love makes all common. If then by this inviolable tie we are one, your endowments entitle me joint owner; a riches, I prepone to Monarchies. *Sir*, I were happy did I rightly own the least degree in the literary attributes you please to give mee; those of endeared passion I doe; those of reality I cannot refuse. It is indispensably your claime; what e're I am or shall be (that's commendable) is dedicated to your loyal friendship

friendſhip; honour me with belief til I faile. My breaſt (as long as the harbour of a heart) ſhall be a ſafe repoſitory; I was never by ingenerate diſpoſition futile and porous, and with ſo prudent and emboſom'd a friend, I ſhall not ſure begin. Upon ſecrets I do not wittingly encroach, yet if (by freedom of a friend) committed, the gaſtly terrours of death unlock them not; He that wants this *gift* has no challenge to Amities ſacred intereſt. But I am now interturb'd, and my pen (dear friend) is ſnatch'd off, yet firſt take theſe votary wiſhes; Propitious be your guiding Stars; inſpiring the *Muſes*; a ſafe journey; fortunate your expeditions, and a ſpeedy circuit to your City entertainments and ſuſpir'd retires; It is almoſt your peculiar felicity, that, where others are chiefly ſcattered, you can find or make an improving ſeceſs; An evidence as you are ſtudious; ſo you can be, in all places, the commander of your ſelf and houres. Well! my loves, longings and prayers ſhall accompany this forcd vagary, and with as much joy welcome you home. Interſtices loeall may divide bodies and a body; united mindsknow no ſeparation. Hence wherever I, in my better part, am with you concomitant; and laſtingly

Oxford 29 Sept. Sir,

Yours, D. W

L.

ANSWER.

SIR,

HItherto I have been in a ſuperlative degree, both felicitated by the riches of your preſence, and enriched by the wealth of your lines.

But I have learnt there's nothing permanent in this world, otherwiſe three weeks abſence from the one, and deprivement of the other, would be more afflictive, then words can expreſs; For in earneſt you are to me that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all my actions ſeem inanimate; detaine but the food of your favours from me, and I am a meer nothing. Though I am now bound (as you know) for the *North*, yet believe it my daily beſt thoughts ſhall ſteer *Weſtward*, where (how far ſoever diſtant in perſon) I leave the hearty affections of

Sir, *Your faithfull ſervant,*
T. B.

LI.

Anſwer to a quaint Letter:

SIR,

WHen will your treaſury of choiſe words be exhauſted, when will your fountain of Eloquence be drawn dry, when will your Magazin of rich matter be emptied? never; I now plainly ſee the more you write, the more you have to write, and may (with reverence) not ineptly compare your *Cranium* to the holy *Chriſmatory* of *France*; you ſtill take out, yet leave it without the leaſt diminution; Prodigy of nature! It fares much otherwiſe with mee; I (if at any time big with words) fall into a painfull labour, and after many throwes, am alwaies by abortion diliverd of a thing like a bears whelp, which I can lick into no form. Every Bucket drawn from mine own Well, goes neerer the bottome; the reaſon is, there's no ſprings for repletion of that ſtore: yet in earneſt the influ-

influence of your teeming Muſe has (me thinks) in ſome meaſure fertilis'd my ſiccaneous and Barren ſoyle. But whither rove I? Now for News (which is the *primum quærite* of theſe dayes) I muſt tell you, thus ——— Sir, the length of my letter and this ſhorteſt of daies doe not well quadre; This is the winter Solſtice. So is it alſo the Station both of my invention and paper; the firſt is at a *non plus ultra* of matter, the laſt only affords me roome to ſubſcribe my ſelf

13 December. 1652. Sir,
Your vowed ſervant,
T. B.

LII.

To a Brother.

Dear brother,

YOurs equally full of love and good Counſell came to my hands with no ſmall contentment, ſince I perceive you intereſſe your ſelf (as a very kind friend) in all things that concern my good, which as I can never forget, ſo do I ever account my ſelf moſt happy, when I hear of your progreſſe in all perfections and good qualities, wherewith to ſee you accompliſhed is the paſſionate deſire of

Your moſt affectionate brother, T. B.

LIII.

To Mr. G.

SIR,

THis is only to give you many humble thanks for the favour you did mee to the D: If I live not to be able to ſtrike Taleys with you, yet I ſhall alwaies record your kindnes with a thankfull reminiſcence: And though I am *blunt* in my expreſſion, yet believe it, *I* ſhall moſt willingly in-*Gage* in any ſervice that may approve mee

Sir,

Your faithfull ſervant, T. B.

LIV.

Another to him in Fuſtian.

SIR,

MY laſt was from *Dunſtable*, and (though *I* am in perſon remov'd thence, yet) *I* fear the matter of this may come from thence too, being not as yet ſufficiently *rudimented*, in your Academy for ſuch ſuſceptions. I muſt tell you (with ſome regret) that I find not an Academick (except the noble Britan) in all our voiſinage; ſo that if we converſe at all, it muſt be with *Labradors*, and ſuch out of whoſe hebetudinous cerebroſity, we may as ſoon extract *Aurum potabile*, as the *Elixar* of any knowledge; Their querulous outcry is, that the continuall ficcity of this ſeaſon, has inuſted all their herbiferous grounds, which may happily breed a dearth of Aliment, as there is already of literature in theſe parts. Thus much *ex obliquo*; now to the purpoſe; I hope your late obſtreperous Alarmes, have not interturb'd the procedure of our noble

Authors

Authors *Miſcellany*, which is a principall point in my *Card. Sir*, beleeve it, without ſome *Miſſive of Conſolation* from you, the Country will ſoon put me into a *Chagrin*, therefore be no longer coſtive, as you love

10 Aug. *Your ſervant*, T. B.

LV.

ANSWER:

SIR,

HAving by the incloſed given you ſome few ſerious lines, let me now anſwer your facetious letter (of 10 *Auguſt*) with a joculatory line or two; And firſt by way of allauding your acuminous *Exordium*; but withall of ſhewing, you imediately miſtake the word *ſuſception*, if you think it can ſtand in a ſober ſence for *underſtanding*, however in a way of *Raillery* it may paſs. Again, *rudimented* for *taught* is harſh; ſo is *hebetudinous cerebroſity*. *Documented* for *taught* may paſs in a ſerious Line; and *plumbious*, better then *hebetudinous*; for, *inuſted*, you ſhould ſay *exuſted*; ſo for *herbiferous frugiferous*, becauſe herbes and plants are the leſs principall children of the Earth; whereas Corn and all ſorts of grain are the moſt principall for Mans uſe; for ſo you muſt mean by the word (*aliment*) that followes in the text of your letter.

And by this you ſee there is a kind of Elegance to be obſerved in a fuſtian phraſe; nay I ſay more, the lepid lines of fuſtian are loſt, when 'tis not genuine, but ſtrained; And truſt me (*Sir*) I hold it a piece of greater Art to line a letter with proper fuſtian, then with ſilken language, eſpecially when friends reſolve to be merry by diſtantiall

ſalutes; your *French Chagrin* and Spaniſh *Labrador* may paſs as appoſite, becauſe proper to the ſenſe, and nothing ſtrained; So the *miſſive of Conſolation* you deſire, by way of an amicable obſervation upon the Text of yours; And this is what I can ſport away, who muſt reſt

17 Aug. Sir,

Your fuſtianizing friend, G. G.

LVI.

REPLY.

SIR,

THis brings you humble thanks both for your news and your Criticiſmes, and though mine of the 10 of *Auguſt* were but *panis ſpeuſticus*, a dough-bak'd piece of fuſtian, wherein I intended nothing *adamuſſim*, yet you muſt give me leave to make ſome defence. For *Suſception* I have *Rider* for my warrant in that ſenſe; *Rudimented* I hold to be good, and (according to the new mode of converting Nounes into Verbs) I purpoſely avoided *plumbeous cerebroſity* (not plumbious as you write it) as trite and thread bare; But for your exception to *herbiferous*, in that you miſtake the ſenſe, for the ſeaſon hath bin of late very good for Corn and grain, which *frugiferous* includes, and as bad for graſs, the Sun having in ſome places not only burnt the very roots of it, but has alſo made ſtrange clefts and impreſſions in the Earth, therefore I us'd *inuſted*, a word which though not ſo uſual, as *exuſted*, or *aduſted*; yet in this ſenſe I think no leſs proper, if not in a genuine, at leaſt in a metaphoricall way, and Cattle, that are fed by graſs and hay, are a conſiderable part of our *aliment*, &c.

Sed

Sed me reprimo, not at all presuming to enter the *Cirque* with you in *Logomachy* or the pugnacity of such disputes, but with submission in all things to your greater judgement, whence I must confess to have received in these my junior years, a great increment to my smaller portion of knowledge both by these and other your documentall redarguations, which I alwaies receive with a reverentiall respect, answerable to your merit and the obligation of Sir,

24 Aug: *Your very humble servant,*
T. B.

LVII.

Rejoynder.

SIR,

I Do hugely allaud your endeavour to *abonar* what I had vitiated in my last; For tis a signe you are Master of what you do, when you can avow it *ab ipsis primis principiis*, and thereby shew you are as far from being conscious of errour, as you are from being inscious how far you may use the latitude of sustianiing, without exceeding the limits of modest avowment, *per modum inculpatæ tutelæ. Macte animo mi Thoma, & perge eo quo cepisti pede, &c.* Trust me Sir, I shall (without a blush) easily yeeld you the advantage of me in *logomachy*, as oftentimes deep *Divines* do to *Logicians* in point of reducing *Syllogismes* to all their possible variations into severall *Moodes* and *figures*; because the one is actually conversant in that particular, whereas the other depends only upon the habitual use of such figures, without retaining the rule that leads to the rectitude thereof; So men Speak true

Latine, without being able to give rule for it, and by this means sometimes are peccant against the Rule, which every school-boy can correct them in. And truely in this particular of Logomachy you may and will be able to read Lectures to the deepest of men, because you laudably make it your profess'd study, and consequently will make a world of men obliged to you, as well as

2 S Sir,

Your servant, G. G.

LVIII.

An Answer from one sick.

SIR,

SUch my present condition, that I receive your letters as sick men do visits, am gratefull, yet cannot returne the curtesie, but by feeble thanks; In this nature I have now been 3 weeks a decumbent; This the cause I have already faild in my wonted entercourse, and the same continuate disability must render these, of my own complexion, infirm and faint, yet I beg you will not interrupt your turnes; For though I am not responsible, yet your lines are much solace, and no smal divertisement from the sence of my weaknes: What was before but a friendly correspondence, will (till it please God I mend) bean office of endearing charity, extended towards him, who is

Sir,

Entirely yours
W. D.

LIX.

LIX.

To his Mris, after a long Journey.

My dearest friend,

I Have bin a long and sad journey, which seem'd so much the longer and so much the sadder, by how much I was farther distanced from your sweet abode, nor had the sadnes of this forc'd vagary any solace at all, saving that of neer 300 miles, I passed no one, without making a Relique of your memory, which had still the vertue to renew all joyes in me, and expell the mists of melancholy, almost with equall force (so strong was my imagination) as if I had been really in your presence; If you have but bestowed one thought on me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, beleeving that no love can come within so many degrees of mine, nor that there's any state so happy, as that of being

Your devoted servant,
T. B.

LX.

Another to the same.

My onely dear,

THat you may see I forget you not at any time nor in any place, I present you these, and if I seem importune by my frequent addresses, you must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this absence, but what the comfortable entertainment of thoughts on you affords me, and should I but as often put such thoughts in writing, as my heart presents them to my memory, I should be no day, even no hour without a pen in my

my hand; And I may well hope, from the excellency of your nature, that you will not leave such faith, such affection, without a just retribution, nor can I despair of your remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you; so may happiness in the end crown both, and I live eternally

Yours, as at first, unalterable, T. B.

LXI.

In answer to a friend, ill of a cold.

SIR,

THe next degree to the happines of not having evils, is to have had them: which imports, though not our immunity, yet riddance: & to have overcome annoiance may be better, then not to have suffered it. This since you say, you have bin almost dead of a Cold, congratulates your almost Resurrection: and hopes to find your short-windednes turn'd into free respiration. 'Tis a vulgar Probleme, whether this malady may be called a disease, or Physick. You I believe, found it troublesome; but will not repent, if it prove medicinall. I imagine (allur'd by *Aprils* forward Sun) you slipt too early into your Summer Aparell; which, though it prov'd too thin to defend you, yet not unable, to make you take a warier choise of your Wardrobe next Spring. *Gondamor* was of opinion, as there were in England many seasons of the year in one day; so a man had need of severall suits: My fancy is, if you will not alwaies be shifting, 'tis best not to shift till you see nature in her best Green gown: whose fa-

shion

ſhion you may harmleſly follow. *Sir*, you ſee by my ſpinning out this one Clauſe of your letter, I want matter; Yet you may ſee too, there's nothing drops ſo raw from you, but affords ſubiect. Nor muſt you blame me, if your indiſpoſition buſie my Pen, ſince your *δ'κρασία* is the Copie of it, and my own beſt conſtitution. Hence you have a double care lies upon your preſervation; your love to your ſelf, and indulgence to Sir,

Your ſervant, W. D.

LXIII.

In anſwer to a letter of Commends, &c.

SIR,

I Never look'd awry (pardon the phraſe) upon any of yours till now, and now (were not our mutuall loves united with many a dear link) jealouſie (that Canker of affection) would corrode my heart. I ſhould, (and can yet hardly forbear to) judge, that you had ſome more deſerving object in your mind, when you fancied mee with ſuch high commends, as hold no proportion with my merit. I know you never wrote, but your heart and Pen were coitinerants, yet (pardon mee, if) I aſſure you that in this (and perhaps in this alone) love has purblinded your (otherwiſe much diſcerning) judgment; ſhould I believe all you write of me, I might quickly be waſted into a Fools Paradiſe, and ſo become a *Ludibry*; I'le rather characteriſe my ſelf, then own the leaſt of your attributes; take it thus bluntly, yet with truth and candor: for I have ſtudied that Sentence, which was engraven upon the gate of *Apollo's* Temple

Temple at *Delphos* (viz) γνῶθι σεαυτὸν *I was born under the dull planet Saturn, so that Mercury had no influence on my production, hence I am so far from being a* Lynceus *of nature, a* Pelops *of wisdome, or* Tully *of Eloquence, that I never pretended to any of those vertues, which beget admiration, nor to have my mind embroidered with any studied ornaments of learning, I onely claime some small title to those qualities, which stir affection. As truth of word, sincerity of heart, &c.* Having thus ingenuously premised, I now send you an inhibition from the Court of love, not to treat any more of that subject, but to redargue my Errors and shew me the flats both of my pen and judgement, that what I write hereafter may merit this only *Elogium*; *As here's no Eloquence, so likewise no incongruity or affectation*; I aim no higher; for in earnest if it were possible any thing of yours could nauseate me, the way were to send me a Laudatory Epistle, instead of a redargutory letter; But I have another task, therefore tis high time to put *Omega* to this, by subscribing my self

Sir,

Your humblest servant,
T. B.

LXIII.
THE REPLY.

SIR,

MY fancied excess in your praise, now recoiles upon my self; you are, I see, your Arts Master: and what you could not divert, by a just disclaim; you can stop, by an exaggerated *retorsion*. You may expect, I should now imitate your shame-fac'd modestie; right this paper,

per, with renouncing the abilities you heap upon me. But, I will not; ſhould I, We ſhould ſtill dwell in one Theme, and by the Nauſeous tautologie, both impaire, what ere we both merit. I dare not vendicate to my ſelf, a perfect *ſelfe-knowledge*; nay, I avoid the reflex glances, that ſhould tell me what I am; leſt what I am, might caſt me into a dejection; and ſo, hinder amendment. Puſillanimity, never yet attained an eminence. Do you ceaſe your own undervaluings, and I ſhall my more adjuſted expreſſions. I, can let your *worths* be their own blazons, would you ſo let them; but, if you will wrong your ſelf, juſtice calls me, to your vindication. Nor, muſt the *Legiſts* Maxime, here ſway; *volenti non fit injuria*. Neither of us (pardon the parallel) are ſo accompliſht but we ought to thrive in imbeliſhments. Whether our Souls came *Ariſtotles Tabula raſa*; or written with *Plato's Idea's* into our earth; in our earth, they have either forgot much, or learnt little. The fault, doubtles, ours. For, by what we know, we know we might, and may, know more. Nature hath made us capable; that we become not better Proficients, our own truant inertie, the obſtacle. I am not ſo much a *Scot*, as to confeſs a ſubſtantiall difference, in ſouls: nor yet, ſuch an Abcedary Philoſopher, as to deny the Organs muſt be fitted, where the operation is to be excellent. You, and I ſhould be ingrate, did we not aſſert, God has been liberall enough. To aſperſe his bounty with our wants, were a perty blaſphemie in Philoſophie it ſelf. Let us both confeſs our reſpective ignorance, and our ignorance to be onely *ours*. This done: we are not to center in old dulneſs, but from the remorſe of loſt time, vigorouſly imploy the future. It imports the Vulgar tour, more to be good, than

ſagacious

ſagacious: We, are moulded for higher action, yet muſt joyn Vertue to knowledge. Reaſon's bruttiſh, where the will's inculr. The Patterne we were effigiated to, was infinitely *Knowing*, infinitely good; in both, we are bound to imitate: bound to be the *Repreſentatives* of both, or, we forfeit our Orginall, and our ſimilitude, too. Man's a little world; his minde the Heaven; the two great Lights thoſe ſplendid faculties, his Intellect, and Will: the leſſer Starres, are the other powers: the intellect the Sun of all: all borrow his brightneſſe, all muſt Coopeare with his raies, by adding their proper vertues. Thus ſhall our Microcoſme be reſplendent and fruitful, and glorioufly rich; thus, we wiſe, and good, and thus nor good nor wiſe, I am

Sir,

Yours, D. W.

LXIV.

The Rejoinder.

SIR,

I Quarrel'd your laſt, in hope you would have retracted your tranſcendent elogicall commends, which whilſt you ſeem to intend in this, you have by a Rhetoricall Artifice, added more fewell to that fire; So that I perceive whether I write or be ſilent, complain or acquieſce, I am every way dilemma'd; I muſt confeſs to have nor wit nor language enough, to ſadome the depth of your abilities, and by conſequence am rendred impoſſibilited to pay you in your own coine, which is of ſuch allay, that I may well ſay, you have truely found out the *Philoſophers*

losophers ſtone, ſince you are able to convert any groſs matter into the gold of fine language; your proſaick lines are (for excellency) like thoſe metricall ones of *Homer*, which as they excell in other points, ſo they ſeem to have an eaſie native ſlide in them, and to be conducted by a happy *Genius*. If I had abilities to expatiate upon this ſubject, I could not be held a *Patelin*, but rather a ſuffragran to truth; what I want words to expreſs, ſilent admiration ſhall ſpeak in the thoughts of

Sir, *Your obliged ſervant*,
T. B.

LXV.
An Anſwer.

SIR,

'TIs well you are, as you are, the Rendevouz where all perfections meet, otherwiſe I ſhould in this intercourſe have one (and one onely) advantage of you; For whilſt you at every return of the Tabellary, have your Theme to ſeek, and yet no ſooner ſought but found (ſuch is the magazin of your invention) I have a plentifull ſubject alwaies ready at hand, If I had anſwerable abilities to make my election, and word it accordingly, and that is *news*, news which whilſt there are men, will never ceaſe to bee in vogue; And ſince this week affords that which is ſomewhat palaticall, I ſhall no longer tantalize you with a proletarious *Exordium*. Then know, &c.

——— I ſhal on all occaſions endeavor to ſerve you, having bin cordially, ever ſince I told you ſo,

Sir Your faithfull ſervant. T. B.

LXVI.

LXVI.
REPLY.

SIR,

I Am assaulted by your Martiall metaphors, yet with this favour, that where others erect their engines, to ruine, your levell aimes to strengthen the weak Fort you direct against; your continued Elogies at last mean to perswade me (I see) into some Ability, and could you infuse what you commend (instead of blush) your Rhetorique would make me doubtless eloquent I will not say with that keen Satyrist *recuso Euge tuum & Belle.* No I will with a modest guilt of non-desert embrace them, to profit, and that *nec te quæsiveris extra* (of the same Poet) was a good Monition, but our Muse is not so stoicall.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?---- Sir, honour is the reward of Arts and fame the tongue of honour, nor are either honour or fame more the guerdons, then the incentives of Proficience. Do you see (my friend) how I hug your attributions? My vanity yet (in it) may be your lesson; not to be vain but ingenuous. Be not so squeamish, hence forward: Accept your Baies offered, or merit it conferd. What praise finds not answerable, let it incite to answer: I know my insufficiencies, but utterly despair not amendment; If by your encouragement I amend not, I shall confesse my British nature, to be past cure. If I grant you an advantage over me, 'tis but what you have asserted: I answer the same Post, and to many besides yours; But what is this? my both matter, and the couching shewes it, to be suddainly slight and rude,

rude, an odd perfection, and but ſuitable to both my leiſure and me; you have a ready ſubject for your pen, and how gratefully and ably you paint it forth, give me leave to be the Judge, that receive the delight: and I muſt keep it to my ſelf, for you are as coy to receive the titles of your worth, as I am conſcious they are due. Be then ſtil higher then words can expreſs you; ſo I may ſtill bee

Sir, *Exceſſively yours,* W. D.

LXVII.

The firſt Addreſs to his Miſtris.

Moſt honoured Lady,

IN a cauſe whereon the felicity of my whole life depends, and wherein I have moſt will, I find leaſt power to unboſome the ſecrets of my heart, ſuch force has love to captivate my faculties. Hence tis I rather choſe this, then that other way of verball delivery; For though in either I ſhould diſcover my own imperfections, yet in theſe lines my guiltles bluſhes will paſs unſeen. Hitherto I have onely appear'd a ſervant to your affaires, and in that quality had continued if the excellency of your perſonall endowments had not (by ſome kind of heavenly impulſe) driven mee on to more aſpiring thoughts; Thoughts, which (with truth I ſpeak it) were engendred by the onely object of your goodnes, without any adulterate commixture of eſtate, which (however valued by others) is not of weight ſufficient to turn the ballance of my ſcale, if not otherwiſe well laden with pure and unbias'd affection, which I profeſs to owe to none but you; and to you all things, even the being of *Your moſt faithfull and devoted ſervant,* T. B.

LXVIII

LXVIII.

Another to the ſame.

My ineſtimable Jewell,

IF the fumes of thoſe corroſives you gave me laſt night from other hands, had not been qualified with the ſweet odors of your own cordialls, I had (unfeignedly ſpeaking) wholly ſacrifized the enſuing night to the vigils of a diſquiet mind; But as your goodneſſe had not the will onely, but the power to raiſe mee from a hell of tormenting thoughts, to a Paradiſe of expected comfort, ſo does it multiply my endeared affections, which no misfortune ſhall have power to alienate, nor ſhall any thing but death determine. I am with much ſollicitude letting all my imaginations upon the renter, in order to the removall of thoſe Rocks, which ſeem (and but ſeem) to threaten Shipwrack to our approaching happineſs, whereto your utmoſt contribution is (by all the ties of true love) moſt earneſtly implored, together with the continuance of him in your beſt thoughts, who is

Your own beyond expreſſes, T. B.

LXIX.

LXIX.

ANOTHER

Dear pledge of my ſoul.

AMong all the obloquies, which the unrelenting malice of mine (and by conſequence your) enemies hath caſt upon mee, none appears ſo gaſtly in my thoughts, as that pretended want of love towards you, which (the heavens will witneſs) was never imbreaſted in any morrall with more purity and plenitude; For 'tis the foundation, whereon I intend (by divine aſſiſtance) to build a frame of mutuall and interminable happines; a happines that will be admired by ſome, but envied by others. Pleaſe to remember that you are now *filia emancipata* (as Divines terme you) at your own diſpoſe, and that you have of mee a ſervant, who only breathes by your favour and lives through your love, who will ever owe you fealty for the one, and ſtill do you homage for the other; a ſervant, who with unwearied expectation only waits for the happy houre, wherein that (*fiat*) ſhall be by you pronounc'd, which will in an inſtant (*Elixar*-like) turn all my droſſy cares and anxieties into true contentments, and make me live eternally

Yours without change,

T. B.

LXX.

LXX.

ANOTHER.

My happy Choice,

IF a more preſſing occaſion had not detain'd me, I ſhould have thought the foulneſſe of the weather but an eaſie penance, in reſpect of the ſolace, which the ſweets of your preſence would have afforded me; for the enjoyment whereof I muſt (with much regret) adjourn my expectation till to morrow; Mean time I ſend you the promiſed pictures, if the ſight of which do at any time erect your thoughts to heaven-ward; even then remember him, who on earth deſires no greater happines, then to live and die loving (and beloved by) you, in quality of

Your ſecond ſelf,
T. B.

LXXI.

To excuſe the not taking leave of a Lady of quality.

Madam,

THough it be held a readier way to gain pardon, by acknowledging then excuſing a fault, yet the Eminency of your Ladyſhips perſon doth ſo aggravate it in me, that I muſt beg leave to leſſen, though, I cannot hope to have it wholly remitted, in ſaying the juſtneſs of your Ladyſhips cauſe of ſtay, made me preſume none had ſo little compaſſion as to deny it; and that I might expect the being freed from my ague, without danger of loſing the opportunity of preſenting my humble thanks

thanks for ſo many ſignal favours, undeſervedly conferred on me; but ſince that happineſs with many others is loſt by your Ladyſhips abſence, honour this paper ſo far I beſeech you, as to ſuffer it to ſupply my defects herein, and teſtify how ambitious I ſhall be, by my future obſervance, to merit the title of

Madam, *Your moſt humble ſervant,*
A. B.

LXXII.

Upon the death of a fair Lady.

SIR,

AMong other impartments, your laſt tells mee, *you were to uſher a fair Lady to her grave*; A Corporall work of Mercy, it is to bury the Dead, I grant; but to interr ſo great a Beauty ſeems to entrench on Pity and blaſt the Spring. Had ſhe lived til Autumn or even Midſommer, the funeralls of many flowers had lamented her Urne: yea if but till they had been blown, they would have loſt their lives to adorn her Hearſe; and have been ambitious (like thoſe Savages) to have been buried quick with their Ladie Paragon, for her attendance in the other World. But ſhe has inverted Nature, and the Seaſon too; the flower of beauty died, when the beauty of flowers ſhould ſpring; and ſo has not onely left a withered World, but diſmayed the Blowth of what ſhould garniſh it. Flowers are diſheartened to open their fragrant Colors, ſince their Pattern is ſo early Cropt: and ſeem to intend (being ſhe's entomb'd under the Earths ſurface) to keep themſelves under Earth to accompany her duſt; yet I will free you of cruelty in

in this fate; you had no hand (I am ſure) in her death, though you helpt her to her Grave. And who ſhould be a fitter Mourner at the exequies of a fair Lady, than ſo compleat a ſervant of Ladies? *Sir*, I ſee what grace you are entertained with by them: they not only love you living, but are loath to part with you, dead: will carry you as far as they can towards the other life, when they goe. That if they may not have your company quite through (which were a wrong to Survivors) they may your funerall tears, ſighes, or prayers for their *Ultime Vale*: you preface a happy *imprimis*, to this ſad diſcourſe, and ſay *having (firſt) done all that might tend to her future happineſs*, Happy News! and it ownes you, I believe, an inſtrument of good effects and offices. Had all fair Ladies ſuch faithfull ſervants, More Idols of beauty would receive impreſſion of the divine Image, and become the ſervants of God. And ſhe had much reaſon to deſire your care of her bodies enterrment, that had firſt aided her Soul, with a ſaving *Viaticum* for heaven. Long may you live the Author or helper of ſuch good deeds. In the interim, as here was a double work of mercy (Corporal and Spiritual) exploited; ſo you, I am confident, have made your uſeful application of the Accident; beheld in the blaſting of this flower, the fate of Fairneſs, the frailties of the faireſt Clay, that feature, and white and red could embeliſh. If ſhe were not Superlative in Beauty, in beauty ſhe had many inferiours; if in fortunes, not the favourite of fortune; yet, ſhe had her ſmiles. Many Beauties have faln ſooner, many may ſooner fade; yet in her all beauties, all fortunes, have expeſt, what fortunes and beauties are; what is the *Exit* of the Fable of this temporary life; to wit, ugly death, eternal depri-

deprivation, the cold Tomb, and deformed duſt. Fortunate life! that ſo contemplates mortal condition, as to be indifferent and ready to change; that fraile incertainties and vain glitter may be motives to aſſure and fix on laſting good, that by others death learns to live, and lives the life that fears not death: that ſo accompanies others funeralls, as in that fable equipage, to behold the mournful Pomp of the Worlds fare-wel, and their own deſtiny: that reads in that earthy bed of death (the Grave of others) their own Motto, *we are duſt, and all mortall things Momentany. Sir*, pardon this long ſlip of my pen, you ſee how a fair Ladies death and your living pietie, entrances me, to the forgetfulneſs of other ſubjects. Thanks for your News on which, the only preſent comment ſhall be; that I am for ever Sir, *Your thankfull ſervant*,

D. W.

LXXIII.

The Reply, relating the particulars of that Ladies death.

Sir,

SInce you have been pleas'd to ſing ſo ſweet a *dirge*, and to make ſo excellent a comment upon our late funerous text, I cannot think the particulars of that ſad ſubject (how confuſedly ſoever I deliver them) will be unacceptable to you; This Lady was three moneths continually dying, without any hope of recovery, and this occaſioned by an ulcer in her throat, it was my good fortune (though others had eſſai'd it) to gain her firſt aſſent to bring a ſpirituall Phyſitian to her. *Dr. G.* was next at hand and did act his part exceedingly well; after 2 or 3

effective visits, the Patient (through the comfort and ease of the spirituall Cataplasmes and emplaisters, which the *Doctor* applied) was so rapt and piously enamor'd of him, as she even embrac'd him at every appearance: When she drew neer the confines of dearths kingdom, she did usually ejaculate not only most pious, but even eloquent or rather diviniloquent expressions, as this (amongmany others) which heaven grant I may never forget. *I have* (said she) *lived long in the vanity of this World, for which God hath placed mee in this bed of sorrow; Were it his holy pleasure, I should act over one of them again, and the choice left to mee, I would* (*by the Grace of* Jesus) *rather choose the torments of this bed, and malady, then have any thing to do with the Worlds vanities, &c.* Besides nothing did so much trouble her, as that *she had lived* (as she said) *for fear of Worldly endamagment*) *some yeares in an outward profession that contradicted her inward perswasion.* The *Doctor* was no less taken with his Patient, then she with him, for I heard him say he was never more satisfied with the manner of any persons death; And I confess her *exit* did more trifititiate me, then did that of my own Sister, the manner of it, not a little both mortifying and edifying mee; For to see her picture in the Anti-chamber, and then go in and look upon the original, was subject enough for mortification, the one being so incomparably beautifull, the other so ghastly; In a word, the last breath she drew was *Je*-and in pronouncing *sus* she expir'd. So that we may conclude, as she was a great beauty living, she was a greater dead; For whereas corporal beauty in others dies with the body, hers did not so, but by a secret transition pass'd into the Soul Thus have you heard the brief (but sad) story of this good Ladies end, and that from Sir, *Your humble servant*, T. B.

LXXIV.
LETTER.

Sir,

THe punishment that *Apollo* inflicts of reading *Guicciardine* is a light one, compar'd to this you impose on your self, and yet you will only here play the Stoick, in not acknowledging you are in pain; Nothing can justify me, but obedience, for presuming to offer this tedious *Romance* to those eyes that should onely look upon *Iliads*; I give verses as *Galenists* do Physick, which clogs the stomack more then the disease; I must confess we may view Cities taken, kingdomes ruin'd, and new worlds discoverd in lesse roome; It is a Poem that hath neither height nor profundity, yet it has length; it overflowes but swells not; it wearies without ascents, as *Promenades* do upon a flat; In a word, I shall think, if you do not find fault with it and reprehend me, it is because you are angry and will do nothing in Passion; however 'tis a trust I recommend to your secrecy, for follies are not things of the least consequence to trust a friend with. And having now performed my promise with you, I expect you should do the like with

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

J. C.

LXXV.
Upon the New year.

SIR,

AS allthings sublunary ow their being to the re volution of the upper *Spheres*, so their chan ge; And 'tis just, they should submit to th eir

eſſentiall Guides. Among other novelties, the firſt mover has brought about the point of *Circular motion*, that has begun us a New year; and promiſes many unwonted effects. Whilſt theſe appeare, let us be the ſame we were, conſtant old friends to God, heaven and our ſelves. Change, though to the better, argues imperfection; yet not to change to the better, were the worſt of imperfections. As reſtleſs rivers haſt to their Ocean, ſo ought we to ours, which is God, that Ocean of bliſs, repoſe, and Center of Eternity; Till here arrived, we are in flux and variety: Let us be ſo, but hold the right way. As *Grace* is eldest then *Nature*, ſo ſhe firſt begins her year; *Aſtronomers* commence theirs with the ſprings vigour, when the Sun's in *Aries*, the Church is content with *Capricorn*; When her Sun's in the Cradle, that Orient of Juſtice and mercy, the Son of God, The ſignes melancholy; yet the forerunner of more propitious. So let our ſorrows ſhorten with the nights, our joyes with the dayes, lengthen. This ſolſtice (if we follow the conduct of the right Star) will fairly move to a brighter height, a nearer approach; diſpell our miſts, warm our hearts, raviſh our eyes.

This rambling prologue, is but to bring in the prayer that wiſhes you a happy New year, and that regard of times winged Cariers, which in running moments may take hold of the ſtedfaſt point of eternity. This is the Center of circumference; in which who truely fix, may be moved, but not from it. Then, as time whirls away the meaſure of our mortal being, it will haſten that, which ſhall know no alteration, but to be invariable. *Sir*, my complexion ſuits the dead ſeaſon at preſent, and yeilds me but a languiſhing health: Hence my Pen's as dull. You know when the bodie's out of order, the ſpirits cannot but flag. I muſt ſuffer the one, you will pardon

pardon the other. And so to affaires that require no poliure, but what your patience shall give them, &c.

2 January. W. D.

LXXVI.

ANSWER.

SIR,

YOurs I have received, read, and read ag in, and the more I read it, the more I have a mind to read it, such are the incentives of your heaven inspired lines, which as they clearly demonstrate the truth of that *Maxime* of a modern Author, that *Eternity is the Port and Sabbath of all humane Contemplations:* So, since my more earthy Soul and lesse heavenly cogitations are not able in due manner to comprehend them; I wrap my self in this your learned *sheet* and say to it (with equal wonder) As *Aristotle* once did to *Euripus*, *Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me*

T. B.

LXXVII.

To a friend upon his marriage.

SIR,

IHave of late withheld from you the Characters of my hand, though not the welwishes of my heart, conceiving you as close in the pursuit of your fair *Daphne*, as *Phabus* was of his, when the breath of his mouth disorder'd her dishiveld hair: For I perceive you have now ran so, as happily to take

the Virgin-prize; may you be ever mutually happy. There now onely remains the *metamorphosis* (not into the Beast with two backs, which the knavish *Shakespear* speaks of) but of that more ingenious, two into one, *unus*, *una*, into *unum*, which you have hinted so modestly in yours. Your *Daphne* I hope (before the arrivall of this paper) will be converted not onely into *Bayes*, but Rosemary, which is one fragrancy, due to her perfections (if you have (as I doubt not) given her a true Character) more then the Poet gave *Apollo's* Mistress. Let this therefore suffice to give you both the *parabien* of *Hymen's* honours & felicities, & to let you know I shall expect both and be ambitious to wear a sprig in honour of her, nor will I faile heartily to commend you both to the great *President* of the wedding of *Cana* in *Galilee*, that he may turn the bitter *Waters* of your long expectation into the *Wine* of a happy and contented life, made up with the blessing of a good and pious posterity; In which devotion I affectionately rest

Sir,

Your humble servant,
H. T.

In

LXXVIII.

In excuſe of Silence:

MADAM,

I So much value your noble Favors, that I rank them among my greateſt Intereſts; what I may be guilty of by my ſilence, I know not, but am ſure the poor man that aſks not the price of a rich Jewell, commits no error. The high eſtimate I ſet on your goodneſs ſhall be my retreat, in which I ſhall be ſafe, if you be what I deem you, good. More I cannot deliver, but that I had rather in an humble ſilence wait upon ſome occaſion of ſervice, then word out my dull expreſſions, among which there's none more faithfull, then that I am,

(Madam)

Your moſt reſpective humble Servant,

T. B.

LXXIX.

Of comfort to a ſick Friend.

SIR,

WHen I firſt received the unwelcom news of your infirmity, I was much contriſtated; but afterwards conſidering, that as well Sickneſs, as all other afflictions come from God, and aſſuring my ſelf he has ſent you this for your great good, I took comfort, and wiſh you may do the like; ſince 'tis a ſign of his great love towards you; for He ſayes, *Quos ego amo, arguo & caſtigo.* God deals with men, as Phyſitians doe with Patients, who eaſily grant to the ſick perſon, of whoſe

healh-

health they deſpair, all he deſires, but whom they hope to recover, they charge to obſerve a Diet, and abſtain from thoſe things that are obnoxious to health. So think God deals now with you, hereby to purge you from ſin, and reſtore your Soul to perfect health. Hence 'twas the Angel *Raphael* ſaid to Tobias, *Quia acceptus eras Deo, neceſſe fuit ut tentatio probaret te.* And as God will have all his true Servants to bee tryed in the Furnace of Tribulation, like pure Gold in that of fire, ſo is he never more neer to them, then in their Affliction, Himſelf having ſaid, *Cum ipſo ſum in tribulatione*; From which you may raiſe a great comfort to your ſelf, ſuffering (as I hope you doe) with patience and reſignation; for Tribulation is ſo notable a ſign of Gods mercy and preſence, That Saint *Bernard* deſired of God hee might never be without it, ſaying, *Da mihi, Domine Tribulationem, ut ſemper mecum ſis.* And St *Auguſtine* likewiſe, *Hic ure me, hic ſeca me, ut parcas in æternum.* Therefore bee of good courage, and believe, That God by this Viſitation, knocks at the dore of your Soul, and wils you to prepare your ſelf for him.

Bee truly conſtant in your holy Faith, what tentation ſoever you meet with to the contrary; Repoſe your onely hope and truſt in Chriſts Death and Paſſion; let your Charity be ſuch as to forgive all perſons that have injur'd you, even from the bottom of your heart, as you deſire the forgiveneſs of Almighty God, to whoſe holy will and pleaſure reſign your ſelf wholly, offering him freely life, pains and death, and whatever appertains to you, to diſpoſe according to his bleſſed will. I perſwade my ſelf you have ere this orderly diſpoſed your worldly affairs; Then make

it

it now your only care to provide for the good of your Soul (as buſineſs of greateſt import) humbly beſeeching the mercy of God, and frequenting the holy Sacram. And then, by his Grace, whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe him to call you hence, you may joyfully ſay with holy *Simeon*, *Nunc dimittis ſervum tuum Domine, ſecundum verbum tuum in pace.* The beſt ſervice I can now doe you, is to offer my poor prayers to our bleſſed Saviour for you, which ſhall be daily performed by

(Sir)

Your moſt affectionate ſervant,

B. G.

LXXX.

To rectifie a Miſunderſtanding.

SIR,

I Am doubtfull in what rank I ſtand in your good Opinion, which makes me addreſſe theſe, to aſſure you, That as the adviſe I gave you, proceeded meerly from the affection of a Brother, and was not without a reaſonable ground; ſo I may not doubt but it was candidly received, and that the whole matter and circumſtances are buryed in perpetuall oblivion.

Be-

Beleeve it, though my nature be averſe to Compliements, yet my beſt Love is much affixed on your dear Self; which I ſhall be as ready to teſtifie upon any reall occaſion, as I am now to write my ſelf,

(Dear Brother)

Your affectionate ſervant.

T. B.

Super-

Superſcriptions

FOR

LETTERS,

to be addreſſed to all ſorts of perſons, according to the uſage of the preſent times.

If to a Duke;

To the moſt *Noble* (and ſometimes) *Excellent* or *illuſtrious Prince.*

And in diſcourſe we ſtile him *Grace.*

If to a Marqueſs,

To the *right Noble* or *Right honourable.*

And in diſcourſe his attribute is, *Lordſhip* or *Honour.*

If to an Earle, Viſcount or Baron

To the right honourable.

And to begin a Letter, we, either ſay,

May it pleaſe your Honor or Lordſhip!

Right honorable!

My Lord!

Which laſt is uſed only by Lords to Lords, or by Gentlemen of ſome quality, otherwiſe it is held too familiar.

If to a Baroner, or Knight of the Bath, we say
To *the honourable* or *much honoured.*
And his attribute (in the beginning of a Letter) may be *Much honored Sir.*
The like may be given to a Collonel.
The usuall attribute of a Knight was of old
Right Worshipful.
And of an Esquire
Worshipful.
But these are much disus'd, unles it be by persons of inferiour rank.
We say (writing to a Knight)
To my noble or *to my much honored friend,*
Sir A. B. Knight, these present.
To an Esquire we say
To my much honored or *most worthy friend T. G. Esquire.*
Observe that (when you write to an Esq;)
You be sure not to say Master *T. G.* Esq; for the (Master) is ridiculous, the Esq. including it.
So if you write to a *Doctor* of Divinity, a *Doctor* of the Civil Law, or *Doctor* of Physick, you must not say Mr. *Doctor* T. G. nor *Doctor* T. G. *Esq*; for *Doctor* both comprehends Master and Esquire, and of these the Divine hath first place, the Civilian next, and the Physitian last.

To an ordinary Gentleman thus,
To *my approved friend.*
To *my most esteemed friend*
To *my much valued friend*
To *my very much respected friend*
To *my worthy good friend,* or the like.

Note that all the younger Sons of *Dukes* and *Marquesses* are Lords for their lives only, and are called

called Lord *John*, or Lord *William*, &c. by their Chriſtian names.

The eldeſt Son of an Earle is a Lord by birth, ſo is not a Viſcounts Son, till his Father be dead.

The youngeſt Sons of Viſcounts and Barons are but Eſquires, yet are honorable, and take place of all Baronets and Knights.

The eldeſt Son of a Baron is but an Eſq; during his Fathers life.

Eſquire (comes from the French *Eſcuier*, in latin *Armiger* or *Scutifer*. i. a bearer of *Armes*, or of a *Sheild*, and) is that Degree of Gentry, which is next to a Knight; It is conceived at firſt theſe *Eſquires* were bearers of Arms to Lords and Knights, and thereby had their name and dignity: Now, to be true *Eſquires* according to the Law of Armes, they muſt either be Lords younger Sons, Baronets or Knights eldeſt Sons, members of Parlement, Sheriffs, Juſtices of the Peace, Serjeants or Barriſters at Law (yet the late Earle Marſhall would not allow Barriſters to be *Elquires*, but in the Act for Polemoney they were ranked by the then Parliament as *Eſquires* and paid as ſuch) or of ſome ancient family that has it by being heir to a Knight in the right line; yet now a days (I know not by what warrant) all Gentlemen that have but ſome conſiderable Eſtate in Lands, take that title upon them, when as the Eſtate (though never ſo great) adds no title. And that the title of *Eſq;* ſhould deſcend from Father to Son (as the Eſtate of Gentry doth) is meer fabulous, ſays Mr. *Hern* in his *Glory of Generoſity*, p. 100.

Ladies have (for the moſt part) the ſame attributes as their husbands.

Both in Letter and diſcourſe, we give a *Dutches* the title *Grace*.

But to a Marchjoneſs, Counteſs, Viſcounteſs or Baroneſs,

Baroness, *Right honorable*, and in discourse *your Honor*, and among their equals, or in more familiar discourse, *Madam*.

If you write to any of these, the title *Madam*, is very moding, both at the beginning and end of your Letter. But if the person writing be of much lower Rank, then the Lady written unto, it will be decent to say,

May it please your honour, or Right honourable!

All the daughters of *Dukes*, Marqueses and Earles are Ladies by birth, and are called Lady *Anne*, Lady *Mary*, &c.

But the daughters of a Viscount or Baron are but *Mistris*, yet are honorable; And their Addition (being named in instruments of Law or Conveyances) is no more then a Yeomans daughter hath, and that is *Spinster*, wherein there seems to be some title wanting.

For better understanding the point of precedency, I have thought fit to transcribe an abstract of two Decrees made by King *James* touching the same, in the 10 and 14 years of his raigne, which you may read more at large in Mr. *Seldens* Titles of honour, Page 906.

That the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons shall take place and precedence before all Baronets.

That such Bannerets (*as shall be made by the Kings Majesty, his heirs and Successors, or by* Henry *now Prince of* Wales, *under his or their Standard displayed*

in an Army Royall in open war, and the King or Prince perſonally preſent) for their lives onely, and no longer, ſhall for ever in all places take place and precedence, as well before all other Bannerets whatſoever, as likewiſe before the younger Sons of Viſcounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

The younger Sons of Viſcounts and Barons, and all Baronets ſhall take place before all Bannerets whatſoever other then ſuch as ſhall be made by the King as aforeſaid.

That the Knights of the Garter, Privy Counſellors to the King, the Maſter of the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Chancellor and under-Treaſurer of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Dutchy, the chief Juſtice of the Kings Bench, the Maſter of the Rolls, the Chief Juſtice of the Common-pleas, the chief Baron of the Exchequer and all other the Judges and Barons of the degree of the Coif of the ſaid Courts, ſhall have place before the younger ſons of Viſcounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

That Baronets and their heires Males ſhall alwayes have place next unto the younger Sons of Viſcounts and Barons, and their wives ſhall take place accordingly.

And in another Decree, 14 *Jacobi.*

That the eldeſt ſons of Baronets and their wives as well during their husbands lives, as after; And the daughters of the ſame Baronets following next after the ſaid wives of the eldeſt ſons of Baronets, ſhall have place and precedence before the eldeſt ſon and the wife of the eldeſt ſon of any Knight of what Order ſoever; And likewiſe the younger ſons of ſuch Baronets and their wives ſhall take place accordingly before the younger Sons of any Knights, &c.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 6.l.34.*heavens*; p.29.l.*a.flats*; p.33.l.21.*in your*; p.41. l.20. *I accused*; p.42.l.penult. *Instead of*; p.61.l.26.*wildeness*; p.85.l.25.*word*; p.86.l.7.*world* of; p.105.l.18.*without*; p.113.l.25.are *like*; p.114.l.26.*chin*; p.122.l.ult. *impossibilited*; p.139.l.3.*thine* eyes; p.147.l.31.single *o*; p.149.l.2.*revive*; p.151.l.[illegible]5 *small*; yet *is*. p.170. l.6. *intim*; and l. 25. *lares*: p.176.[illegible]ast,r.*infusions*; p.180.l.31.*The sad*; p.182.l.15 *blisse*: p.190,l.[illegible]st,r.*dependence*, p.192.l.30.r.goodness *in you* p.197.l.23.r.and *abodes*, p.201.l.14. r.*undertaking*, p.204. l. 23.r. *be an*; p.209.l.25.*Scotist*, p.218, l.33.r.*fade*.